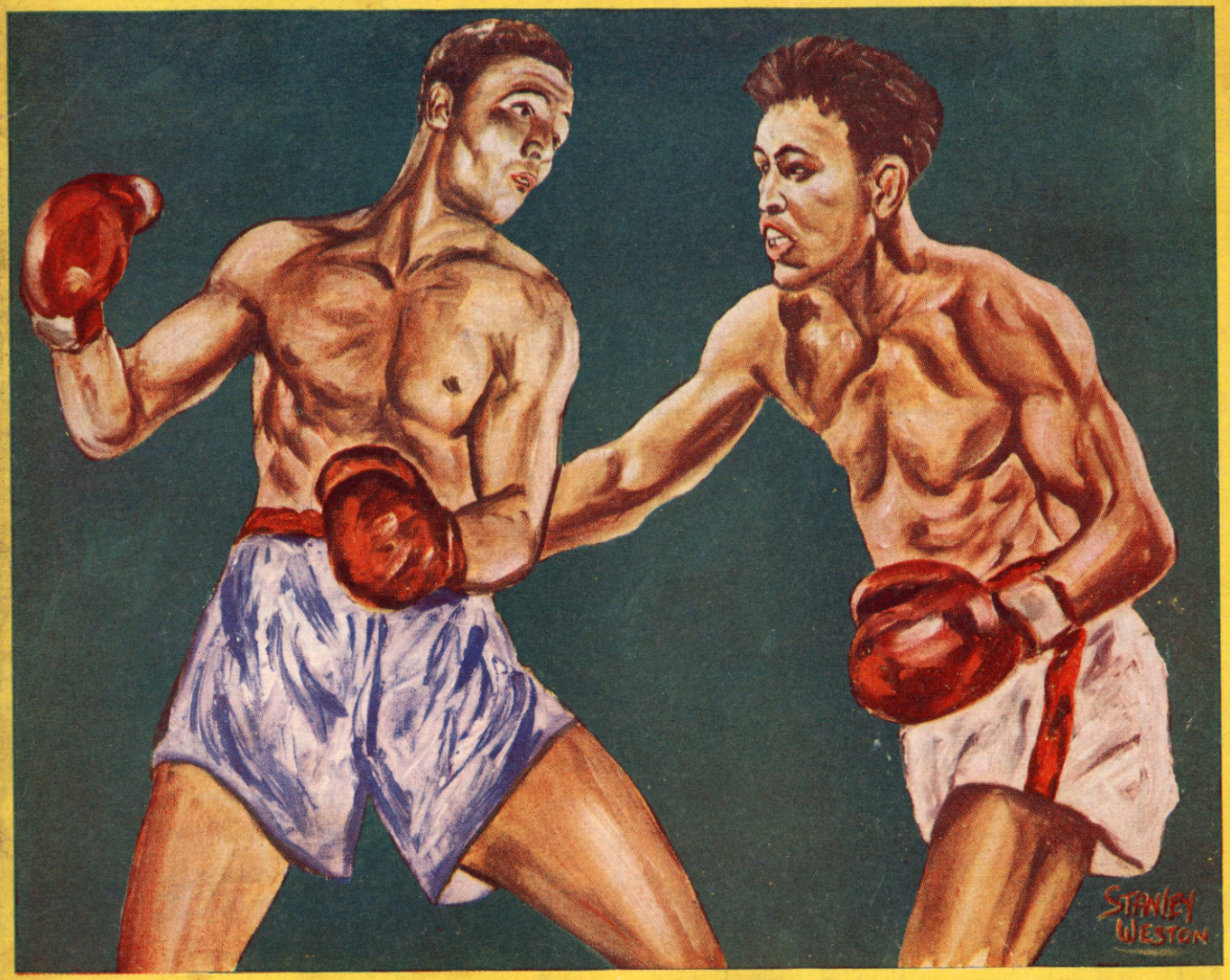
HOW GOOD IS MARCIANO?

British Edition
TWO SHILLINGS
P.D.C.
OCTOBER
1951

The RING



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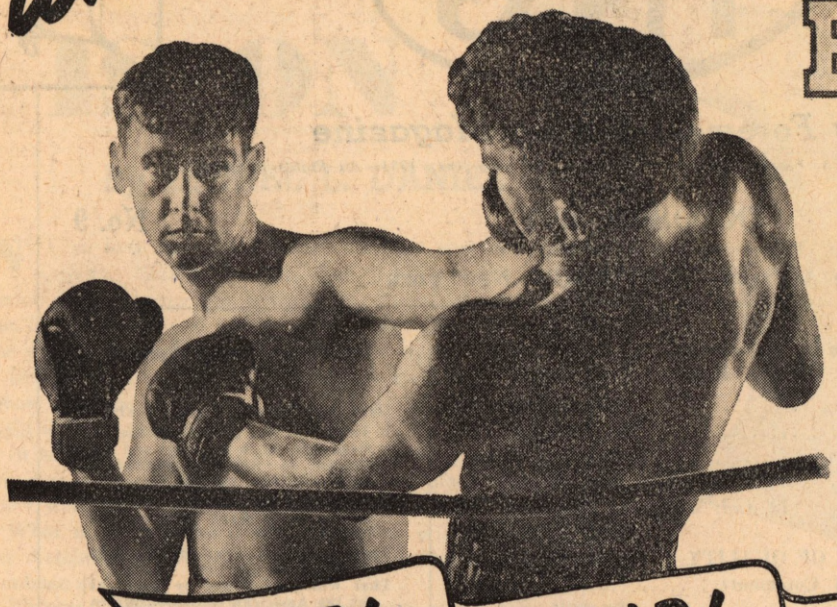

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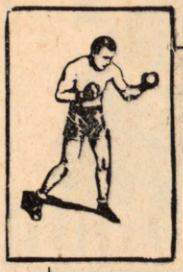

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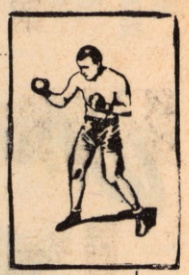

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In Our Next Issue

—

Back to the halcyon days of boxing?

It looks that way judging by the revived interest in the sport and the number of world championship fights crowded into one summer.

Not in years have boxing fans been treated to so many title contests within so short a period.

The Joey Maxim-Irish Bob Murphy shindig leads the list.

That will be followed by the fight for the American championship in the welterweight division in which Kid Gavilan and Billy Graham are the contestants.

Then comes the fight of the year for world-wide interest—Randolph Turpin vs. Sugar Ray Robinson.

See these through the eyes of THE RING'S corps of experts. In addition to the ringside reports, you'll obtain a wide picture coverage.

THE RING'S Triple-Championship Number—Don't pass it up.

—

The Turpin-Robinson bout has revived international rivalry in fisticuffs. Jersey Jones covers 150 years of Anglo-American competition in an interesting article that brings back to memory the names of British battlers who have gained a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame.

—

The Old vs. the New.

What does Mike Jacobs think of the revival of the game over which he ruled for many years?

His dream has come true. Read Al Buck's interview with the retired former head of the Garden outfit.

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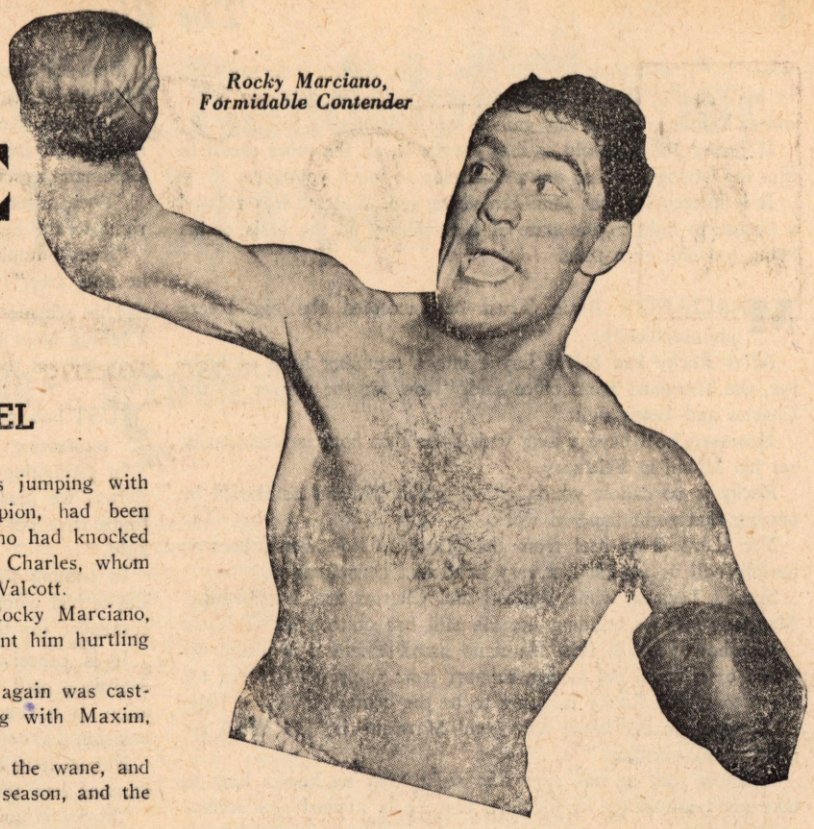
BIG FREEZE IS ON

By DANIEL L. DANIEL



Rocky Marciano, Formidable Contender

NOT so long ago, the heavyweight class was jumping with activity. Ezzard Charles, then the champion, had been matched with Jersey Joe Walcott. Joe Louis, who had knocked out Lee Savold, stood in line for a match with Charles, whom the experts believed to be a sure winner over Walcott.

Behind the Big Three in this picture stood Rocky Marciano, whose six-round knockout of Rex Layne had sent him hurtling right into the thick of the title picture.

In addition, there was Joey Maxim, who once again was casting eyes in the direction of Charles. And along with Maxim, there were Bob Murphy and Harry Matthews.

What is the situation now, as Summer is on the wane, and the matchmaking fraternity looks to the indoor season, and the Summer of 1952?

Walcott is the new champion, successful in his fifth shot at the title, and his third at Charles.

Charles is in line for a return match, but his prestige has suffered tremendously, and those who long had aspersed his class as a champion stand in at least temporary triumph.

Louis discovers that the chance to regain the championship which apparently had been assured to him has been dissipated, and that he is on a side track, and likely to remain there for some time, until after the Walcott-Charles express has passed.

MARCIANO, whom Al Weill had all set for a match with the winner of a Charles-Louis fight, also is detoured. But the question arises as to whether this is not a good thing for Rocky.

It is conceivable that in the long run, the wait will redound to the benefit of Marciano. He will wait with that powerful right hand of his while the oldster Walcott gets older still, and Charles, who perhaps has started down the other side of the hill, goes skidding some more.

Walcott's decision to postpone his fourth fight with Charles until June, 1952, freezes not only the title, but the entire heavyweight division.

The reasons behind Jersey Joe's action, as outlined by Felix Bocchicchio, his manager, are interesting, bizarre, and hardly convincing.

Says the wily Felix, "We intend to fight only once a year. The heavyweight title has been cheapened by being kicked around so often.

"There should not be a battle for the heavyweight crown any more often than there is a world series in baseball.

"Suppose we had a world series in June, and again in August and for a third time, in October? What would be the significance of the championship, how strongly would the fans be attracted to the frequent competition? It would ruin baseball.

"That situation holds true in heavyweight fighting. Once a year is enough."

FELIX went on to blast the frequent title defenses of Joe Louis, as having done so much to cheapen the heavyweight championship.

All this is almost logical. How germane, remains to be seen. How germane, and how good for the fight industry.

The fact remains that when Joe Louis was the king, his multiple defenses each year helped to keep boxing moving.

Postponement of a return fight between Walcott and Charles, which had been provided for within 90 days after the battle in Pittsburgh, is poor promotion, and Jim Norris, head of the International B. C. knows it.

When you get a windfall like the Walcott knockout of Charles, you strike again while the popular interest is hot.

However, Norris had to take what Walcott's connections dictated, and Jim was not too greatly concerned because he was all taken up with the return bout between Randy Turpin and Ray Robinson.

But for the Turpin-Robinson scrap, Norris undoubtedly would have held Walcott to early defense against Charles.

In freezing the title for a year, Walcott has played the safe game, and assured himself of a chance to cash in on the championship before laying it on the line.

There are public appearances, speeches, refereeing jobs and testimonials, there are the dozen and more tracks down which a heavyweight champion usually rides the gravy train when he is between fights.

IT SEEMS to me that if Walcott and Felix were confident that Joe would dispose of Charles in a return fight under the 90-day agreement, they would have invited the chance.

Of course, there is the usual conversation about the tax situation. Jersey would not be able to keep much of the dough he could get out of another 1951 fight.

Every time a fighter refuses a match, the same old tax talk comes up. Maybe it actually has something to do with the situation.

However, if the government takes a bite out of a fight guarantee, it also takes a bite out of the financial perquisites, which come to a champion outside of the ring. Ergo, a lot of that tax talk will hold very little water.

In freezing the title for a year, Walcott, who is an old man as heavyweight champions go, forces himself to wait until he is still another 12 months older before tackling Charles.

Incidentally, Charles it has to be, according to Weill. There can be no forward movement in the division until Ezz gets that chance to recover what he lost so dismally at Forbes Field.

The question of Walcott's true age comes up here once more. But it cannot be decided now, any more than it could be decided

when Joe almost took the title from Louis. Suffice it to say that, be he 37, as he says, or 39 or 40, as is suspected, Walcott is the oldest fighter who yet has gained the heavyweight title.

If Jersey Joe is as old as they say he is, all the more credit to him for having knocked out a champion so much younger.

It is interesting that some ten years ago, Walcott was refused a license to fight in the state of New Jersey on the basis of his being too old, even then.

MARCIANO'S Brain Trust has accepted the big freeze philosophically.

After Rocky had belted Layne into a tumbling heap of blubber, the Marciano front office said, "Now for the winner of the Charles and Louis fight."

However, he'll have a long wait since that bout is temporarily set for Miami in February.

Rocky is no callow youth, either. He is 27, and he should be putting that right hand to work.

Yet, there is no beef from the Marciano side. First, because beefing will do no good, a very important consideration.

Second, because while Walcott and Charles are deteriorating, Marciano will be building up. He still has quite a bit to learn.

Just how good is this Marciano man? There is a sharp division of opinion, but strong support from impressive places for the theory that Rocky is going to be the champion before long.

"I really do not know how good Marciano is," Al Weill replied to my question.

"I know that he has a terrific right, that he knows how to take good advantage of his left, that he is a hard and serious worker, that he is always in remarkable condition, that he takes great care of himself, without a single bad habit, that he is very ambitious and eager, and that he fears no man."

"RIGHT now, no heavyweight wants any part of Marciano," Weill continued, "Among those who refuse to mix with Rocky is Joe Louis.

"I have not changed my mind about another Marciano-LaStarza match. I will not put it on because it would not mean progress for Marciano, and I do not believe it would draw too well. Marciano already has beaten LaStarza."

"Marciano is going to be the heavyweight champion of the world," says Abe Attell, who was impressed by Rocky's splendid job against Layne.

"Marciano cannot miss becoming the heavyweight champion," Jack Kearns told the writer.

"He has a lot of the old Dempsey quality. He fights the four-round style. And he moves around like a lightweight.

"Rocky is not a big heavyweight, but like Dempsey, he can maneuver a bigger man around. He is strong. He had the bigger and heavier Layne worn out in two heats.

"With a little polishing, Marciano will be the most formidable heavyweight before the public. He can hit with either hand, and he is not a target. You saw how he tied Layne into knots."

Just where Marciano figures in the revised heavyweight schedule is a question.

First Walcott and Charles. And then? It would not surprise anybody if Marciano were moved right in, with Louis forced to wait, and wait.

THERE is a belief that even without further preparation, Marciano could take either Walcott or Charles, or both, and stop Louis, as well.

Those who long had been hollering that Rocky was a straw man, that Weill had hand picked his opponents, that some of his fights were against tankers, now are silent. The job Rocky did on Layne put the quietus on that talk.

Against Jersey Joe or Charles, Marciano undoubtedly would be up against a handicap in science, and in experience.

But there would be a discounting influence on Rocky's side.

In Marciano's fight with Layne, Rocky was aided and abetted importantly by a blue print on Rex.

This pattern for the fight had been arranged by two crafty students, Al Weill and Charlie Goldman.

Between them, they had taken Layne apart, and given to Marciano an instruction sheet which proved to be flawless.

"Bore in, keep boring in, wrestle him, belt him in close, don't let him get free for a good punch, and get him tired," the Weill-Goldman prescription read.

"Then, after three rounds of this, start belting him with the right to the head and the left to the body.

"Keep pumping in at close quarters, and keep punching when he gets free."

This scheme worked to perfection. Layne managed to get in a telling blow just once, in the third round. "He hurt me with that, but not too badly," Rocky explained.

JUST how good really is Marciano? Well, it's one of the most interesting questions in heavyweight boxing today.

In estimating the skills and punching power of the Brockton Belter, we must recognize his high potentialities, but take extreme care not to go out on a limb on the basis of the Layne fight.

In leaning toward caution, it is well to remember that after Layne had whipped Walcott in ten rounds, Rex was lauded as a contender for the title.

It is conceivable that Layne can discount his knockout by Marciano, and rehabilitate his position in the heavyweight situation. It is conceivable, and it is possible. But I simply cannot envision Layne passing Marciano again in the ratings.

Not so long ago, Marciano and his wife, Barbara—they were married less than a year ago—visited the Garden.

"Rocky is going to be the champion," said the bride.

"He eats, sleeps, talks the title. I tell you, Rocky is going to be the champion!"

Rocky Marciano and his able trainer and chief second, Charley Goldman.

B.B.B.C.—"LOUIS IS CHAMP"

British Say Savold's Conqueror Became Title Holder When He Stopped Lee — Winner of Walcott-Louis Match Will Have Universal Recognition

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE Walcott knockout of Charles has had repercussions in the British Empire.

Insofar as the British Board of Boxing Control is concerned, Ezzard Charles never held the world's heavyweight championship, and so he could not have lost it to Walcott, at least so say the directors.

The board says, "Joe Louis is the champion of the world. He became champion when he knocked out Lee Savold who had taken the title by stopping Bruce Woodcock. We must be consistent. We cannot change our decision simply because Walcott stopped Charles and Louis stopped Savold.

"Let Walcott fight Louis and we will recognize the winner as the champion. In the meantime, Louis holds the title."

The day after my arrival in London on my recent trip to cover the Randolph Turpin vs. Sugar Ray Robinson fight for the world middleweight title, I decided to obtain the reaction of the British fistic experts to the topic now uppermost in the conversation of American fight fans—the collapse of Lee Savold and the rise to the heights again of Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott.

Particularly interested was I in gaining the reaction on the attitude of the British Board of Boxing Control in refusing to recognize Jersey Joe Walcott as world crown wearer.

What is it, I wondered, that makes the British Board hold aloof in a simple case such as this? Is it to save face?

With that in view, I visited the Board to get my answer from J. Onslow Fane, its president, an excellent executive, a person of high standing both in his vocation and in boxing—his hobby.

How come that your Board didn't acknowledge Walcott as world champion following his knockout over Charles, and Louis' knockout of Savold, to whom your members had handed on a silver platter the world heavyweight crown following his victory over Bruce Woodcock? I inquired.

How often must a fighter eliminate a contender to gain British recognition as the top man in his division? Since Savold stopped your Empire king, Louis knocked out Woodcock's conqueror and Charles had decisively whipped Louis in Joe's attempt to regain his crown, and then Walcott defeated Charles. Doesn't Walcott now rate universal recognition as head of his division? I continued.

Those queries were rather embarrassing to the jovial head of the B.B. of B.C. He apparently no more cherishes the situation than does Walcott, who had hoped that a victory over Charles would give him the universal recognition he so richly deserves.

"We recognized Lee Savold as world champion following his triumph over Woodcock," stated Mr. Fane. "We accepted the Woodcock-Savold fight as for the world title left vacant by Louis and we had the backing of the European Boxing Union in our stand.

"We have felt at all times that the attitude of the National Boxing Association and the New York Commission in making their own world title holders is wrong, and to break up this system of naming champions, the British Board decided to do a little on its own.

"Now that Louis has knocked out the man whom we recognized as head, we feel we should continue to go along the line set out by our Board when the Woodcock - Savold match was arranged and we will offer our recognition as world champion to the man who wins the expected bout between Louis and Walcott. Until then, we shall continue to stand our ground in refusing to accept the American - made champion since Europe was not given any consideration in the original set-up.

"Let's say England instead of Europe, since our nation has as much boxing and probably as many boxing bouts during a year as you have in America. How can we do otherwise and be consistent? It is the only stand we can take," Mr. Fane concluded.

Thus we have the British reason—a rather strange one—for its failure to give Joe Walcott his due and to acknowledge him the world heavyweight king.

It declines to have anything to do with the Charles victory over Louis, which preceded the Louis knockout of Savold and Walcott's kayo of Charles.

Now the picture is more involved than ever.

J. Onslow Fane, chairman of the British Board of Boxing Control, who has reopened the heavyweight championship discussion by naming Joe Louis as successor to himself following the Brown Bomber's knockout of Lee Savold.

Beg for Elusive Chances

Matthews, LaStarza and Dawson, Out in the Cold Under Present Program, Plead for Opportunity to Get a Title Shot

By TED CARROLL

IT is possible that in all the excitement caused by the recent fantastic happenings in boxing some of our better stars will be lost in the shuffle. Everybody is so steamed up over Jersey Joe Walcott, Marciano, Murphy and Randy Turpin they have time for little else.

In the uproar over Rocky Marciano for instance, there is a disposition to ignore the hard time colorless but effective Roland LaStarza gave the Brockton Blockbuster a year ago.

A knockdown was the margin by which the New Englander gained the verdict and a lot of onlookers thought that edge had been offset by the smoother boxing and steadiness of the New Yorker.

LaStarza's persistent clamor for another crack at the man who handed him his only defeat has had little effect on the International Boxing Club. Many years ago Al Weill, the outfit's New York matchmaker, in discussing one of his many critics remarked, "I won't even ignore him!" It certainly sums up his attitude towards LaStarza's challenge to Marciano.

Fault finders complain that LaStarza, while hard to beat, doesn't excite the customers. Then they turn right around and point the finger of scorn at most of Marciano's opposition, which aside from Layne and LaStarza, they call strictly hand picked.

Logically, then what better heavyweight match than one between Marciano, who'll supply the dash, and LaStarza, who certainly qualifies as an opponent who'll prove once and for all whether the Massachusetts boy is the coming heavyweight.

Clarence Henry, the hard clouting Californian, is another one who rates more attention than he's been getting. The one time Jack Dempsey protege always could hit and he has been picking up the added experience he needs to go with his natural ability. Henry may turn out to be the Jimmy Carter of the heavyweights.

LIKE the present lightweight king, overlooked by everyone but THE RING Magazine, Henry has been going along bowling over all opposition for the past six months or so. Despite his record his chances of crashing the select circle of favored contenders don't look too good from here.

Dropping down a notch in the weight divisions, we find the two men who are obviously the class of the light-heavy section, Harry Matthews and Archie Moore, almost completely obscured by rough housing Irish Bob Murphy. In all fairness to him it must be admitted that the former sailor gives the public what its appetite calls for. Bell-to-bell brawling, without a let-up plus a rollicking enjoyment of his bruising trade, features Murphy's style.

Still, that doesn't dim the fact that the accomplished Matthews solved the problem of Murphy's mauling to the complete satisfaction of everyone when they met in Madison Square Garden last winter. The Far Westerner won handily and also looked good doing it, no mean feat against a southpaw.

However, it's Murphy and not Matthews who got a crack at Joey Maxim's 175 pound crown.

Some say that Matthews did his own cause little good by high tailing it for the hinterlands far away from New York a few days after impressing big towners so mightily. Since beating Murphy he hasn't been seen near the capital of the boxing world for even a ringside introduction.

Whatever the reasons for this self-imposed exile, it hasn't panned out too well for the Idahoan. Murphy, with the obvious blessing of the IBC has kept in the limelight in and around New York with the result that he was maneuvered into the shot rightfully Matthews'.

Poor Archie Moore seems doomed to the fate of old Sam Langford. Archie has been a contender so long now, that it has probably turned into a permanent status. There seems little likelihood of his crashing the select circle in the immediate future.

The fight world is still spinning dizzily on its axis over the incredible triumph of Randy Turpin over Sugar Ray Robinson, and Jersey Joe Walcott's win over Ezzard Charles.

Americans who are seldom able to adjust themselves to the defeat of an outstanding U.S. fighter by a foreigner—particularly an Englishman—still have trouble believing the great Sugar Ray was beaten.

The Turpin victory blotted out everything else in the middleweight class. All kinds of fantastic figures are being dreamed up as the probable gate receipts in the New York encore. Turpin and Robinson are the magic names of the moment.

With such a situation prevailing it is still true that there's a fellow around the same weight limit, who until last month was rated the most dangerous threat to Sugar Ray—Dave Sands, of Australia.

While Turpin holds the British, European and World's Middleweight Championships, although a British Subject, he is not the champion of the British Empire. This honor belongs to Sands who won the title when he kayoed Randy's brother, Dick, in one round in 1949.

Sands fought in a supporting bout on the Turpin-Robinson card against American Mel Brown, and so little importance was attached to the bout few wire services carried the result.

For all of this, Sands, who holds the heavyweight and light-heavyweight as well as the middleweight championships of Australia, is too good a fighter and has too good a record to be so completely erased from contention.

He hits as hard as Turpin does, and until recently was regarded as a more finished fighter.

AS Empire champion, Sands would have a strong point in his favor in gaining a chance at Turpin, since the British take the Empire titles very seriously and would undoubtedly demand that Turpin give another British subject the opportunity to win the crown.

Such a match presents exciting possibilities with Randy out to gain family revenge against the man who defeated his brother for the Empire crown, and Sands ambitious to become the first native-born Australian to ever hold a world's championship.

If Robinson regains his crown it might be to the advantage of Sands to show himself in America, where his punching style of boxing figures to find Yankee approval. American favor could lead to a bout with Robinson, if Ray defeats Turpin in the return.

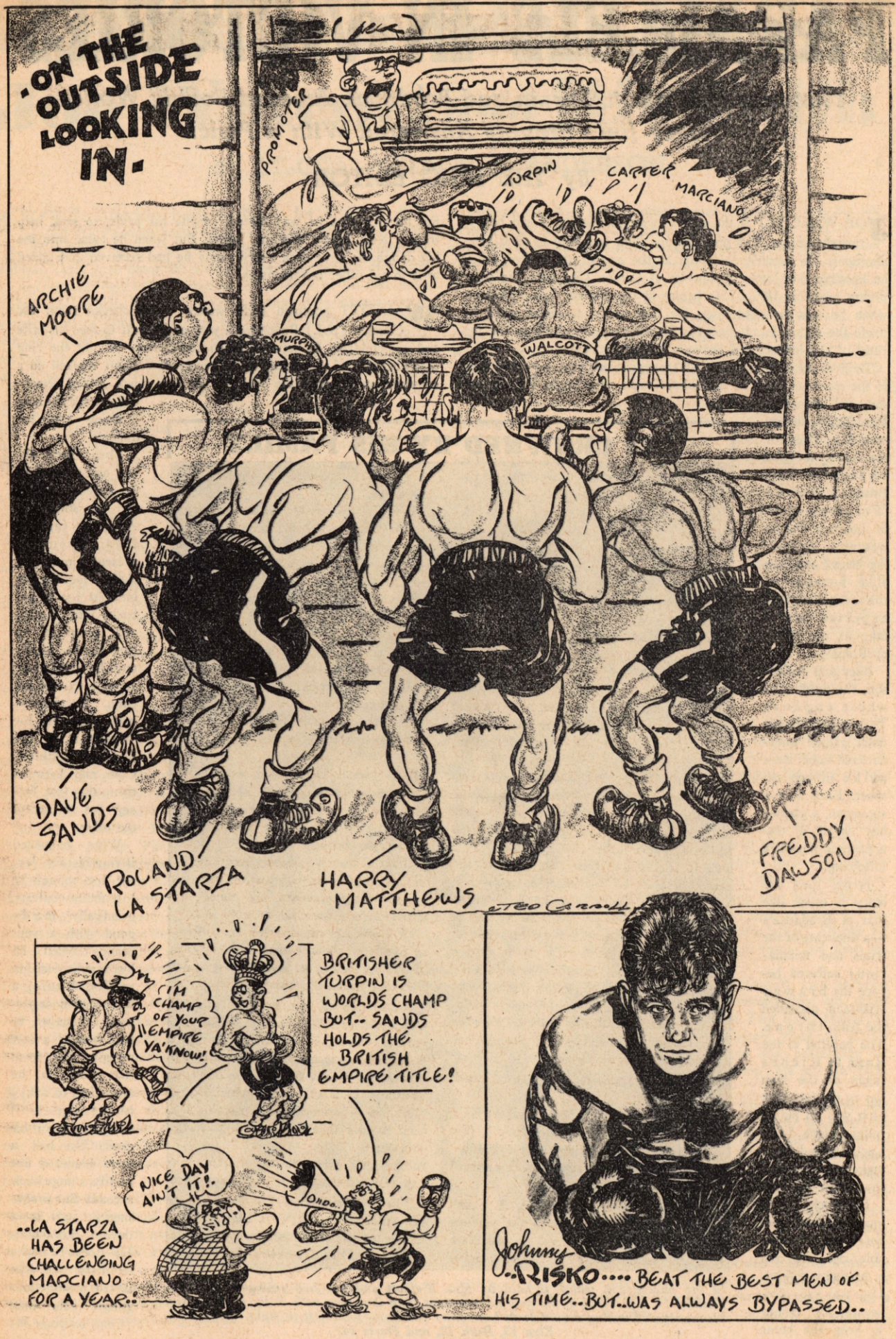
Rated one of the most formidable fighters in the business, Chicago's Freddy Dawson seems doomed to a career of comparative unimportance. A snazzy boxer and knockout puncher, he is almost unknown to the general public although he has been around for a long time and in 1949, was barely nosed out by Ike Williams in a title fight when Ike was really good.

Hailed as a phenom in Australia, Dawson returned to his homeland to find that things hadn't changed much as far as he was concerned.

The shot given Jimmy Carter, which gained the New York boy the lightweight title should have been his.

The Williams crowd made no bones about admitting that if the public knew little of Dawson they knew a lot and grabbed Carter as the lesser of the two contenders. Results proved them all wrong, but Dawson's case has been helped not a bit. He lanquishes in Chicago and there's been no hint from any source that his chances of boxing for the lightweight title are any too good.

(Continued on page 36)


-ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN-
PROMOTER
TURPIN
CARTER
MARCIANO
ARCHIE MOORE
MURPHY
WALCOTT
DAVE SANDS
ROLAND LA STARZA
HARRY MATTHEWS
FREDDY DAWSON
TED CARROLL
I'M CHAMP OF YOUR EMPIRE YA'KNOW!
BRITISHER TURPIN IS WORLDS CHAMP BUT.. SANDS HOLDS THE BRITISH EMPIRE TITLE!
NICE DAY AIN'T IT!
..LA STARZA HAS BEEN CHALLENGING MARCIANO FOR A YEAR..
Johnny RISKO.... BEAT THE BEST MEN OF HIS TIME..BUT..WAS ALWAYS BYPASSED..

PARALLELS IN VICTORIES

Triumphs of Walcott, Turpin and Braddock Amazed Boxing World; Jersey Joe's Prayers Answered With a Punch

By THE RING EDITOR

JOE WALCOTT is the oldest boxer to win the world heavyweight crown. The previous age high was held by Bob Fitzsimmons. He became champion at the age of thirty-five, when he knocked out James J. Corbett at Carson City with the solar plexus punch in 1897. "Life begins at thirty-seven," said Walcott when he was crowned king. He had reason to smile when he made the statement. It was his fifth attempt to climb to the top rung of the ladder, and he wasn't 37, they said.

To find parallels for Walcott's surprise victory, we must turn to the recent triumph of Randolph Turpin over Sugar Ray Robinson, and James J. Braddock's victory over Max Baer for the heavyweight championship. Braddock was the "Forgotten Man" of boxing. Turpin was pitied by boxing critics and fans alike because of the shellacking they expected him to take at the hands of Robinson.

Baer and Robinson, the fighters at whose expense Turpin and Braddock gained international fame, were alike in one respect. Each was a showman, a glamor boy with a tremendous public following.

Jersey Joe's life story is much like that of Braddock's—a duplicate of the trials and tribulations suffered before the brawny Irishman ascended the fistic throne. The parallel to the Rags to Riches sagas of the men lies in the fact that each was on public relief before Lady Luck stepped in to make a complete change in his life.

Braddock was a longshoreman before his remarkable rise. He was a hungry fighter. He was so desperate for money to keep the home fire burning that he was forced, despite his pride, to seek help from a New Jersey Welfare Board. But when he came into the big dough, he gave back every penny he had received and added to it to aid other unfortunates.

WALCOTT accepted $9.50 weekly relief checks from the Camden (N.J.) Board for a year and a half to feed his wife and six children. In between seven comebacks—he quit the ring often because of the small pay he received. Walcott worked on a construction job with the W.P.A.; drove a truck, mixed cement and carried the hod. Nothing was too difficult.

Then came the war and he worked in defense plants and in shipyards. A change came in 1944, when his present manager, Felix Bocchicchio, induced Joe to get back into boxing and promised to care for his family until he could make enough to feel secure. Bocchicchio had a partner, Joe Webster of the Camden Athletic Club and between them, they got Jersey Joe to accept the offer.

What happened is ring history. Jersey Joe, though he lost many contests, eventually made good with a vengeance when he lost a split decision to Joe Louis, a fight that most persons thought he had won by a safe margin. And from that day on he never had to worry about the wolf hanging around his door. He had a good home, a fine family, a huge bank account, fine investments and is a devout churchman. He doesn't smoke or drink nor does he use profane language. His only

(Cont. on page 36)

JOE CROWNED BY HIS FAMILY

In the photograph which is held by Mrs. Walcott and her two youngest children, Vincent 11, and Carol 6, the new heavyweight king is shown with Felix Bocchicchio, his manager. Looking on are Joe's four other children—from left to right—Arnold 17, Elva 15, Ruth 12, and Doris 14.

Fighting Chaplain Boosts Joe Walcott *and* His Faith

By LT.-COL. WILBER K. ANDERSON

I WAS the American judge in Jersey Joe Walcott's fight against the German heavyweight champion, Hein Ten Hoff.

In Heidelberg, before the altar of my church, Walcott told the children (and gave them 150 autographed pictures, one of which my ten-year-old boy still has tacked at the head of his bed, both during Joe's defeats and victories) that three days always meant a great deal to him: Christmas, Easter, and Mother's Day. He reminded them that they should always obey the law, obey their parents, and do what was right. Believe me, he spoke with the modest assurance of a man whose life corresponded to his words.

I frequently visited both training camps, Walcott's and Ten Hoff's. What a contrast! In Joe's there were two to three hundred German kids yelling "Yersey Joe! Yersey Joe!" While at Hein's camp not one kid was around for even a nod from the successor to Schmeling.

I was Post Chaplain of Heidelberg Military Post, 1947-50, and Joe's coming was a benediction to the community! I refereed more than five hundred German amateur fights and happen to be the only American to hold a German license issued by Germans to officiate at bouts exclusively between Germans. I also judged and refereed more than a hundred Army and Air Force bouts. This was one medium I used to achieve a better understanding of German youth, seeking to propagate moral values through the medium of a great sport.

My father knew Jess Willard and saw the two Dempsey-Tunney fights. I wrote an article for the German sport magazines defending boxing against some of the German clergy who thought it should be abolished.

In college I participated in novice tournaments, but when I became an Army Chaplain in 1941 the fact was brought to my attention a chaplain needed some sport to "sell" himself to his men. Accordingly my CO put me in charge of boxing. We put on shows twice a month at Fort Knox against some of the other regiments. My boys won the Southern Golden Gloves championship at Nashville, Tenn., in February 1943.

Shortly thereafter I was transferred to the 1st Armored Division in Africa. Time seemed to be hanging heavy on the hands of many soldiers, and so one night I got the entire battalion together on the supposition that we were going to have a fight card. When they gathered on the desert sands on a hastily improvised ring, I announced that four or five men were willing to meet all comers in their respective weights.

The tankers stripped down to the waist and fought in their fatigues and combat boots. Fifteen bouts concluded a card seldom surpassed anywhere. I followed the Mediterranean cards all through 1943, 44, and 45.

I stayed two weeks with the Fifth Army team in Florence where Ezzard Charles, Marcel Cerdan, Larry Cisneros and other boys were training.

UPON my return to Germany in 1947 I wanted to help in German Youth Activities, but I wanted to get acquainted with German boys outside of church circles. Again, boxing was my choice. During those three years I refereed, as mentioned, over five hundred bouts between Germans and over one hundred between Americans.

Even now at Fort Monroe, Va., I am using boxing with the "small fry" of the Post. It is my belief that through boxing, and competitive sports in general, more international good will and understanding can be promoted.

Every time there is an unfortunate injury in the manly art of self-defense, there arises a hue and cry for the abolition of a sport more than two thousand years old. The saga of sock is one of the most interesting stories in the history of man.

Laverne Roach, a leading middleweight contender, lost his life after a bout with Georgie Small. The facts show that it was that kind of an accident which might have happened in 101 other areas of life. Immediately the editor of a New York paper demanded that boxing, "the sport of murder," should be abolished.

IN THE SAME NEWSPAPER, in very small print there was related the story of a Notre Dame football player who died from a broken neck, the result of doing flips during a gymnasium workout. BUT THE EDITOR OF THE PAPER DID NOT ASK THAT PHYSICAL EDUCATION BE ABOLISHED IN NOTRE DAME!

I would like to point out the following facts: (1) the element of danger was put into life by the Creator; (2) boxing has a better record than any other contact sport; (3) men learn valuable lessons of character in the field of friendly competition; most of the churches in America believe that valuable lessons in character development may be learned, and boxing holds a prominent place among the sports that are encouraged. Consider first that danger was put here for a purpose.

Many a man has said, "If I had created the world, I would have made things different." However, we must accept the world as we find it, and the element of danger is everywhere. It is a paradox that when danger does not come to us in the ordinary routine of life, we go out looking for it. Why do small boys dive from the top of a diving tower thirty-five feet high? Why do scientists seek to map the Antarctic Plateau? Why have men scaled the heights of the Matterhorn? Why does Europe have marathon bicycle races which tax the physical endurance of the human body to the limit?

The answer is in the fact that the Almighty put something into human nature which requires danger to be faced and overcome in order that we might grow in character. An instinct within us is satisfied. The sense of achievement is perhaps the most stimulating of all human experiences.

IF danger must be accepted, if some of our greatest scientific discoveries have come because men feared dangerous diseases, if the Author of life felt danger and fear have their constructive uses, then is it not logical that a sport of friendly competition which disciplines a man to face danger, keep cool under fire, and grow by standing on his two feet—is not such a sport worthy of the support of the best element of the population? Should we not see that it is properly supervised, kept clean, and that the rules are enforced?

Consider in the second place, the fact (which may surprise many readers) that boxing has a better record than any other contact sport. Mr. Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING Magazine, writes: "Considering that our records show close to 20,000 professionals competing in world boxing, the percentage of deaths is less than in any other contact sport." He has the facts to back up his statement.

Deaths can happen anywhere at any time. Of course one death in boxing—or any other sport—is too much. However, let those who object to the sport of boxing turn their attention to the deaths and accidents which happen on the highways every day: riders of bicycles who never look where they are turning, drivers of automobiles who think because they are "big" they ought to have the right of way. For every person killed in boxing there are tens of thousands of boys and girls, teen-agers, killed by autos and trucks.

Yet we find no campaign to eliminate these vehicles from the streets or highways. Cancer and heart trouble take the lives of thousands, but we don't try to stop the birth of children as a means to halt future fatalities.

(Continued on page 39)

Joe Louis Sidetracked

Once Dictator of Heavyweight Division, Joe Now Sees Wolcott and Charles Standing in His Way, with Chance of Action Far Off in Distance

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

TIME plays pranks. Nasty pranks. Take the Joe Louis situation, for example. Not so long ago, after his knockout of Lee Savold, Joe was slated for a second crack at Ezzard Charles, and the heavyweight championship of the world.

Then came the Night of Surprise, in Pittsburgh. Charles was knocked out by Jersey Joe Walcott, and now,—well, Joe Louis, former titleholder, is around looking for work and no job open.

Louis finds himself sidetracked. There must be another Walcott-Charles fight before Joe can get back into the picture, and who can tell when that will be.

In the meantime, Joe is drying up on the vine, and as the days fall off the calendar he slips farther and farther into the background.

It is a poignant situation for Louis, an odd one for boxing, and strangely enough, it betokens progress, even though the present holder of the title hardly is a fresh, sprightly young man of, let's say, the Marciano class.

NOT so very long ago, as months on the calendar go, Louis was relegated to the old boneyard. He had self-indicted his skills and stamina by announcing his retirement, and the public was fairly willing to take him at his word.

Boxing hated to see Louis go. He represented a lush era—lush in class, lush in dough, lush in heavyweight numbers, if not in outstanding ability behind Joe.

Boxing sort of wished that Louis would change his mind, and attempt a rehabilitation.

Time and Circumstance, two powerful factors, aided by some guys in the Income Tax Department, brought about Joe's return to the ring, for a title fight with Charles.

They went 15 rounds in Yankee Stadium, and when it was all over, men said, "What a shame Joe did not stay retired. What a crying shame he was talked into coming back. Now our last memory of Louis will be that of the faded, beaten, inept, slow boxer who took a shellacking from a heavyweight whom we have not yet rated among the Titans of the division's history, and who may never achieve the distinction."

Time marches on, and how! Now we are confronted with the new and refurbished Louis, and a Louis fight, when and if, for the title which the great Joe himself, Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries once adorned.

It is with the keenest interest, and yet, some trepidation, that the Louis aficionados contemplate Joe's possible meeting with Jersey Joe or Ezz. They wish they could be a lot more certain that Louis' quick knockout of Lee Savold could be taken for the importance which some fight experts have attached to it. They wish that Charles were not quite as good a heavyweight as he is—as he proved in the systematic, scientific trouncing of Joey Maxim, for one.

JUST how good is the Louis who stopped Savold, after giving him a thorough shellacking?

That is the main point before the boxing enthusiasts of the world as Joe faces his 1952 destines. He is finished for 1951.

Behind the main question, of course, lies the secondary one, "How good was Savold when he knocked out Bruce Woodcock, and how much of the Savold who whipped the Briton was left when Louis whipped Lee?"

In all of his comeback fights leading up to the one with Savold, Louis lacked sharpness. His reactions and reflexes were slow and dull.

Even the sub-calibre Agramonte gave Louis quite a fight before Joe met Savold. On the basis of the Agramonte scrap, Louis hardly rated with the Titans.

In Savold, Louis ran into a fighter who was a target, just the kind Joe always has liked.

The dope was that Lee had a punishing right, that he would lose no time in getting it to work, and that if he could tag Joe early, there would be an upset.

Well, Savold waited too long. He waited partly because of poor execution of what had been a good blueprint, partly because Louis beat him to the aggressive and dissuaded Lee from getting too gay.

Finally, in the fifth round, Savold did land two decent rights, and it looked as if he had hurt the former world champion.

But then Savold ceased and desisted, as if the referee had thrown a Supreme Count injunction at him. In brief, Savold turned out to be something of a myth, something of a hoax, something of a worn warrior whom Time had not left with enough.

NOR is the dopester to bypass the Louis victory over Lee as an inconsequential development. The thing that stood out impressively the night Joe and Lee tangled was the Bomber's superior physical condition. He had fought himself into shape. Likewise in his fight with Cesar Brion in California.

One of the reasons Louis announced his retirement was traced to his intense dislike for training.

After so many years of competition, Joe had come to hate the regimen of boxing, of early hours, of supervised diet, of getting into a ring at a stated hour each day with a few guinea pigs.

In his comeback campaign, Louis did not allow himself to do too much severe training of the old kind. For one thing, he was not up to the old regimen.

Louis trained himself into shape with Agramonte, with Beshore, never landing a knockout, always going the distance, and showing improvement from one outing to another.

Louis himself has stated that these distance fights did the trick.

They did the trick insofar as the fight with Savold was concerned. Now it is a question how much they will help Joe in another test with the younger, faster, more incentive-driven Charles or the aging Walcott.

It may be that, in their first encounter, Ezz could have gone so far as to have knocked out Louis at any point in the last two rounds.

Louis was fighting strictly on his nerve, and Charles was going along nonchalantly, sure of his decision, sure of his superiority over his one-time fistic idol.

Perhaps, mindful of the constricted field, Charles was content to win the decision because he believed that saving up Joe for another day, perhaps a rainy one, was not at all bad business.

Knocking out Louis would not have done Charles any particular good that special night. The prestige which accrued to Ezz through the decision was sufficient unto the night.

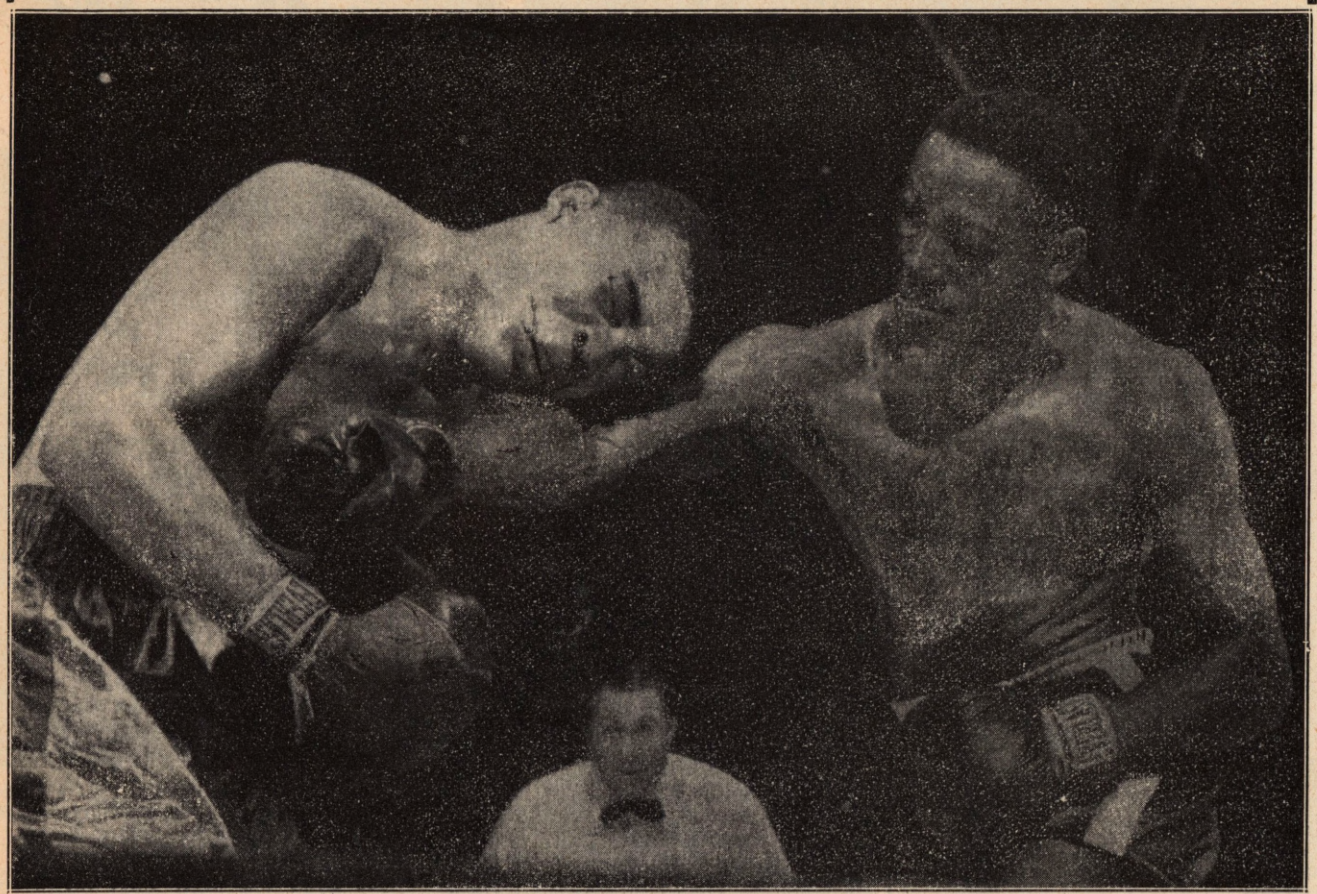
FOR Charles, a second fight with Louis would entail a challenge, a more acute challenge than the one he faced in their first encounter.

Charles' complete mastery over Maxim lifted the heavyweight champion a few pegs in the popular ratings. But Maxim is no hitter.

There have been aspersions against Ezz and his true class, and not without reason. He had not appreciated, to the full, the fact that every time a champion fights, he must be the champion, or he leaves the ring either beaten, or discredited in mediocre victory.

"What do they expect me to do?" wailed Charles after a

Can Joe Improve on This In His Next?



Here we see Charles shooting a damaging right to Louis' face in the fourteenth round of their first encounter. That blow took whatever steam had been left out of the former champion, and he faded out, a poor facsimile of the one-time Brown Bomber.

second Walcott fight which had left much to be desired in interest, in fire, in class.

What the fans expected Charles to do was to be the champion of the world. A simple request embodying a simple formula, which takes no account of fill-in bouts, of saving a man for another day, of half-trying.

A title holder, especially the heavyweight champion of the world, is more a cynosure today than ever before in the history of the ring. The reason traces largely to television.

When a champion fights, he is watched by thousands and thousands of persons away from the arena.

These people watch him with even more critical eyes than the actual onlookers.

The fan sitting in the ball park during a fight is enveloped in the emotional stresses which come of an exciting battle.

The fan sitting in his home, or in a tavern, watching the fight on the television screen is free of these locality reactions. He is calmer, and he has more time for the more acute appraisal. This should be driven home to the fighters.

ALL of which brings us to the twice revised video situation as regards championship contests.

A new TV gimmick was tested out in the Louis-Savold fight. The pictures of action piped from the Stadium were shown on the TV screens of eight movie houses from Chicago to Albany, and the experiment proved a success.

The promoters paid $10,000 for the rights, and they took in $22,000 in receipts.

The Murphy-LaMotta fight in New York was televised to the restricted public of eleven theatres, and again there were loud huzzahs from theatre managers and their patrons.

The critics hollered, "Here is a real gold mine," that Mike Jacobs' dream of fights in a small, plush-lined, chromium-plated arena, with seats costing $100, was about to become reality, that the days of free and unrestricted fight video were over for the general public.

There were squawks from the G.P. For some reason, the man who invests in a television set has the peculiar belief that he purchases the right to view any sports event being held anywhere, for free.

It never occurs to him that he should be able to turn on Channel 45, and see "South Pacific" and hear its music, for nothing.

But he holds to the odd notion that he should be allowed to get a free view of every ball game, of every boxing contest, and that this right belongs to him along with the free air, if a citizen, the privilege of voting for President.

In any event, just when the TV public had become resigned to the theatre video stunt, there came another change.

Eight makers of television equipment got together and paid $100,000 for the rights to the Walcott-Charles fight in Pittsburgh. They got themselves a terrific show for comparatively very little dough.

Now the pendulum has swung back to the man with a home TV set.

Only this,—he is likely to find that he is blacked out of a big fight in his own home city. New York especially will feel this.

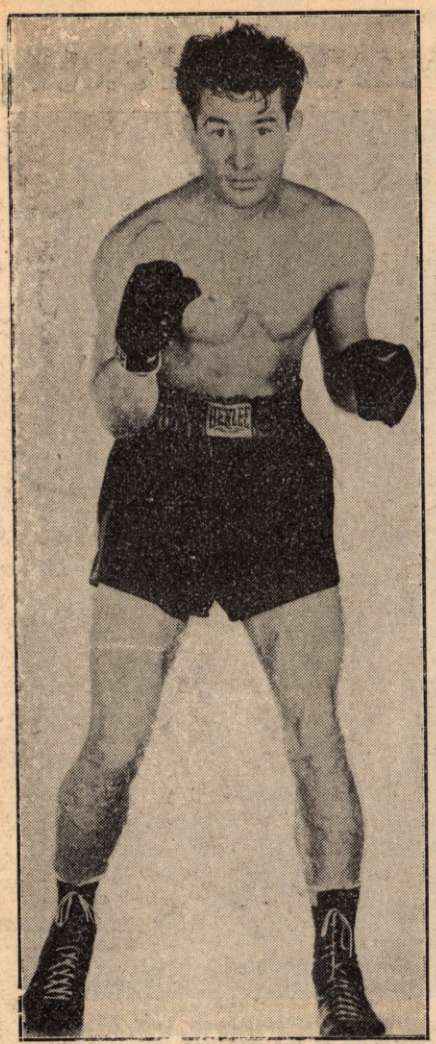
Just what to do about television still is a problem for the International BC and other ring promoting groups in this country.

That TV hurts the gate, if that TV be local and unrestricted, now is recognized.

That the theatre video gimmick has big possibilities is appreciated. But there still is strong support for restricted public video—that is, televising the fights outside the 50-mile radius of the arena.

Slugging, Today's Hallmark of Quality

By JOHNNY SALAK



Wild Swinging Rocky Graziano, often outpointed through most of a fight, usually wears down and slugs his opponent into submission before time runs out.

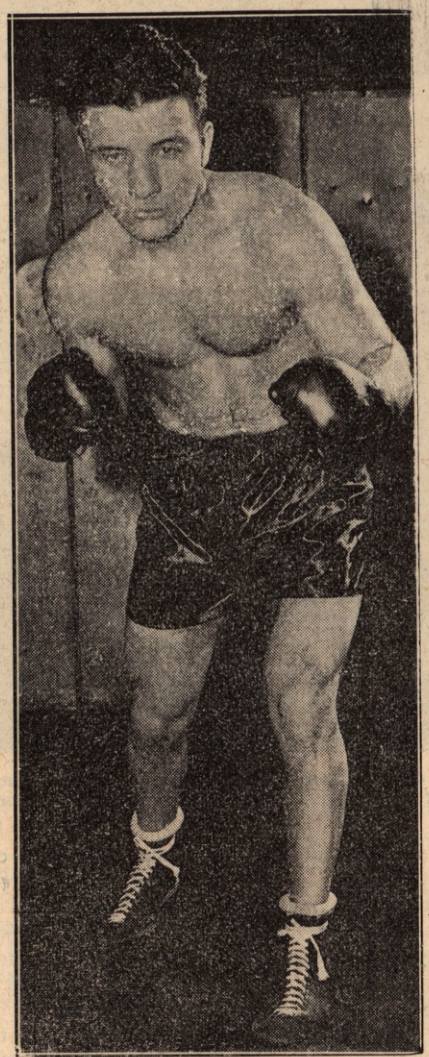
IN an age when the ability to slug is a fighter's hallmark of quality, so far as the fans are concerned, it may seem strange to the younger element that there was a time when the scientific boxer reigned supreme and was applauded by the followers of the game. The slugger and the scientific fighter are two distinct characters in the prize ring and they come and go, each enjoying a period of prosperity and popularity.

Probably the ideal attributes a fighter can have—above the physical and mental requirements—are those of a combination slugger and scientific boxer, one who can absorb punishment and dish it out and yet be a fighter versed in the defensive movements while carrying a quick, potent punch.

Few fighters have been all that, but those who could qualify stood head and shoulders above their divisions for many years.

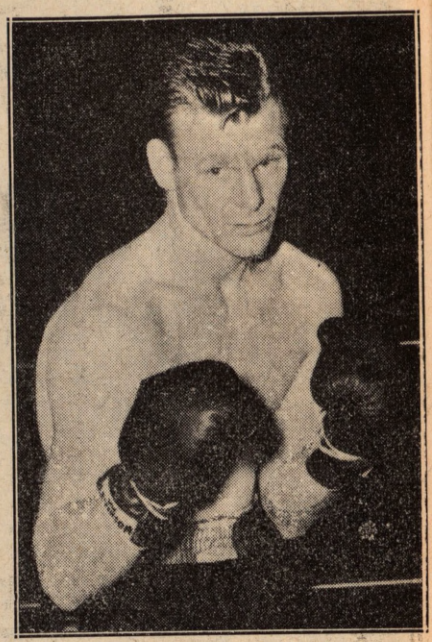
Tommy Ryan, who held both the welterweight and the middleweight titles, was perhaps the ideal type of pugilist. He possessed every good quality of most fighters. He had the punch, the science, and the footwork down to a point of perfection that few other men in his class ever have had before or since. He also had the stamina and could set a pace that others had to follow—if they could.

Ryan often gave away weight to opponents and yet lost only two fights in his career. The first was on March 2, 1896, when he was stopped by his former sparring partner, Kid McCoy, who tricked him into taking the fight as a favor. Ryan was out of condition then, but, perfectionist that he was, it never happened again. McCoy picked up the middleweight title in outsmarting Ryan. The double-champion's second loss was at the hands of the original Young Corbett, a marvellous fighter who was then using his own name, George Green. Green won on a foul in six rounds but about three months later Ryan halted him in seven heats.



Jake LaMotta, known for his bull-like tactics, lost his middleweight title to the sharp punching, clever ring general, Ray Robinson.

NO fighter of this era can be compared to Tommy Ryan, unless it is Ray Robinson, who, being a good boxer, can also deal out punishing blows and can usually make his opponent follow the pace he has set.



Bob Murphy seldom loses a fight because his aggressiveness and stamina are enough to discourage the heartiest of boxers.

Joe Louis was never what one would term a scientific boxer or a slugger. He knew the mechanics of the ring and had a deadening punch, but he could be outboxed and he could be hit. Until the twilight of his career he was never up against a fighter with both qualities though at times he was extended and even dropped to the canvas. Louis' greatness was in his dynamic punch. He was floored by Jimmy Braddock, Max Schmeling, Buddy Baer, Tony Galento and Jersey Joe Walcott, thus exhibiting one important weakness in his makeup.

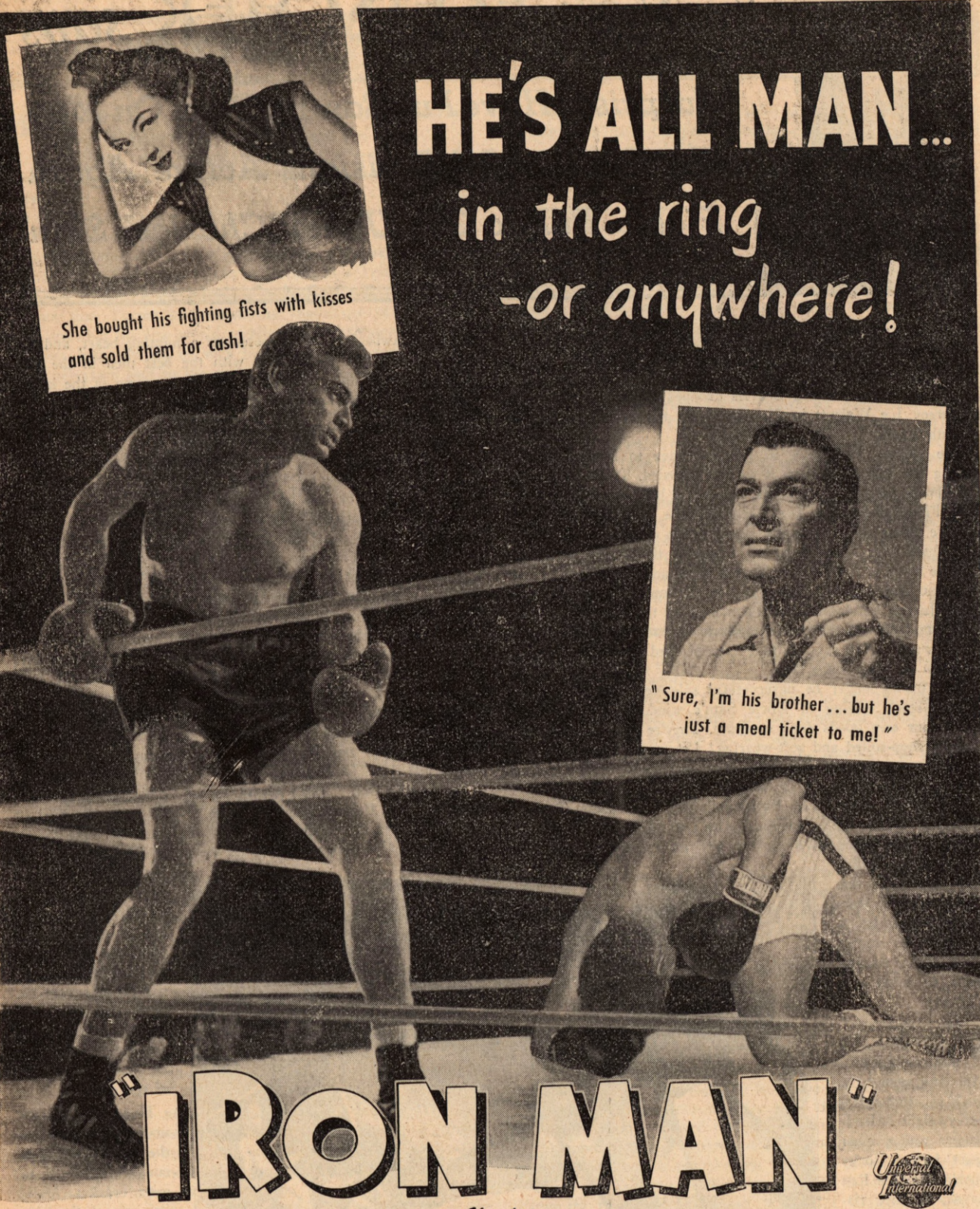
Today's fighters, by and large, are of the slugging variety, featured by the Bob Murphys, Rocky Grazianos and Jake LaMottas. That they are popular goes without saying, for their aggressive, hammering styles, coupled with the ability to take a punch—or more correctly, punches—is what the fans of today crave.

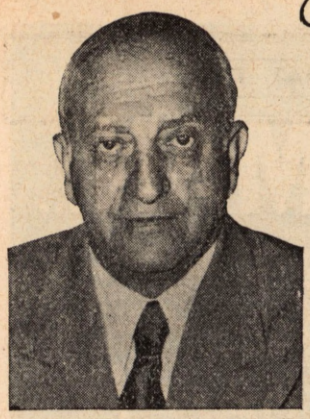
DURING and up to the end of John L. Sullivan's career the slugger was the boss. John L. himself was the ideal type of a slugger, although he possessed more knowledge of ring work than most men and especially more than the big fighters of his time.

Sullivan's reputation for mauling an opponent, however, usually gave him a big advantage in the ring no matter whom he met.

After James J. Corbett defeated Sullivan it became apparent for the first time that science would overcome brute strength and slugging ability, providing it was backed with punch enough to put the other man to sleep.

(Continued on page 39)


HE'S ALL MAN...
in the ring
-or anywhere!
She bought his fighting fists with kisses and sold them for cash!
"Sure, I'm his brother... but he's just a meal ticket to me!"
"IRON MAN"
Universal International
Starring
JEFF CHANDLER • EVELYN KEYES • STEPHEN McNALLY
with ROCK HUDSON • JOYCE HOLDEN
Screenplay by GEORGE ZUCKERMAN and BORDEN CHASE • Based on the story by WILLIAM R. BURNETT • Directed by JOSEPH PEVNEY • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG • A Universal-International Picture
COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Surprises Have Put Boxing Back On Map

Top Men in All Divisions Active Again

Fickle Public Got Under Charles' Skin

BOXING form took a knockout when Randolph Turpin beat Sugar Ray Robinson for the world middleweight crown in London; Rex Layne was halted by Rocky Marciano in the sixth session, and Ezzard Charles dropped his heavyweight title to Jersey Joe Walcott in Pittsburgh via the kayo route in the seventh round.

The international battle in England gave to British Empire boxing the shot in the arm it so badly needed. Turpin did more than bring back to the Empire the crown held 60 years ago by Bob Fitzsimmons. As Frank Butler, one of England's most capable sports critics, so aptly stated in his column:

"Turpin gave a lesson to the whole of the British public to capture some of the Bulldog Turpin spirit and jolt us out of our lethargic and defeatist attitude when it comes to international sport. Just as Randolph showed contempt for the Robinson balderdash and tore the invincible myth to threads, we should now pull down the drab shutters that have blacked out Britain's Shop Window of Sport since 1946.

"Let us no longer be unsuccessful salesmen, apologizing for British stock, gazing in Uncle Sam's window and saying of course our own goods don't compare. They're perishable, faulty, fragile, shop-soiled and soft-wearing! Let us turn the neon and floodlights on Britain and shout right across the Atlantic that British sports goods are, in fact, goods."

The attitude assumed by Butler following the London Turpin-Robinson fight is almost identical with that of England's leading sports critics. Randolph's victory was an eye-opener and will go down in British ring history as one of the greatest feats accomplished by a Britisher, no matter what the future holds in store for Turpin.

IN America, the advance of Rocky Marciano among the world's outstanding heavyweight challengers was another upset feat. Rocky knocked out, in Rex Layne, another rising youngster who had captured the hearts of American fight fans by his courage.

As for the latter, he need not be discouraged. I have repeatedly stated that his lack of boxing science and his poor defense were his greatest drawbacks. But he possesses a fighting heart, and that should enable him to keep up with the best men in the field, though I don't think he'll ever reach the top rung of the ladder.

Marciano is in a fine spot now, and perhaps looms as a coming champion.

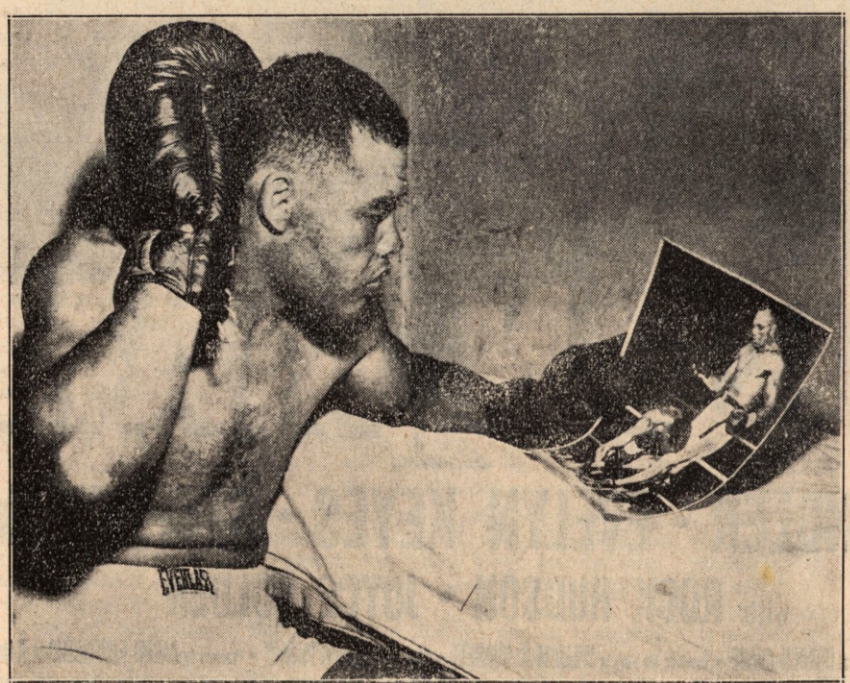
Evidence on the future of Charles, the third member of the triumvirate that shocked the boxing world by suffering defeat, will soon come. Was his knockout at the hands of Jersey Joe Walcott a fluke or has he gone back to a point at which he will have to be satisfied with the role of a contender?

If there is one thing the fight game always needs above all, it is new faces. These we now have in every division. A year ago boxing was at low ebb. Now the rise of talent, both here and in Europe, has far exceeded expectations and there is sufficient talent, if properly handled by promoters, to keep the fistic pot boiling as it hasn't for many years.

We have reached a stage much like that of the halcyon days of Mike Jacobs. The Turpin-Robinson return bout at the Polo Grounds and the Charles-Walcott fight are indications of the extent to which the American and British boxers have revived world interest in the sport. Colorful battlers like Irish Bob Murphy, Turpin and Harry Matthews are responsible for the hot revival.

Turpin and Don Cockell are to British boxing what Murphy, Marciano and Matthews are to the American sector. If Cockell should be given the chance this year to fight for the light-heavyweight crown, Britain may have its second world title holder of the year. Don is ready for a championship shot. He has developed to the point where he rates with the world's best, though he cannot hit with the force of Murphy, Matthews, or Bob Satterfield, the outstanding trio of the division.

However, since under the terms of the contract which enabled Murphy to get a crack at Maxim's crown, the winner must first meet Satterfield. Thus Cockell, Archie Moore and Matthews will be left out in the cold for many months.



"If he can do it, why can't I," asks Joe Louis as he looks at a picture showing the knockout of Ezzard Charles by Jersey Joe Walcott. Louis scratches his head in amazement as he looks at the Grand Old Man from Camden, N. J., the newly crowned world heavyweight king.

THE heavyweight picture is a mix-up, no matter which way you look at it.

A MATTER OF "ACCURACY"

By NAT FLEISCHER

MUCH to my regret, a little matter of accurate reporting has sprung up between Ray Robinson and me.

Such rhubarbs never help anybody, and this one is especially distasteful to me because I fancy myself to be a close friend of Ray's.

In fact, my advice was frequently sought by Ray and his manager in Paris before Sugar Ray accepted the terms for the Turpin fight. Now it is a question if that was a real service to him.

I was astonished when I read an article in a London evening newspaper attacking my interview with Robinson, in which he told me that Turpin had repeatedly made use of the rabbit punch and that the new world middleweight champion will never get away with the use of such punches in their return bout.

In a telegram sent to the paper by Robinson, who was asked to comment on my article, because of the bitter feeling of the British at Ray for making the statement to me, Ray repudiated the interview. He declared, according to the paper, that he had not told me that Turpin had fouled him.

I leave it to the British as to who is telling the truth. Too frequently have Sugar Ray and his manager, George Gainford, reneged on statements given to the press.

I go on record with the emphatic declaration that not only did Ray Robinson make every statement published under my name in an interview for "The People," but approved the material after it had been read back to him the morning that he left London for Paris. "Don't change anything," he told me.

If Ray was not hit with the rabbit punch, I wonder why one of England's most competent boxing critics, Peter Wilson, in the commentary for the British fight film, repeatedly remarked, "Turpin again is striking Robinson with the dangerous rabbit punch."

Peter knows a rabbit punch when he sees one. In America, when the film was shown with Jimmy Powers taking the place of Wilson as the commentator, no mention of the rabbit punch was made. Yet every newspaperman and several members of the boxing commission who watched the showing, asked, "Why wasn't Turpin warned for the illegal use of the rabbit blow?"

In the New York *Journal-American*, Lewis Burton wrote: "It is difficult to understand, while watching the movies, why the British permit such a flagrant foul as Turpin's rabbit punch, without offering a word of protest in the papers in view of the celebrated haste to disqualify a fighter for other foul tactics! The chances are that Turpin will never be permitted to get away with it in America. Yet it is his cornerstone, or corner rock of his infighting. Take that from him, and much of his efficiency may be gone."

Realizing the commotion that followed the publication of my article in "The People" in which Ray refers to Turpin's use of the rabbit punch, of which neither Ray nor his entourage complained during the contest, Robinson has taken advantage of an old, oft-used stratagem—the repudiation.

I stand by what I wrote for "The People" newspaper of London.

Marciano, Joe Louis, Charles and Walcott—three veterans and one youngster, stand out as the world's best in the division.

Who would have given Jersey Joe, the 37-year-old Jerseyite, a chance to win the heavyweight championship after having failed twice each in encounters with Louis and with Charles? Yet he turned the trick on his fifth try, to the embarrassment of boxing critics, even more so than was experienced in England when Turpin relieved Sugar Ray of his title.

In Britain, where the British Boxing Board of Control named Louis world king after he had stopped Lee Savold, the embarrassment of the officials is exceedingly keen. Confusion reigns in John Bull's land. Walcott, according to the vast majority of scribes and radio listeners, whipped Louis in their first engagement, though a split verdict handed the fight to the Brown Bomber. Then Louis knocked out Walcott, and Ezzard Charles gave the Brown Bomber a severe shellacking. Then Ezzard tackled Jersey Joe and gave him two beatings.

Along came Layne. He figured as one of the outstanding young heavyweights. He was making rapid headway. He was matched with Walcott and whipped Jersey Joe, making it four consecutive defeats for the veteran Camden, N. J., fighter. Did Joe retire? Not Walcott, who, like Tennyson's brook, keeps running on forever.

Youngsters were needed to keep the pot boiling. The fans tired of the veterans. The gate receipts kept falling. Public interest hit a new low. Then suddenly came the knockout of Layne by Marciano and soon the knockout of Charles by Walcott, the man whom Layne had conquered.

What can we make of it? A crossword puzzle. Three of the five fighters gave the present heavyweight king a hiding, yet now he sits with the crown on his head!

That's boxing—the sport of surprises!

THE pity of it is that Louis, the one man who stood a chance of setting world boxing history by regaining the crown he had given up, must wait for a title bout. Soon he no longer will be in the excellent condition in which he now finds himself. He had primed himself for a September bout with Charles.

The division is not any too healthy despite the rise of Marciano. Charles may accomplish the feat Louis has aimed at. He is good enough to turn the tables on his conqueror, and if he does, then there will be still another return bout with Jersey Joe, leaving Louis out in a freeze. It's discouraging, to say the least for a man who has trained faithfully for the comeback which he hoped would enable him to reach the top again.

No matter what the next few months will have in store for boxing, at least the heavyweight situation has been packed with new life, new enthusiasm, and we have a keener national interest in the division than at any time since Tunney retired. For that we can be thankful to Walcott, Marciano and Louis.

And in the lower division, nothing in the past six years has topped the victory of Turpin for international interest. He not only has awakened the British nation from its lethargic attitude in international sports, but has brought back to the middleweight sector the fighting qualities that for years made it the outstanding division in boxing.

Today we can proudly boast that the comeback of boxing is near completion.

WHEN Ezzard Charles lost his world heavyweight title to Jersey Joe Walcott, he dropped a big load off his chest. Not that Charles, like any other fighter, doesn't cherish the world crown, but at least for the time being, he has been relieved from the strain one undergoes when he is a title holder. Speaking of the championship, Ezzard remarked:

"Of course, no one likes to lose the thing he has earned through hard, rough, tough going. I got the crown the hard way. I had to fight every inch of the way to win universal recognition. From the time that I whipped Jersey Joe Walcott to win the N.B.A. title until the moment I was counted out in my Pittsburgh battle, I had to face a rather hostile crowd. No matter how good I fought, no matter who my opponent was and how wide my margin of victory, I was never treated as I felt I should have been, and only because in the minds of the average fight fan I did not measure up to the standard of Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey or Gene Tunney.

"But I never pretended to be up to that standard. However, I was the world champion. I was the best heavyweight among all those who attempted to gain the crown that Louis had worn. And as such, I simply couldn't understand the attitude of

the fans who booed every time I fought."

I REMINDED Charles that the life of every heavyweight king, from the time of James J. Corbett, has been filled with thorns and back slaps. The history of boxing is full of such cases. No matter how great, it took years of headaches and heartaches before each received his just due—public recognition for his fighting ability.

Regardless of what had happened in the Walcott fight, the fact remains that Ezzard Charles prior to that affair rated the world's best heavyweight, and even in defeat, he still tops all but the man who now is the champion. I reminded Charles that the fickle public usually tries to humiliate and humble the man who has gained the top rung of the fistic ladder, and that his case was no different from that of many others.

Still a "champ" to New Yorkers, Ray Robinson on his return home after losing the middleweight title to Randy Turpin was accorded a City Hall reception. Mayor Vincent Impellitteri, welcoming the ex-champion, said that Sugar Ray had earned the City's honors because he was a good will ambassador in Europe.

WALCOTT is being hailed for his feat in knocking out Charles. But the halo being placed around his head is not so much for his greatness as a fighter as it is because of his background. The "Old Man River" of pugilism gained the wholehearted support of the boxing world because he came through with the surprise win of the year, the biggest upset and the best comeback.

Winning the most profitable title in Fistiana after having failed four times—twice against Joe Louis and twice against the man whom he finally dethroned—makes his case a most unusual one. The fact that, like Jimmy Braddock, he also was a Cinderella Man, a man who had to go on relief to feed his family, who had to work in many fields to earn enough to keep the wolf from the door, is what has captured the hearts of the fight fans.

That is what Ezzard Charles couldn't do. Colorless as a fighter and too backward to force himself into the public eye were the obstacles he had to hurdle and, unfortunately for him, he couldn't do it. Now that the load has been lifted, that he can feel that his life is his own again, I look for him to make a comeback, and in all probability he'll be the first man to regain the world heavyweight crown.

He's young as heavyweights go. He has boxing skill. He has experience and I know he has a fighting heart. If the ailment that put him out of commission for many months has not been responsible for his failure in Pittsburgh, then he still possesses sufficient fighting qualities to stand out in his division.

AGING Joe Louis didn't look bad in gaining the decision over Cesar Brion in San Francisco. He's improving. No kidding. Those who have watched Joe in his recent battles have noticed a steady climb in his physical condition and his fighting qualities. True he no longer carries T.N.T. wallops about him, but he hits sufficiently hard to jar his opponents and to come through with the verdict. That's what counts in the long end.

His future? There's no telling what can happen in the boxing game. Joe has an excellent chance to be the first to regain the world heavyweight crown, but his chances would be better were he, not Ezzard Charles, to get the first crack at Jersey Joe Walcott.

The Brown Bomber is considerably upset because he lost the opportunity to fight Charles before Walcott tackled Ezzard to score the greatest upset of the year and because Walcott has decided to freeze the heavyweight title until June. All of which means that Louis won't get the chance he has been seeking until after another Charles-Walcott bout is held next summer.

Time is running out. Joe realizes that he cannot keep in his present good condition indefinitely. But if it's running out for Louis, what about Walcott? He's not getting any younger.

If we are to accept his age as 37, based on the certificate he has on file in the Camden, N. J., Bureau of Vital Statistics, then he is as old as Louis. But in an interview Walcott gave to Arch Ward, Sports Editor of the Chicago *Tribune* when Joe and Charles fought in Chicago, the newly-crowned king told Arch that he is 41 years old. Be that as it may, the fact is that THE RING has traced one of Walcott's pro fights back to 1930 and has several letters from promoters saying that Joe had engaged as a pro back in 1928. Hence he must have been about 14 when he started boxing. If that is so, Jersey Joe is even a more remarkable fighting man than we've credited him with being. He's an example to the youth of the land of what proper care of the body can do for an athlete.

Who knows but what the two Joes—Walcott and Louis—will again clash in the ring with the heavyweight title at stake?

GOTHAM fight fans gave Sugar Ray Robinson a royal welcome upon his return to New York. Mayor Impellitteri and the city's official greeter, Grover Whalen, saw to it that the champ, who lost his title to Randolph Turpin in London, received the most rousing welcome home ovation of any fighter in the history of pugilism in New York. Before the Mayor's reception, Sugar Ray was given a tumultuous reception when he stepped over the French Liner, *S.S. Liberte*. The welcome points to the amazing recovery of boxing.

During his three months' tour of Europe, Ray distributed thousands of dollars from the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund and engaged in nine contests and exhibitions.

"Europe is wonderful," said Ray, "but there's only one America. It is easy for a champion to come home in victory and receive the blessings of his friends and well-wishers, but it is seldom that a defeated champion comes home to find such a wonderful thing as I have found."

FOLLOWING the request of the attorney of the State of Washington for a national investigation of the International Boxing Club's activities to determine if there is a basis for prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, came the announcement of the Idaho Boxing Commission that it will not recognize the winner of the Maxim-Bob Murphy fight as world champion in the light-heavyweight division. Both acts are the result of the freeze of Harry Kid Matthews as the legitimate challenger to make way for Murphy, whom Harry had whipped recently. I can't see what benefit can be derived from either move.

The Idaho Commission, through J. C. Benoit and Lou Lott, announced, "We are going on record that Matthews, not Bob Murphy, is the logical contender, since Murphy was defeated by Matthews, and we will therefore not recognize the winner of the Murphy-Maxim bout as champion."

A ridiculous stand to take. Idaho is a member of the N.B.A. Why didn't Idaho's commissioners fight Matthews' case before its organization? The N.B.A. is responsible for the situation.

Matthews, through his manager, Jack Hurley, is rounding up many supporters among National Boxing Association officials and Hurley hopes to press the Matthews case before the N.B.A. national convention in September. "Either the N.B.A. is an organization formed to protect boxing, or it is an organization that shuts its eyes to injustices when such are inflicted on boxers by the I.B.C.," said Hurley.

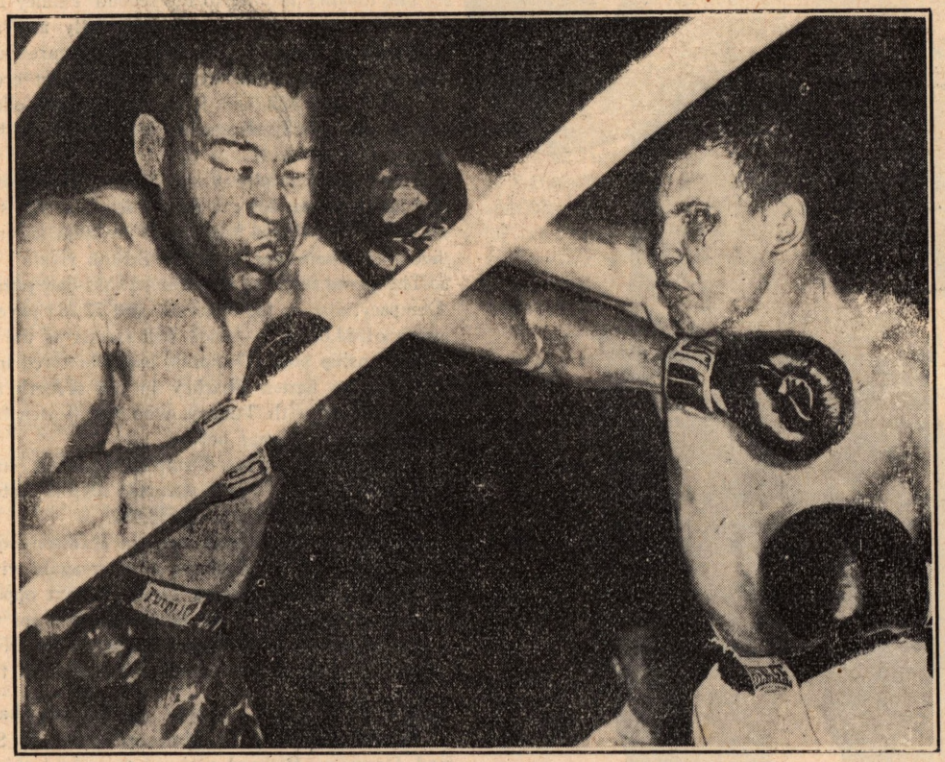
The I.B.C., on the other hand, through its president, Jim Norris, insists that Hurley is to blame. "We offered Matthews a chance to fight for the I.B.C. but these offers were turned down. We have obligations to carry out and we can't wait on Jack Hurley to decide when he is ready to fight for us," said Norris.

And so the situation stands at a deadlock. Too bad, since Matthews is a big asset to boxing. We hope that Hurley and the I.B.C. directors can come to an understanding, and the N.B.A. and the New York Commission realize their responsibilities.

THE New Hampshire State Boxing Commission, in its withdrawal from the National Boxing Association, attacked the organization for its attitude towards what Chairman Carlton C. Buckman terms "monopoly" in boxing.

Said the chairman of the commission, "The association seems to be more concerned about television and caring for one or two major boxing clubs than it does for boxing in the smaller communities.

"Little attention has been paid to state members of the N.B.A. other than those where the International Club has a firm hold. That's not what the N.B.A. was organized for. New Hampshire can do without the N.B.A."



Joe Louis, former heavyweight champion, on the way to his seventh straight comeback win, misses with a left and Cesar Brion crosses a hard right to the head during the ninth round of their bout at the Cow Palace, San Francisco. Brion forced the fight during the early rounds but Louis' heavy barrages came into play as the bout progressed and he slashed and staggered his Argentine opponent to win the verdict.

What Chairman Buckman says hits the mark. The N.B.A. has lost a lot of prestige during the past year. The tremendous build-up it enjoyed has been broken down considerably because the organization has been turned into a three-man power with the strength directed towards keeping in line with policies advocated by that group. No longer is the N.B.A. an independent organization, judging by recent rulings.

THE history of boxing is replete with stories of romantic, heroic figures whose names will live so long as boxing survives, and among these is Daniel Mendoza, the first Jewish pugilistic king and boxer who held the reins for a number of years during the end of the 18th century. He is noted not only because he was the first of his race to achieve fame as a fighter, but primarily because he perfected science in pugilism. "The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza," republished by B. T. Batsford, Ltd., of London and New York, under the editorship of Paul Magriel, is a masterpiece that fits as well into the present-day picture of boxing as it did when it made its first appearance in 1815.

The "Memoirs," highly recommended by THE RING Editor as a must for collectors of books on boxing, tell of Daniel's early life, of his trials and tribulations, of his four famous fights with Richard Humphreys, his travels through the British Isles, his introduction of the art of scientific boxing in Ireland and his fight against poverty in his dimming days. The "Memoirs" have been considered one of the classics of boxing literature for many years and enthusiasts of the roped square will welcome their reappearance in print after a long interval in which the book has been all but unobtainable. THE RING Editor prides himself on the possession of one of the original copies which he picked up in a bookstall in London in 1922. An original copy of Mendoza's "Memoirs" is a rare item in book collecting.

Magriel does an excellent job in placing Mendoza and his "Memoirs" in their historical context. The book has a number of beautiful reproductions of famous boxing prints, several in colors.

Mendoza was a handy man with his fists and his pen. He published his "Art of Boxing" in 1787, and 28 years later came his "Memoirs." The latter furnishes a good insight into the times of Mendoza and the life of the Jewish people, of whom he was one.

All London Jews, "to narrow the boundaries of his social influence," as Magriel points out, "were the beneficiaries of the preference the socially elect showed to Mendoza." Royalty besought him. Even the King of England. The Jews of England looked upon him as their champion. They called him "Light of Israel."

To the Fancy, the followers of pugilism, he personified the idea of physical supremacy; to his people he personified the aspiration that the Jew could stand upright against the besmirchers of his character and the attackers of his faith. He carried his Jewish heritage into the ring and wherever he appeared, whether in actual ring combat or in exhibitions, he billed himself as "Mendoza the Jew."

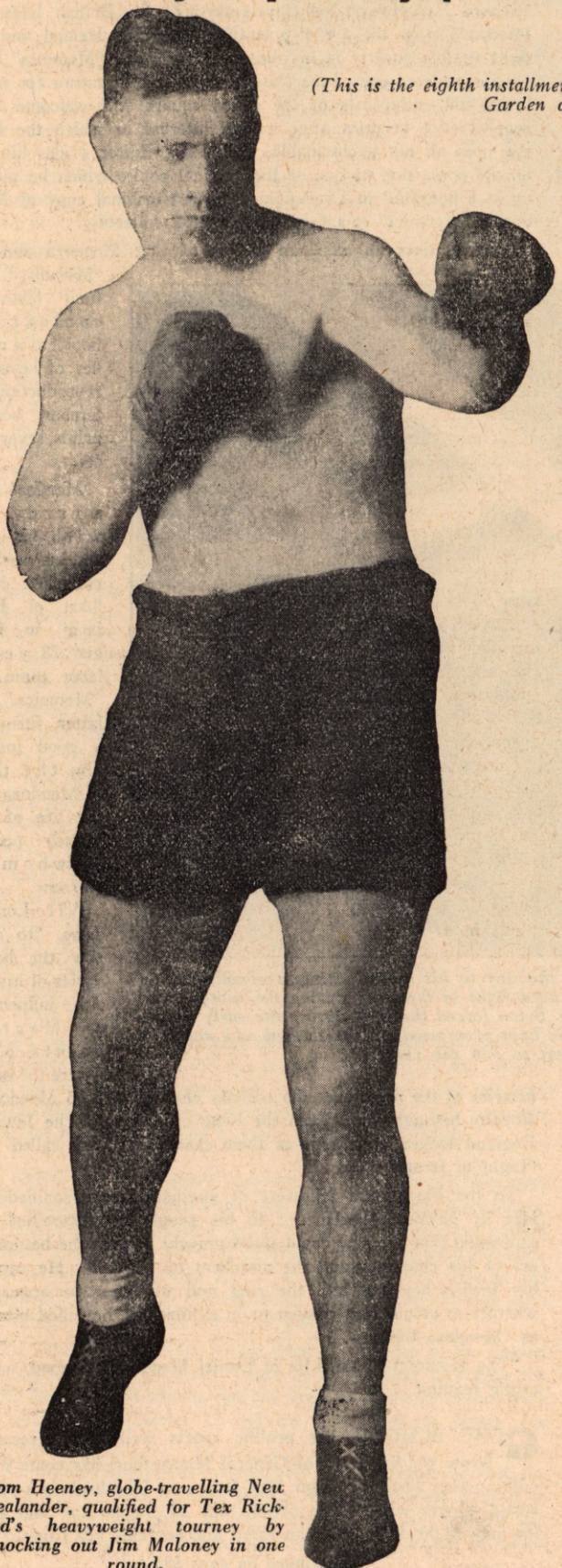
"The Memoirs of the Life of Daniel Mendoza" is good, interesting reading.

GENE SCHOOR, the prolific sports writer who recently wrote the life story of General MacArthur, has come forth with another book on Sugar Ray Robinson. The book is a paper bound edition with a fine action shot of Sugar Ray and sells for only $1.00. It is well illustrated and contains 120 pages.

(Continued on page 58)

THE HARD ROCK

Rugged, Durable Tom Heeney Crashed Into Front Rank of Heavyweights by Scoring Quick Knockout Over Jim Maloney



Tom Heeney, globe-travelling New Zealander, qualified for Tex Rickard's heavyweight tourney by knocking out Jim Maloney in one round.

By JERSEY JONES

(This is the eighth installment in a series of famous fights staged in "New" Madison Square Garden during the quarter-century of its existence.)

IT was September 30, 1927, only one week after Gene Tunney's triumph over Jack Dempsey in their historic "Battle of the Long Count" in Chicago, and Tex Rickard was already inaugurating a new heavyweight elimination tournament to determine Tunney's next challenger.

The tourney leading to the second Tunney-Dempsey affair had been a tremendous success, financially and artistically. In the preliminary rounds, held in Madison Square Garden, Jim Maloney had beaten Jack Delaney before a sellout crowd of 18,184 and a gate of $201,485, and Jack Sharkey had eliminated Mike McTigue with 14,181 clients looking on and the box-office reporting receipts of $132,147.

The winners, Maloney and Sharkey, had moved to the outdoor Yankee Stadium for the next episode in the series, and a crowd of 24,058 contributed $232,199 to see Sharkey turn in a sensational five-round knockout over his Boston rival.

The grand finale of the eliminations had pitted Sharkey against Dempsey, also in the Stadium, and 72,283 payees accounted for a gross of $1,083,529—which still stands as the record for a non-championship bout. Dempsey, badly battered in the early rounds, came on to flatten Sharkey in the seventh and qualify for a return match with Tunney, who had beaten him for the title in Philadelphia the year before.

That second Tunney-Dempsey meeting, staged in Chicago's mammoth Soldiers' Field, attracted 104,943 customers and boxing's all-time high in receipts, $2,658,660.

Now, seven nights later, back in Madison Square Garden, Promoter Rickard was beginning all over again with a brand-new set of eliminations to produce Tunney's next opponent.

Tex announced that the bout scheduled for that night between Jim Maloney and a rugged visitor from New Zealand, Tom Heeney, would be considered as the start of the new tourney.

WHEREAS his previous eliminations had been a limited affair, confined to Maloney, Delaney, Sharkey, McTigue and Dempsey, Rickard planned to spread this series out to its limit, making it a wide-open scramble with everybody welcome. Any heavyweight with a reasonable smattering of the necessary qualifications would be given a chance.

Tex, of course, expected Dempsey to bid for another date with Tunney. Despite his two defeats by Gene, Manassa Jack still was the ring's top attraction, and the excitement and controversy stirred up by the "long count" in Chicago would have assured another tremendous gate for a third meeting of the rivals.

Meanwhile, Rickard had a pretty fair assortment of big fellows with which to get the tourney going. Though losers in the previous eliminations, Sharkey, Maloney and Delaney were invited to try their luck again. Johnny Risko, the rugged, roly-poly Clevelander, also was available. Ranking light-heavies Tommy Loughran and Billy (Young) Stribling were eligible, if they wanted to compete. The "foreign" contingent, then campaigning in the United States, included Otto von Porat of Norway, Paulino Uzcudun of Spain, and Heeney.

An interesting character, Heeney. The stocky, barrel-chested New Zealander was on the next-to-last-lap of a 'round-the-world junket when, with no advance ballyhoo and practically unknown to the American citizenry, he landed in New York in January, 1927. Tom was no budding adolescent. He was 28, had been tossing leather professionally for some seven or eight years, and was considered just a strong, durable mauler with few, if any, pretensions to ring greatness.

Heeney's ramblings had taken him on a leisurely course from his native New Zealand to Australia, South Africa, England and Ireland before he headed for the United States, and there was nothing in his record to establish him as anything but an ordinary run-o'-the-mine heavyweight. He was considered just a strong, willing plodder, built for wear and tear, but too slow and cumbersome to be regarded seriously as a championship threat. For a heavyweight of his powerful proportions, he wasn't even much of a puncher. When he did score a knockout, it generally was the result of outlasting the other fellow and battering him down by sheer strength.

HEENEY'S record, when he checked into New York, was nothing to arouse an enthusiastic outburst on the part of the populace. Tom had won and lost the New Zealand title a couple of times, and the best he could get for himself in three outings with the Australian veteran, Colin Bell, was one draw. In South Africa, he ran off four wins in five starts, but the opposition wasn't much. And in England he was something considerably less than a four-alarm riot. He whipped a few minor opponents, but was beaten by that journeyman Australian, George Cook, and dropped two decisions to Phil Scott.

On a jaunt to Ireland, Tom ambled into Dublin to outmaul the ringworn American, Bartley Madden, and it was shortly after this that he decided to move on to the United States.

Heeney himself had no illusions of fistic grandeur. A friendly, good-natured sort, he readily acknowledged his limitations in the ring, and when he landed in New York he was frank to admit that all he hoped for was a fight or two to cover expenses on the final hop back to New Zealand.

The Mortimer brothers, John and Bernard, who had handled Heeney in Britain, asked Charley Harvey to look after Tom in New York. Looking after visiting Britishers was an old habit with Charley, who had chaperoned the likes of Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Matt Wells, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Roland Todd, Seaman Watson and Elky Clark during American campaigns.

Charley, trimming his walrus mustache for the occasion, met Heeney at the pier, and a few days later had the big fellow working out in the gymnasium in the basement of the St. Nick Arena.

There was nothing impressive about Heeney in his training drills, and it was as a personal favor to Harvey that Jess McMahon, then matchmaker for Rickard in Madison Square Garden, offered Tom a semi-final on a heavyweight card set for February 25. The main event pitted the Spanish visitor, Paulino Uzcudun, against Knute Hansen, the Wisconsin Dane. Heeney's opponent was a likely-looking young Negro out of Chicago, Charley Anderson.

Though a clever boxer and stiff puncher, Anderson lacked the strength and ruggedness to hold off the burly, aggressive New Zealander, and Heeney celebrated his American debut by clubbing his way to a nine-round knockout.

Paulino slugged out a one-sided victory over Hansen in the windup, and it was no surprise when McMahon announced that the Spaniard had been paired with Heeney for another heavyweight card in the Garden five weeks later.

THE mortal remains of Jem Mace, Jim Corbett and other exponents of "scientific boxing" must have done a lot of frantic whirling about in their final resting places when Paulino and Heeney collided. The rivals were out of the same mold. There was nothing fancy or flashy about them. They were brawlers, and their meeting developed into a savage slugfest with both men absorbing heavy punishment. There was so little to choose between them at the finish of the gruelling ten-rounder that the officials split on the decision. One of the judges thought Heeney had won, but he was outnumbered by the other judge and the referee, who voted for Paulino.

The verdict was far from unanimous with the crowd, and there was a demand for a return match. But it was five months before the rivals got together again. In the meantime, Heeney dropped into Coney Island to whip Jack DeMave in ten rounds, and paid another visit to the Garden to win over Bud Gorman when the latter was disqualified for hitting low in the third stanza.

Paulino also was active. The Spaniard definitely finished Harry Wills' career as a heavyweight title threat by blasting the aging Brown Panther into a four-round knockout at Ebbets Field, and lost on a disputed foul to Jack Delaney in the seventh round of a riotous Donnybrook in Yankee Stadium.

Heeney and Paulino finally met up in their encore in the Garden on September 8. This time, in an effort to give the rivals ample opportunity to reach a decisive verdict, the bout was listed for the fifteen-round route.

The affair was a replica of the first brawl, and the extra five rounds weren't sufficient for Heeney and Paulino to settle their argument. After they'd slammed, bulled, tugged and mauled each other for the full distance, the margin between them at the finish was so slight the officials came up with the only logical decision, a draw.

It was Heeney's ruggedness and durability that prompted Damon Runyon to label him the "Hard Rock from Down Under."

HIS unexpected success had resulted in a revision of Heeney's plans. Tom no longer was thinking of an early return to New Zealand. He had clicked in New York, and decided to stay around and grab what he could while the pickin's were ripe.

Jim Maloney was suggested as Heeney's next opponent. It was a "natural" attraction, since Maloney had made something of a specialty of beating foreign heavyweight visitors, and it would be interesting to see if he could continue his streak against Heeney, or whether Tom finally would be the one to succeed where Quintin Romero-Rojas of Chile, George Cook of Australia, Dan Bright of England, King Solomon of Panama, Arthur DeKuh of Italy, Harry Persson of Sweden and Franz Diener of Germany had failed.

Rickard added further attractiveness to the match by announcing, upon his return from the Tunney-Dempsey affair in Chicago, that the Heeney-Maloney winner would qualify for the new elimination series.

The bout topped an all-heavyweight affair. The attendance was announced as 12,511 and the receipts as $39,930.

The show opened with a scheduled four-rounder, Rosey Batout of Maine knocking out Tony Clifford of Brooklyn in the second of a wild-punching orgy in which Clifford was down six times and Batout twice before the finish. Lew Warsaw of Brooklyn outpointed Francis Goodman of St. Joseph, Mo., in another four.

Two sixes were shortened by knockouts. "Napoleon Jack" Dorval of Emporium, Pa., polished off Joe Smith of Stamford, Conn., in a hurry, a left to the body and a right to the chin spilling Smith for the full count two minutes, 46 seconds after the affair started. Andre Castano of Spain put Larry Bellow of Brooklyn down for eight in the third and finished him early in the fourth.

Benny Touchstone of Florida was the winner over Harold Mays of Bayonne, N. J., in a fast-moving semi-final ten. Mays came close to being knocked out in the second, when Touchstone had him down, dizzy and bleeding. But Benny failed to follow up his advantage, and Mays, a smart boxer, recovered to last it out to the finish.

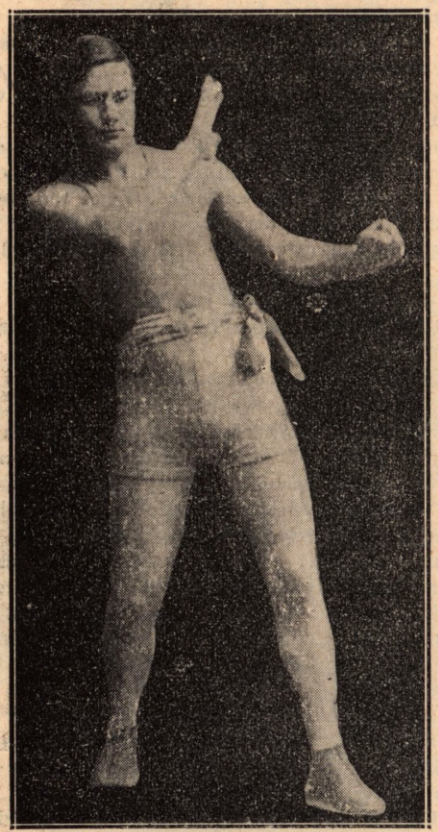
BEFORE Heeney and Maloney started operations, two former world heavyweight champions, Jack Dempsey and Jim Jeffries, clambered into the ring to be introduced. Dempsey, just back from his Chicago meeting with Tunney, was accorded a noisy reception. The crowd, convinced that Manassa Jack had been gypped of victory by the "long count," howled for Announcer Joe Humphreys to introduce him as the champion. It was fully fifteen minutes before the fans quieted down sufficiently for Humphreys to announce the principals and officials in the main event.

Maloney, at 205, had a seven-pound pull in the weights, Heeney coming in at 198.

Maloney seemed uncertain of himself as he came out of his corner at the opening bell. But there was nothing uncertain about Heeney. Fairly brimming over with confidence, Tom stepped out fast, forced Maloney to the ropes, *(Continued on page 39)*

THE RING'S

By THE RING STAFF



Willie Ritchie, one-time lightweight champion of the world, now a State Boxing Commission inspector in his home state of California.

IN boxing they say: "As the heavyweights go, so goes the game." This undoubtedly is true. It has been that way since the days of Jim Figg.

Boxing history is loaded with the sagas of smaller scrappers, great ringmen in their days, but now little more than vague names to the newer generation of boxing fans.

All but forgotten in the mists of time are such ring masters of yore as George Dixon, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane, Frankie Burns, Joe Lynch, Battling Nelson, Jimmy Wilde, Willie Ritchie, Terry McGovern, Kid Chocolate, Pancho Villa, Henry Armstrong and scores of others who once played important roles in boxing's progress.

In this feature, THE RING Magazine brings back from the past some of these little giants who helped to contribute so much to the long, colorful archives of the sport:

Willie Ritchie Still Battling for Boxing

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

AROUND the country, the fight fans may have lost track of Willie Ritchie, one-time lightweight champion of the world. But in California, they know Willie for the battler that he still is.

Ritchie is a State Boxing Commission inspector, and has contributed importantly to the effort to keep the game clean in California, since 1928.

Ritchie is a native son. He was born in San Francisco on February 13, 1891, and started his boxing career in 1907.

Willie took the lightweight championship from the rugged Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson's successor, on a foul in the sixteenth round at Daly City, Calif., on November 28, 1912.

On July 4, the following year, Willie knocked out tough Joe Rivers in the eleventh.

I first saw Ritchie in his memorable fight with Leach Cross in the old Garden in New York on November 19, 1913.

Leach was a tremendous attraction in his home city because he either was knocked down, or knocked his rival down. Those were no namby-pamby fights in which Cross engaged, and his scrap with the champion was no exception. The newspapers gave the decision to Ritchie.

Willie lost the title on July 7, 1914, to Freddy Welsh, in London. They went 20 rounds, and it was close.

From Flyweight King to Sports Scribe—Jimmy Wilde

By NAT FLEISCHER

SITTING at the ringside in the Earl's Court arena during the Robinson-Turpin fight, was a short, stubby fellow, at one time one of the world's greatest flyweights, but to-day scaling into the light-heavyweight class. He's a reporter now, writes a weekly column for one of the leading British Sunday newspapers with a circulation running into the millions. You guessed—Jimmy Wilde is his name and as "The Mighty Atom" he was known when at the height of his career.

They came no better in the boxing game than little Jimmy. His sharp eyes could detect every move his opponent contemplated; his jabs and his cleverness would stand his rivals on their ears, so good was he. And to-day, what he writes about the present day talent and his stories of past masters of the ring, are absorbed by several million readers.

Only 5 feet 3¾ inches in height and scaling 105 pounds when he held the world championship, Wilde is only a quarter of an inch taller but many pounds heavier to-day. They called him a freak in his heyday because of his tapering body and an anaemic appearance that was deceiving, but there never was a boy of his weight who possessed more cleverness and hit harder than the little Welsh Terror.

Wilde started his career in 1913 and retired in 1923 after losing his crown to Pancho Villa at the Polo Grounds in New York City in seven rounds. He won the title by stopping Zulu Kid in eleven rounds. Among the great fighters this phenom tackled were, Pete Herman, Battling Murray, Pal Moore, Mickey Russell, Frankie Mason, Tom Noble, Tancey Lee, Bobby Dyson, Joe Lynch and Young Jack Sharkey.

Jimmy Wilde, the marvelous "Mighty Atom," one of the world's great flyweights, now writes a weekly column for a British newspaper.

FORGOTTEN MEN

Joe Lynch Still Making the Proper Deliveries

By BILLY WILLIAMS

FOR a guy who specialized in tossing a pair of the fastest hands in bantamweight history, Joe Lynch still makes a business of proper deliveries. For the last couple of decades the two-time ruler of the world's 118 pound roost has been dealing out the mail to the citizens of New City, N. Y., where he is postmaster.

Lynch was one of the most colorful and popular ringsters ever turned out of the rugged Hell's Kitchen district of New York's West Side. Joe was a tall, rangy kid, and knew how to make the most of his height and reach. Following a brilliant amateur career, he turned professional early in 1916 and promptly started battling the best of the bantams, among them Terry Martin, Johnny (Kewpie) Ertle, Johnny Solsberg, Jack Sharkey, Dutch Brandt, Frankie Burns, Pete Herman, Memphis Pal Moore and Joe Burman. He really hit the top brackets in 1918 with a sensational knockout of former champion Kid Williams in Philadelphia.

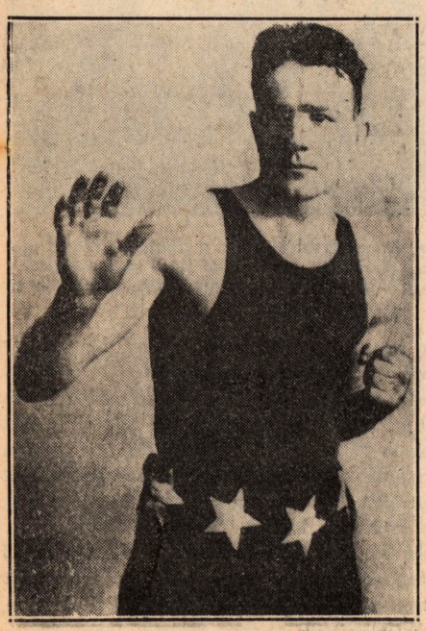
Lynch first acquired the world title in December, 1920, when he outpointed Pete Herman in old Madison Square Garden, but he lost it back to Herman the following July at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn. He regained it in July, 1922, by knocking out Johnny Buff at the New York Velodrome, after Buff had taken it from Herman in the Garden. Lynch held the championship nearly two years this time, losing it to Abe Goldstein in the Garden in March, 1924.

Though still a comparatively young man, not yet 29, Lynch decided to call it a career late in 1927. He invested his ring earnings in a farm in New City, near Nyack, and with his wife he settled down to the peaceful pursuits of a country squire. A few years later he was appointed postmaster of the community.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's First World Champion

By EDDIE MERRILL

CUBA has turned out many excellent fighters in the lighter weights during the past twenty years and the credit for their development belongs to a happy-go-lucky young man who in years past dazzled the boxing fans of America with his speed, his cleverness and his punch. Kid Chocolate is his name, and to the boys who receive instruction in boxing from him in the city owned gymnasium of Havana, he's called "Keed."



Joe Lynch, two-time bantamweight champion, has on him the stamp of approval as one of the best of the little men.

The Cuban Bon Bon made his mark in America at a time when the field was loaded with top featherweights and lightweights and though age and illness have taken their toll, he carries much of his old time skill into his work as he lines up a class of youngsters to teach them the rudiments of boxing.

So highly did the Cubans think of the lad who brought to the Pearl of the Antilles its first world championship, that the government pensioned him, the city presented a home to him, and the Cuban Boxing Commission continues to keep him in the role of its chief instructor.

Slim, scaling less than 100 pounds, gold-toothed, his hair neatly parted and glossy, Kid Chocolate to this day remains the idol of Cuban boxing fans. In recent years they have sent to America top men in the minor divisions, including the claimant to the world welterweight crown, Kid Gavilan, but no one has been able to reach the hearts of his countrymen as did the Keed. Though his name has not been mentioned too often in the columns of American boxing writers, he remains the champion of champions in his native land.

Kid Chocolate, the popular Cuban Bon Bon, was one of the first of his countrymen to show class in world competition.

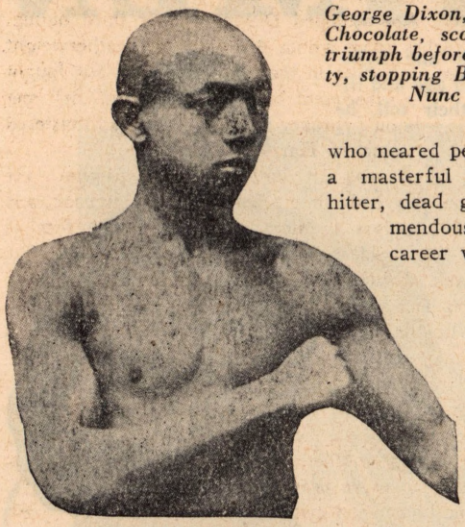
Chocolate was a double titleholder. He held the world featherweight crown and the junior lightweight championship. He won the feather title on October 13, 1932, when he stopped Lew Feldman in the twelfth round. He knocked out Benny Bass in Philadelphia on July 15, 1931, to win the junior lightweight crown. He earned almost $345,000 in his American campaign, but today he is wholly dependent for his livelihood on what he receives from the pension from his government and his work as boxing instructor.

Dixon Scored Greatest Triumph Before He Was 20

By TED CARROLL

THE description "greatest fighter of all time pound for pound" often has been applied to such ring greats as Benny Leonard, Henry Armstrong and more recently to Ray Robinson. All have been strong contenders for this superior rating. More than a half century ago, George Dixon was as highly regarded as any of these.

Records and accounts of his fights disclose he was a fighter



George Dixon, known as Little Chocolate, scored his greatest triumph before the age of twenty, stopping British Champion, Nunc Wallace.

who neared perfection. He was a masterful boxer, slashing hitter, dead game and a tremendous competitor. In a career which spanned 20 years, he met the best men during that time at weights ranging from 105 to 130 pounds. A native of Halifax, N. S. Born in 1870, he weighed less than 90 pounds when he began his career in Boston, Mass.

A boxing wizard from the very beginning, he scored the greatest triumph before he was 20. This occurred in London, England, when he stopped the British Champion Nunc Wallace in 18 rounds to win the World's Bantamweight championship.

He was hailed in England as a fistic phenomenon and he returned to America a national hero. Although Canadian born, he had been U. S. trained and developed and was generally considered the first American boxer to return from overseas a world's champion.

In 1900, 8 years after winning the feather title, worn by dissipation, Dixon lost the championship to Terry McGovern, one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. George Dixon fought his last fight in 1906 and died 3 years later, his end hastened by the carefree life he led in his heyday.

Frankie Burns Should Have Been Champion But Wasn't

By JERSEY JONES

THAT old moss-covered line "Often a Bridesmaid, Never a Bride," could well have applied to Frankie Burns, one of the finest all-around mechanics the ring has produced. Frankie was a versatile performer whose style could be adjusted to any occasion and position. He could outbox sluggers and outslug boxers. For nearly a decade, from 1908 to 1917, the Jersey City Irishman probably was the best bantamweight in the world—but he couldn't win the title. The cards of destiny were stacked against him. Out of three cracks at the 118-pound laurels, the best he could collect for himself was one draw. All three bouts were over the 20-round route in New Orleans. In the first one, in 1912, Frankie apparently was a decisive winner over Johnny Coulon, but shrewd Johnny had "protected" himself by bringing along his own referee, Harry Stout, and Stout gave the decision to Coulon. Three years later. Burns tangled with Kid Williams. Again the defending champion had picked his own referee, Ed Smith. While the majority of those present felt Burns had earned an edge, Smith's verdict was a draw. Frankie's last shot at the title was in 1917, with Pete Herman as his vis-a-vis. This time there was no complaint against the decision. The aging Burns was clearly beaten and Referee Sam Goldman's decision in Herman's favor was fair enough.

During his long, active career, which spread across 15 years and 160 bouts. Burns lost only four decisions and his sole knockout defeat was suffered toward the tail-end of the string when Johnny Kilbane, featherweight champion, flattened him in Jersey City in 1919. Among the many topliners Burns whipped were Eddie Morgan, Charley Goldman, Tommy Houck, Joe Coster, Young Wagner, K.O. Eggers, Jabez White, Al Shubert, Packey Hommey, Abe Attell, Memphis Pal Moore, Willie Jackson, Joey Fox, Jack Sharkey, Joe Lynch and Johnny (Kewpie) Ertle.

Though his health hasn't been of the best in recent years, Frankie, at 62, still keeps active as proprietor of a popular tavern in the Journal Square section of Jersey City.

Battling Nelson, Sturdy As The Rock of Gilbraltar

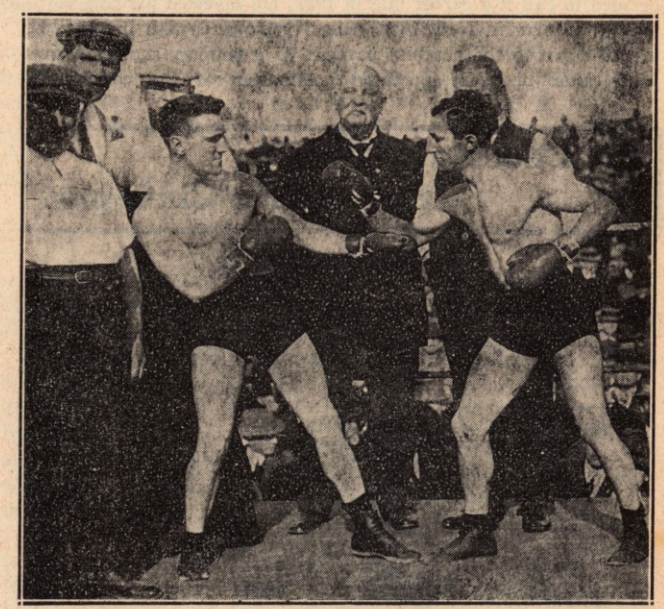
By JOHNNY SALAK

BATTLING NELSON, the Durable Dane, who fought in the days of the Giants of the Ring, still stands as sturdy as a rock, as unflinching in life as he was in his three memorable battles with the Old Master, Joe Gans.

Nelson fought Gans for the first time at Goldfield, Nev., on September 3, 1906, an extravaganza of the time which saw the entry of Tex Rickard into the field as a promoter. They fought for the then fabulous purse of $34,000, with Nelson, the challenger to the lightweight champion, Gans, receiving the lion's share, $23,000.

It turned out to be one of the most gruelling, spectacular battles of all time and ended in the forty-second round as the near-blinded Nelson, slashing away viciously, unintentionally drove a hard right to Gans' groin. Referee George Siler immediately signalled Gans the winner on a foul.

In two subsequent bouts, Nelson stopped Gans in 17 rounds to win the title and repeated with a knockout in twenty-one rounds.

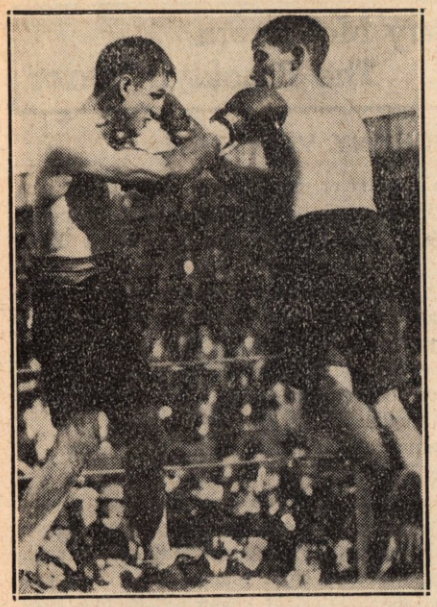


Abe Attell, the master ringman, rarely lost a fight, let alone two in a row. Here we see him being outpointed by Tommy Murphy at Daly City, Calif., in his first effort after losing the title to Johnny Kilbane.

The Durable Dane lost his title to Ad Wolgast on a forty round knockout in 1910 at Point Richmond, Calif.

Nelson until two years ago was working as an extra hand with the post office department in Chicago where he now lives, but had to give that up due to illness. He is trying to obtain a pension for serving in the Spanish-American War, having enlisted at Huron, So. Dakota, in 1898. His discharge papers were lost in a fire, the only written record he had of his service.

Nelson, the Durable Dane of four decades ago, is seen at all the big fights in Chicago and recently renewed acquaintances with Eastern newspaper men at the Charles-Maxim and Robinson-LaMotta fights.



Frankie Burns, left, one of the finest all-around mechanics the ring has produced, suffered one of the few defeats of his career when Eddie Campi outpointed him in a twenty rounder.

Armstrong, Three Title Star, Now Preacher

By W. C. HEINZ

HOW quickly are the great battlers forgotten! Take the case of Henry Armstrong. What fighter of his era found his name on the sports pages more frequently than did Hammerin' Hank when he was in his heyday? Today one scarcely ever hears of Armstrong. His whereabouts are unknown except to a few of his most intimate friends, to whom he writes often.

What's he doing? Like Jack Johnson, Jim Jeffries, Tommy Burns and Tiger Flowers, Armstrong has turned to preaching. While some of those above named didn't last long in the profession they selected after retirement, Armstrong is making that his life work. Out in the western part of our country where he lives, he has taken his place as an honored citizen of his community and finds solace and pleasure in his new profession.

Armstrong started his pro career in 1932. He won the world featherweight title in 1937 by stopping Petey Carron, and defeated Barney Ross for the world welterweight crown the following year. That same year he carried off the honors in the lightweight class, after which he vacated the featherweight throne. He won the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque in 1937.

In 1939, Henry lost the lightweight title to Lou Ambers and on October 4, 1940, he dropped the welterweight championship to Fritzie Zivic. He retired in 1945 and was ordained a minister in 1950.

Abe Was Tops In Great Fighting Attell Clan

By AL BUCK

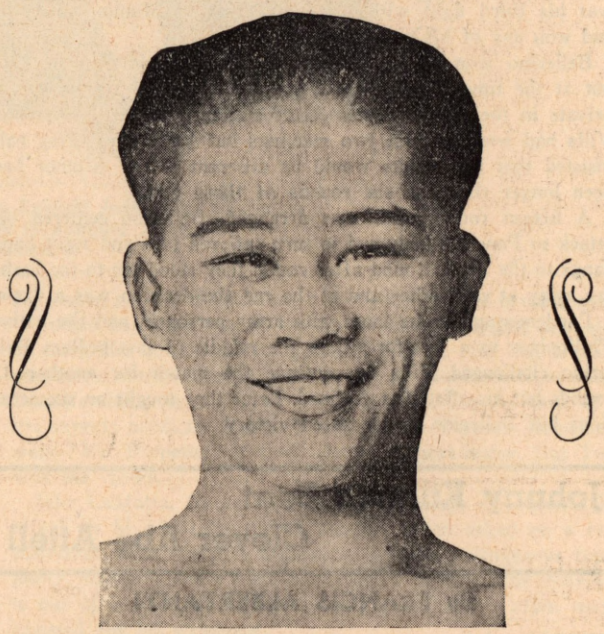
FIGHTING families have been common enough in the boxing business, but few have been as successful as the Attell brothers of San Francisco. Though Abe became the most celebrated of the trio, and the only one to become world champion, old-timers recall that Monte and Caesar rated well up with the good ones of their era.

Ring history rates Abe with the all-time greats. He was a remarkably clever boxer, a deadly puncher when he wanted to be, and a crafty ring general. He was only 16, and scaling hardly more than 100 pounds, when he started tossing leather in 1900. He was a "natural" and an instantaneous success. Within a year he was fighting headliners. In his first 32 bouts, he posted 24 knockouts and six decisions, and was held to two draws by the great George Dixon. Abe whipped Dixon in their third outing.

It was Harry Forbes from whom Abe won the featherweight title. Attell had lost to Forbes in their first meeting, but fought draws with him in two subsequent bouts. By the time they met in St. Louis for the title on February 1, 1904, Attell had mastered Forbes' tactics and he knocked Harry out.

As champion, Attell was an industrious campaigner. He fought anybody and everybody in the featherweight division, and even went out of his class to meet such lightweight aces as Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast and Freddie Welsh. Abe's five meetings with Owen Moran rate among the classics of the ring, and his no-decision bout with Jem Driscoll in New York is still regarded as one of the most brilliant boxing duels ever seen anywhere.

Attell finally lost the championship to Johnny Kilbane in Vernon, California, in 1914. It was ironical that it happened on Abe's birthday, which also was George Washington's—February 22. Abe kept fighting for another couple of years, then hung up the mittens to retire to more peaceful pursuits. In recent years he operated a popular bar-and-grill on Broadway in New York, but he sold it a while back and has just returned to New York after an interesting sightseeing tour of Europe.



Pancho Villa, the lad from the cane brakes of the Philippines, died at the height of his blazing career.

Grim Reaper Checked Villa's Career Early

By NAT LOUBET

TO achieve success in the ring, hit the slide and end up as one began, is no unusual fight story, but the blazing star that was damped out at the height of its brightness on July 4, 1925, culminated a boxing career of unbelievable brilliance. When Pancho Villa passed into the Great Beyond on that day from a mouth infection, aggravated by his battle with Jimmy McLarnin but ten days previously, like Stanley Ketchel he died with the championship still in his possession. Seldom does one see in print the name of Pancho Villa in boxing stories of today, yet he classed among the greatest in his division.

The lad from the cane brakes of the Philippines had shot across the fistic heavens gathering four crowns in his stride—flyweight and bantam champ of the Orient, American flyweight championship, and the world's flyweight crown which he possessed at the time of his death.

Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane of four decades ago, engaged in some of the most gruelling battles of his day.

The fistic fathers say that Villa's toughest battle was with McLarnin, but prior to his death, the colorful whirlwind in an interview with THE RING reporter stated that his hardest battle was his third fight with Mike Ballerino at Manila before he had won any of his many laurels.

Ballerino won the junior lightweight championship in 1925 but at the time that he met Villa in their third tilt he was a private in the United States Army stationed in the Philippines. Villa had won the first two meetings but Ballerino's army pals insisted that the results would be different if the distance had been longer than the six rounds of those bouts.

A fifteen round affair was arranged. Ballerino centered his attack to Pancho's body and in turn suffered jabs and right hand bangs to the head. Round after round they stood toe-to-toe bashing away at each other and at the end the decision was a draw.

Pandemonium broke loose with army personnel and the native Philippinos in a free-for-all. In the middle of this bedlam Ballerino challenged Villa to continue the match for another 15 rounds but his offer was declined. Later they fought on six occasions but Ballerino never tasted victory.

Johnny Kilbane Beat Clever Abe Attell

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

FROM a fighting career that had earned him fame and fortune in the ring many years ago to a political career, is the cycle through which Johnny Kilbane, former world featherweight king, has passed. When one talks about clever featherweights, he cannot forget Kilbane, who on Washington's birthday, 1912, dethroned the great Abe Attell at Los Angeles.

For eleven years Johnny held on to the crown and then in New York, after Father Time had reduced him to a shell of his former self, he was taken into camp by Eugene Criqui, at the Polo Grounds. That ended Kilbane's career.

From that time on, Johnny never lost his interest in boxing. First he became an instructor at Cleveland playgrounds. Then he taught boxing to the boys of his church. Later he became a referee, one of the best the mid-west had produced. Finally he tossed his hat into the political ring and to the amazement of those who didn't give him a chance he was elected and served in the Ohio Senate.

Last year he polled a big vote for the House of Representatives in Cleveland and though politics takes up considerable of his time, his first love, boxing, comes in for plenty of attention.

Johnny was born in Cleveland on April 18, 1889, and started his professional career in 1907. Among the stars of pugilism whom Kilbane faced were Billy Murphy, Johnny Griffin, George Dixon, Frank Erne and Attell. He was clever, a sharp shooter with his left.

Terrible Terry McGovern The Brooklyn Terror

By JOHNNY VALENTINE

WAS there ever a brighter or more dazzling light of the ring than Terry McGovern, the wonderful little double champion of half a century ago? The pride of Brooklyn, Terrible Terry they called him.

And terrible he was to most opponents he met during his short though brilliant career which was cut short through whirlwind fighting and fast living. No little man ever packed a more dangerout punch than McGovern and few ever piled up such a consistent winning record, each performance a hectic, impressive show of concentrated might.

Terry won the bantamweight championship, vacant at the time, by stopping the British champion, Pedlar Palmer, in one round at Tuckahoe, N. Y., on September 12, 1899. Weight difficulties forced him to give up his claim to the bantam crown and on January 9, 1900, he won the featherweight title by stopping the marvelous George Dixon in eight rounds. That same year Terrible Terry halted the lightweight champion, Franke Erne, in three rounds.

Young Corbett, the sensational youngster from the Far West, startled the boxing world by stopping McGovern in 1901 to gain the featherweight title and in 1903 repeated the feat to practically put an end to the career of the Terrible One.

McGovern wasted away through fast living, passing away at the age of 38, truly a forgotten man to the general boxing fan of today but a revered figure to the old timers who saw the greats of long ago.

England Keeps the Name of Jem Driscoll Alive

By BARNEY NAGLER

IN England, through which I passed during my tour of Europe, I was amazed at the keen interest the British show in their old time boxers. Unlike Americans who quickly forget the stars of yesterday, the British, gathering in pubs famed as sports centers, recall the fistic deeds of their former stars every time one mentions the top-notchers of today. Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Jimmy Wilde, Jackie Kid Berg, Freddie Welsh, Matt Wells, Ted Kid Lewis among others come in for considerable praise.

Though Driscoll has passed into the Great Beyond, his name

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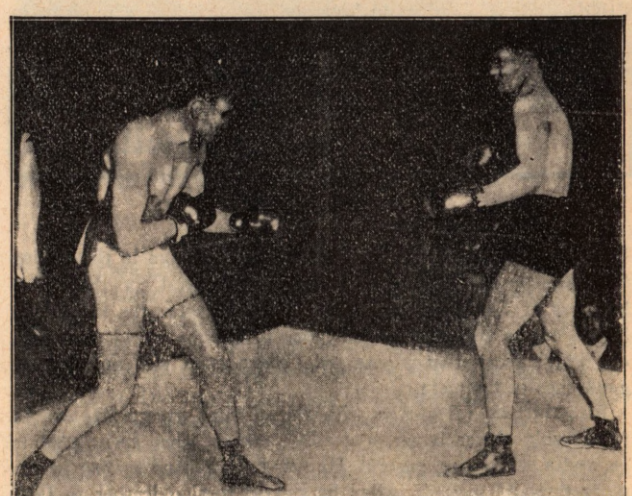
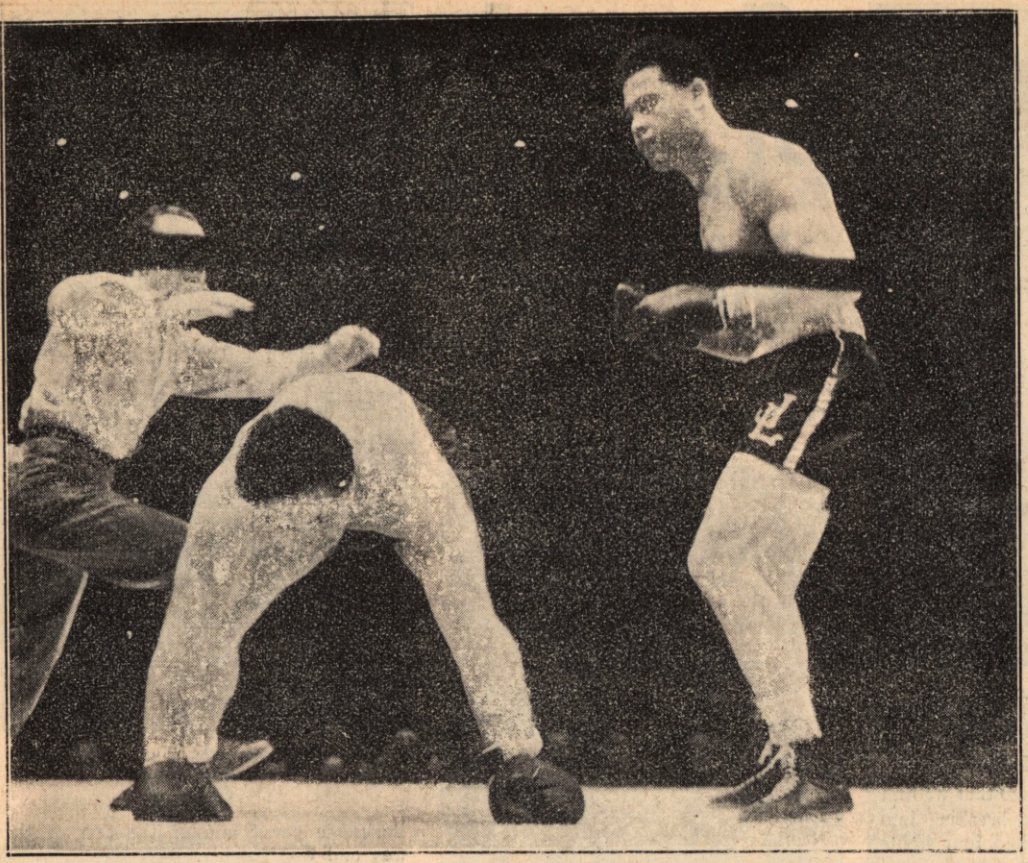


Terrible Terry McGovern, the pride of Brooklyn, was upset by Young Corbett in 1901 and his career was ended soon after.

By
NAT LOUBET

WEAKNESS AND CONQUEST



Joe Louis (right) overcomes his weakness. Unable to protect himself from Max Schmeling's right hand in their first meeting, Louis overcomes his allergy to conquer Herr Max in 2:04 of the first round in their second joust.

BOXING history is replete with accomplished technicians, skilled scientists who would have become champions but for glass jaws, or other marked deficiencies which discounted their adroitness.

By the same token, we have had many boxers with glaring weaknesses who, by their outstanding all-around qualities, have fought their way to the top.

Bombardier Wells, one-time British champion, might have become the world title holder but for his brittle jaw.

Jack Dempsey in his bout with Luis Firpo showed that he was susceptible to being nailed by even a crude puncher. His defense was lacking—and in that first round Dempsey was knocked out of the ring and barely managed to get back in time to beat the count. In the following round Dempsey caught up with Luis and knocked him out. Jack overcame this danger to his career by going after his opponents from the opening bell in an effort to land the first and last blows. Although an open target, Jack overcame this problem to become one of the all-time greats.

Joe Louis became the champion of the world in spite of his susceptibility to a right to the jaw. He never has been too elusive a target. Joe's being so allergic to the right stood out in his twelve-round knockout by Max Schmeling in their first engagement. His marked ability to overcome the allergy was salient in his one-round stoppage of the German in their second fight.

SUGAR RAY ROBINSON has one deficiency, the inability to block a left hook. Yet, in his London bout with Randy Turpin, in which he lost his crown, Robby was not beaten with a left hook.

Turpin said after the fight: "I had the fight half won before I ever got into the ring. My handlers and I figured out that Ray could be hit while he was backing away. Pictures of his fights showed that Robinson was fast, that as he moved in he threw combinations and when he drew off his opponents seemed so relieved that they were willing to rest. That's when I planned to attack."

The plan certainly helped Randy to the middleweight crown. He stayed on top of Robinson, never giving him a breathing spell.

Turpin has been touted for his courage, strength, and ability to carry the attack to his opponent. But he also had a marked weakness. Stories from England before the Robinson fight doubted Randy's ability to take it in the midsection. On the basis of this the experts predicted Robby would play to Turpin's stomach and wear "Mr. Perpetual Motion" down in short order. But Turpin won the crown.

Jake LaMotta, former middleweight champ, who used a body attack as his most dangerous weapon, when asked on a recent television show what he considered the most dangerous type of punch, stated: "There's no doubt that a punch to the belly takes it out of a man. No one likes 'em there." So Turpin may be excused for his weakness.

It is a generally accepted theory that the way to beat most "boxers" is to attack their abdomen so as to slow them down. Willie Pep, former featherweight champ, was fought on that basis by many of his rivals. But a weakness was never clearly proved. In Willie's second fight with Sandy Saddler, Pep regained the championship he had lost a few months previously, but Saddler almost took the measure of Pep by left hooking him to the body. At times it looked as if Saddler had the answer.

If it hadn't been for the referee, Eddie Joseph, who kept Saddler from working in as close as he might have desired, there is no doubt that Pep would have had a much tougher time in regaining his title. As it was, he barely turned the trick, only to lose it to Saddler in their third meeting in the Yankee Stadium. An announced shoulder injury made Pep unable to answer the bell for the eighth round.

EZZARD CHARLES, who lost his heavyweight championship to Jersey Joe Walcott, is considered a topnotch boxer with a stinging punch, if not a knockout blow. But he is a little frail to step in and mix it up with the more solid heavyweights. So he has his weakness. He has to forego standing in there toe-to-toe with an opponent. Thus Charles has lacked color, and the fight fans were never fired with enthusiasm at the thought

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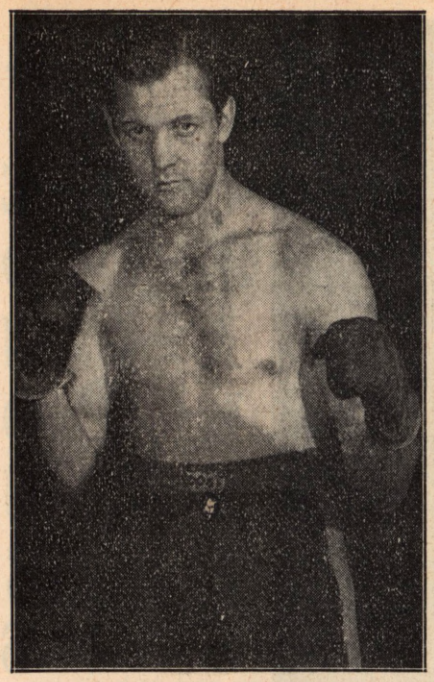
Crowd Pleasers

By ART COLLINS



Kenny Lovegrove, Canadian light-heavyweight.

KENNY LOVEGROVE

IT was about three years ago that we first saw Lovegrove. He was breaking into the professional field and had four fights at White Plains, New York. Kenny scored three knockouts in four bouts and his ability to punch was evident. He was nineteen then, a six footer, clean cut and aggressive.

Lovegrove was fighting out of Paterson, New Jersey, although his hometown was Hamilton, Ontario, where he was a crowd pleaser, and now he's back up in Canada.

For a time he was a member of the Hamilton Police Force but he designed to devote all his time to his ring future. In his professional career he has knocked out 10 of his 21 opponents.

Perhaps his most outstanding achievement was his four round kayo over Jimmy Sheets at Detroit. Sheets had never been iced in fifty-two pro outings and this win was a big feather in Ken's cap.

Lovegrove is one of the leading light-heavies in Canadian rings and is to be matched shortly with Terrance (Tiger) Warrington for the Canadian light-heavyweight title. He is managed by Gerald Wm. D'Zvigola.

ELMER BARKSDALE

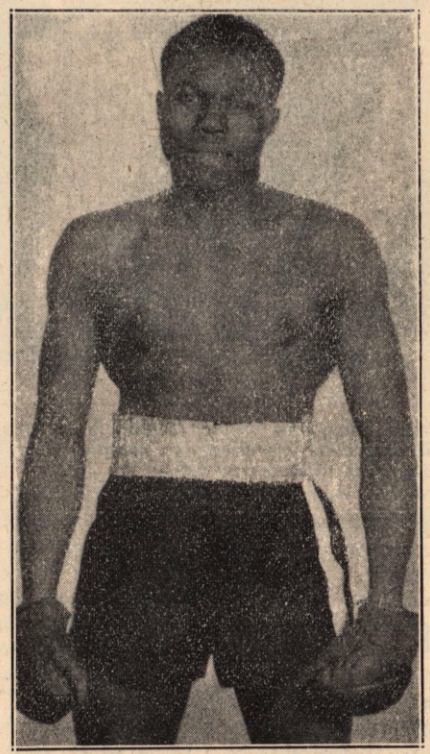
FEW fighters are tabbed as championship material early in their professional career. Elmer Barksdale, Baltimore, Md., welterweight, is one of the exceptions.

Not yet eighteen years old, Barksdale graduated from high school in June, the youngster is already rating nation-wide attention with his veteran-like performances though he is comparatively fresh from the amateur ranks.

Barksdale competed in 91 amateur fights, winning 86 of them, and was the feather weight champion of Baltimore, the State of Maryland and the South Atlantic Association from 1947 through 1950.

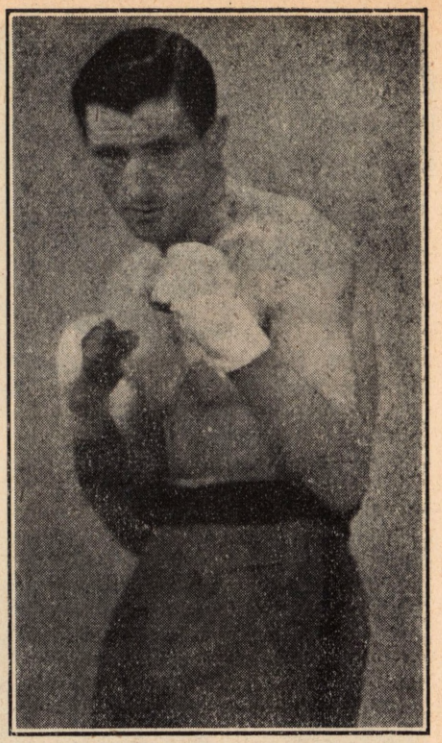
Starting his professional career late in 1950, he gained main event status after his seventh win in seven starts, an eight-round decision over Johnny Dash.

In his next outing he easily subdued Leo LeBrun in a scheduled nine-rounder and three weeks later won as he pleased over Freddie Russo, veteran Rahway, N. J. puncher, over a like distance. After dropping Russo for a count in the third round



Elmer Barksdale, Baltimore welterweight.

Irvin Steen, San Diego, Calif. welterweight.



A Welsh lightweight showing promise is Emrys Jones.

Barksdale paced himself the rest of the way and won handily.

He has had fourteen pro fights, winning eleven, drawing in two and losing one. You'll see few better young fighters than Barksdale around today and his quick hands, punching ability, speed and gameness mark him well. Barksdale is co-managed by A. J. Enzenga and Dave Selina.

EMRYS JONES

EMRYS JONES, a farmer boy from Four Crosses, South Wales, is a lightweight who shows promise of having a brilliant career ahead of him. Jones entered the pay for punch lists in 1949 and since then has an unusual record of knockouts, having notched 14 in 22 bouts. Jones has lost only three bouts and he has averaged two of these losses in return contests. He also was held to a draw on two occasions.

Jones is a good banger but is still apparently lacking in the finer points. He hasn't shown well in defensive boxing and when on the attack is prone to leave his chin wide open. He has plenty of moxie as he proved in his fight with Ray Long when he came up off the deck not only to win but to win by a knockout. The lad improves with every fight and in time could very well be a serious threat among the lightweights.

He is managed by Mernard Thomas, who also handles the ring affairs of Dennis Powell, light-heavy and until recently heavyweight champion of Wales.

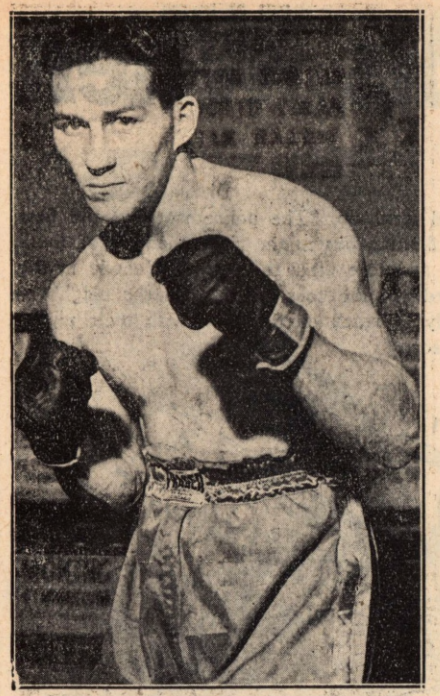
IRVIN STEEN

IRVIN STEEN, popular San Diego, Calif., welterweight, got his start in the Navy. Serving in the Pacific, during most of the ho. fighting, aboard the U.S.S. *Hogan* he was in four major battles and received six Bronze battle stars.

Back in port he volunteered to substitute on a fight card one night and belted his opponent out in three heats. Specialist First

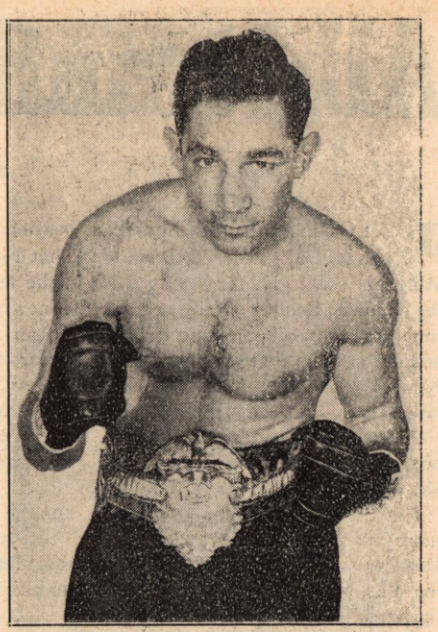
(Continued on page 41)

They Await a Call For a Title Shot



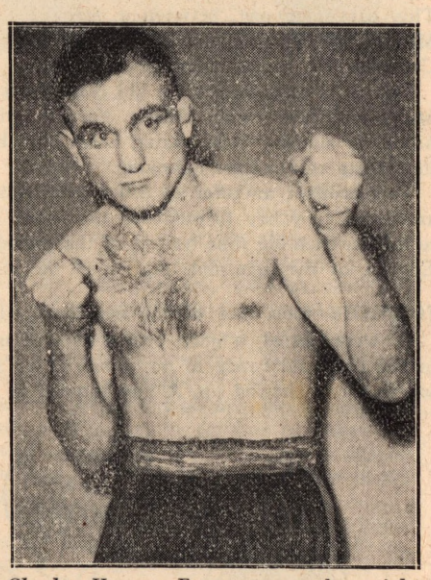
Harry Matthews, an outstanding light-heavyweight contender.

Dave Sands, triple Australian champion, who seeks a bout for middleweight crown. He holds the British Empire title.

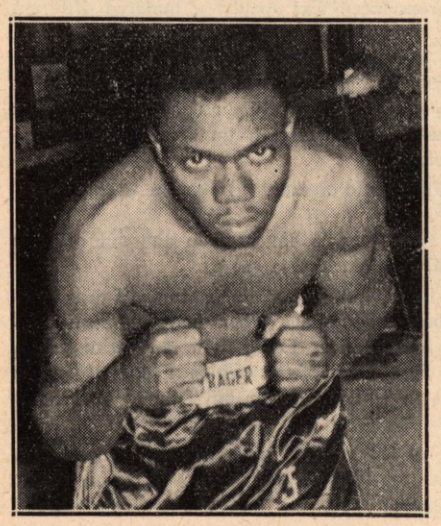


Willie Pep, who seeks a rematch with Sandy Saddler.

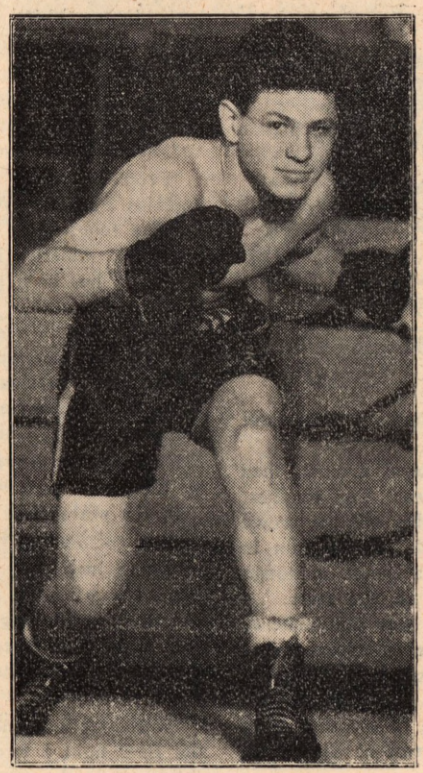
Laurent Dauthuille, middleweight from France.



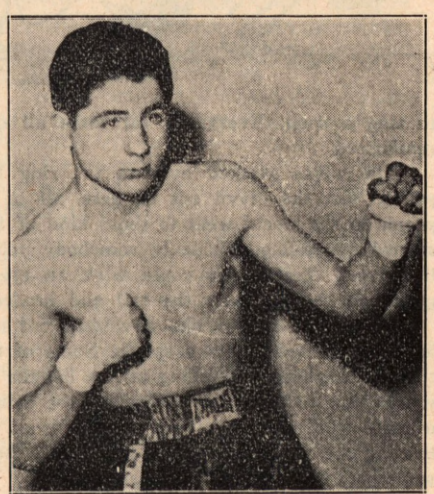
Charles Humez, European welterweight champion, who hopes to settle the dispute over the world title by fighting the winner of the Kid Gavilan-Billy Graham bout. Humez has the backing of the European Boxing Union, the British Board of Boxing Control, and Col. Eagan of the New York State Commission.



Fred Dawson, an ace lightweight.



Art Aragon, colorful California lightweight contender.



Peter Keenan, British bantam king.

Albertanti Recollects When

By THE RING REPORTER

JOE LOUIS, no slouch himself at passing off a sly wisecrack, once said of Francis Albertanti, "That Francis—funny man!" With his usual gift for saying a lot in the fewest possible words the Brown Bomber aptly pegged the newspaperman and long time purveyor of pugilistic publicity. In an association with the boxing business that goes back some 50 years the tiny Italian from New York's hard boiled old Five Points has lured many a laugh in a game which is ordinarily a grim one.

Albertanti's connections haven't been confined completely to boxing. They've ranged from covering track and field in the old days, to race track ballyhooing.

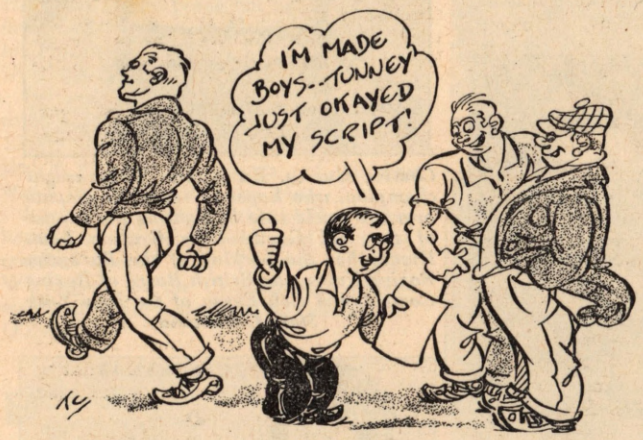
Francis first beat the drums for boxing when he was little more than a boy, way back around the turn of the century. Pugilism was in disfavor with the authorities in New York during this particular period. What fights there were, were called "private."

"Private" meant the public was welcome but the cops were not. Today fights are held in stadiums, commodious ball parks. This particular one, between a pair of local sluggers named Mickey M'Donough and Fred Lucas took place on a pier in Catherine St. in turbulent Cherry Hill.

Francis, a copy boy on the old New York *Morning Telegraph*, had found favor with Florrie Barnett, who was running the affair, by slipping little boxing notes into the sports pages when the sports editor wasn't looking.

This brought an offer of $10 from Promoter Barnett to the ambitious copy boy to publicize the show. Albertanti's job was to inform such big time writers of the period, as Tad and Robert Edgren, of the time and location of the match.

"THEY took care of the neighborhood politician, lookouts were posted, a good crowd showed up, the fighters were in the ring and ready to go, when all of a sudden out of nowhere a cop showed up. A guy jumped in the ring and started

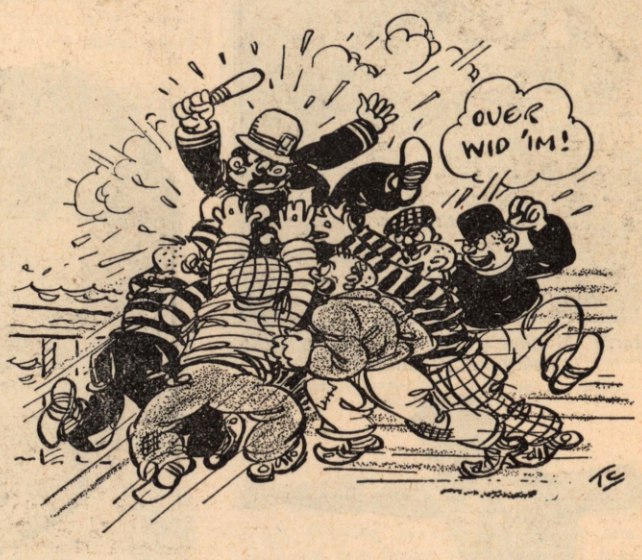


to sing a song. Everybody sat there all quietlike," Albertanti reminisced.

"The copper walked over to the ring looked around, then yelled, 'Get the divvil out of here, all of yez!' The toughest people in the world went to those kind of fights and the crowd started grumbling. Suddenly somebody yelled, 'Throw him in the river!' Before you could wink an eye, a bunch of tough guys had the cop over the rail and headed for the river.

"The copper fought like a wildcat but he was outnumbered and over he went with a splash. Some of the mob leaned over the rail laughing and yelling at him but the rest of them figured it was time to leave and rushed for the exits. Just then a bunch of cops who must have been tipped rushed in. While they were hauling the first cop out of the water, the rest of the crowd scrambled out and beat it for safety."

Francis laughed and went on, "The police watched the first cop's high helmet go floating out in the river then all of them did a quick turnabout and tore after the crowd. Nobody in the fight crowd got bagged but the cops mopped up the neighborhood, hitting everybody in reach on the head with their nightsticks, they were so sore."



"What happened to your ten, Francis?" somebody wanted to know.

"Poor Florrie Barnett has been dead a long time now, and I'm still waiting for the tenner," replied Francis.

WHEN Frank was a little fellow the ring heroes of the rugged section in which he grew up were Jimmy Kelly and Jim Burke. These, despite the Irish tags, were tough Italian boys. Jimmy Kelly in later life became noted as a night club owner and local politician.

In those days the first thing an ambitious Italian youngster did was adopt an Irish name. Veteran fight manager Tony Kelly, still active, was one of these. Kelly ran a Coney Island cabaret and handled boxers 40 years ago.

"People protested Italian monickers were hard to pronounce," explains Francis. "When I started out in the newspaper game I had a tough time keeping the paper from changing my name to Frank Alberts. I held out, though, and since those days my name has been pronounced and spelled a hundred different ways."

After years in the newspaper business in 1926, Francis left the old *Telegram* where he had been writing boxing with RING Editor Nat Fleischer and was promptly hired by promoter Tex Rickard, Madison Square Garden boss, to publicize the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago.

Everyone agreed Frank did a bang-up job on that one, all by himself.

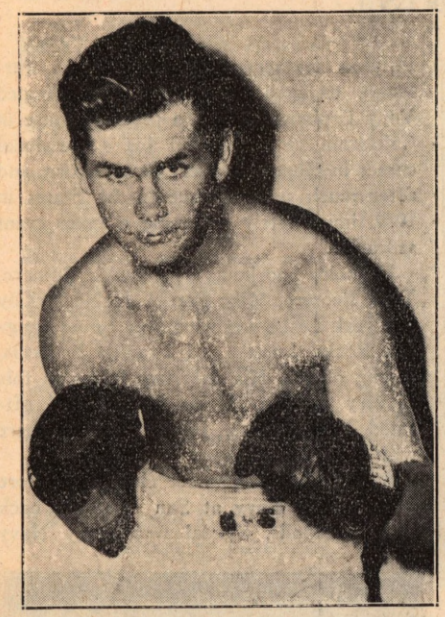
In the years since then Francis has been in and out of fight camps ballyhooing various battlers.

"I'm a lucky guy in a fight camp," he claims. "I was with Braddock when he beat Baer, Baer when he beat Carnera. I was with Schmeling for the first Louis fight, and with Jersey Joe Walcott in the first Louis fight, which a lot of people thought he won. Out in Chicago I bet on Tunney but rooted for Dempsey.

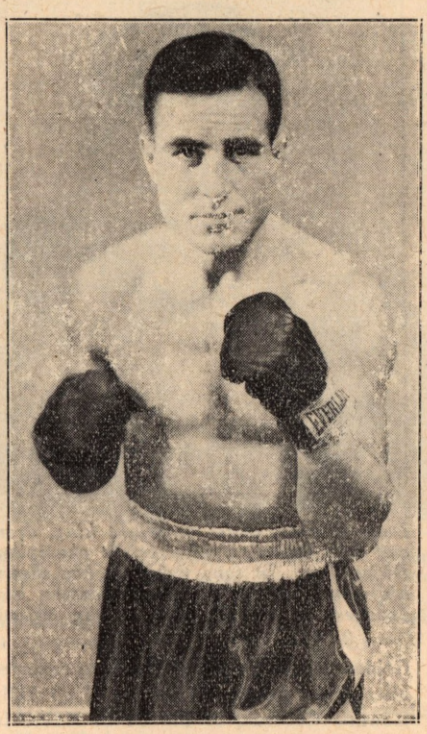
"Braddock was one of the swellest guys to work around. For the Baer fight I wrote an 18-page story of his life and passed it around to the newspaper boys. *(Continued on page 41)*

IN CANADIAN RINGS

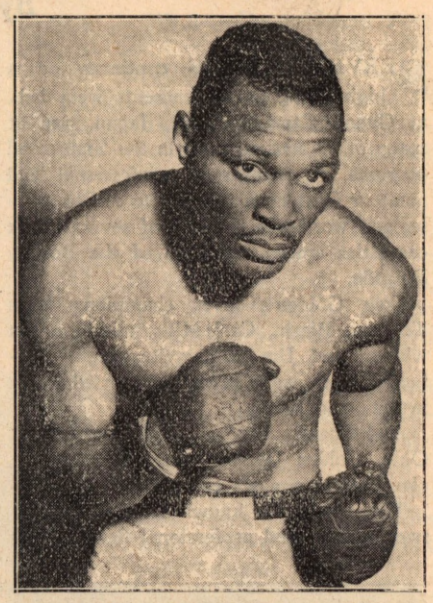
By WALT MARLOW



Frankie Almond, Canadian featherweight champ.



Ernest Ernie Kemick, Calgary, Canada, lightweight, who can punch with either hand.



Georgie Dunn, transplanted from Hartford, Conn., U.S.A., now a favorite in Canadian rings.

CANADIAN born ring champions have been few and far between — and if Canadian boxing followers are becoming slightly "miffed" at the United States' almost complete domination of the world fight scene, it's for a good reason.

Boxing history can record only six world champions as having came from Canada. Five of them were born in the Dominion and the sixth—Jimmy McLarnin—came from Ireland but was raised in Vancouver, British Columbia.

The remaining five, all born in the eastern part of Canada, were Tommy Burns (heavyweight), Jack Delaney (light-heavyweight), George Dixon (featherweight and bantam), Jackie Callura (featherweight) and Johnny Coulon (bantamweight).

All, except Callura, were recognized as "honest-to-goodness" world champions. Callura gained his championship recognition by winning the National Boxing Association version of the featherweight title in 1943. The last Canadian world champion was Delaney who won his title from Paul Berlenbach in 1926.

Today, as in years gone by, most of Canada's finest boxing talent is located in the east. Montreal and Toronto, Canada's two major boxing centers, have produced many probable champions who never quite made the grade.

The current Canadian fight picture shows a number of up and coming lads, who, with good handling and a few breaks, might clas- as future champions. And three of those boys are from out of the west . . . where boxing has picked up tremendously in the past few years.

They are Vancouver's Frankie Almond, current king among Canadian featherweights, Ernest Ernie Kemick, hard-hitting lightweight from Calgary, and Georgie Dunn, a transplanted American lightweight who has settled in Edmonton. Anyone of the three could emerge as Canada's seventh world title holder.

While Eastern Canadian fighters like 'Lil Arthur King, Armand Savoie, Solly Cantor, Allan McFater and Fritzie Pruden have been drawing the plaudits of Canadian and U.S. fight enthusiasts, Almond, Kemick and Dunn have been gaining something of a reputation of their own among Western Canada ring patrons.

Of the three, Dunn—who formerly called Hartford, Conn., home—is far the best at this writing. A master boxer with a fair punch, Dunn was practically fed-up with the game when he came to Canada. The scenic change appears to have reversed his mental outlook entirely, however.

Prior to invading Canadian rings, the Hartford cutie had gone to the post 42 times, and had recorded 31 wins. His most notable fights had been with Sonny Boy West, with whom he drew, and Toronto's Arthur King, who gained a decision victory.

In most quarters, Dunn was regarded as a fighter of championship potential—but never quite made the hurdle that would have put him in the fistic limelight.

Thus far, Dunn has made 12 Canadian appearances. He registered 11 wins, and reversed his only defeat. True, some of his opposition was hardly of an A-1 calibre, however, he proved in the tough fights that he has what it takes to go all the way.

In between Canadian appearances, Dunn journeyed back across the line for three fights. He defeated Lou Williams in California, lost to Johnny Gonsalves in San Jose and then whipped his previous conqueror, Williams, in a return match in Tucson, Arizona.

Dunn's four tough fights on Canadian soil were with Seattle's Joey Velez (three times) and Calgary's Ernie Kemick. Georgie won two out of three from the highly rated Velez, and experienced little trouble with Kemick, who at the time lacked the experience to cope with Dunn.

With his future now resting in the hands of Edmonton promoter Jack Berry, Dunn harbors high hopes of stepping into the world lightweight picture. Berry has been negotiating for the services of either ex-world champion Ike Williams or Arthur King for a mammoth outdoor show in the Alberta capitol.

Listed among the world's 20 best lightweights in the 1950 RING ratings, Dunn, the Connecticut Yankee, obviously has the ability to yet rule the lightweight division. Time will tell.

Out in Vancouver, they're calling Frankie Almond another Jimmy McLarnin—and for good cause.

It's been a long time since Vancouver had a fighter that could really arouse fan interest . . . and Frankie Almond has done just that. A stylish boxer with a devastating punch, Frankie appears to be on the road to bigger and better things.

Twenty-three years of age, Almond has all the natural requirements to become a champion. He can box exceptionally well, punches awfully hard for a featherweight, and most important of all—he is a master technician in the ring.

As an amateur, Frankie won the Canadian featherweight title, and then, after turning professional, came back a few years later to capture the pro version of the title.

Despite all his natural ability, there is, however, one factor that could lead to his downfall. That is his inactivity. In three years of professional campaigning, Almond has had but 15 fights—six of them as a main-eventer. This is due to the lack of suitable talent available in his sector.

Frank won the Canadian title by knock-

(Continued on page 41)

With Our Servicemen

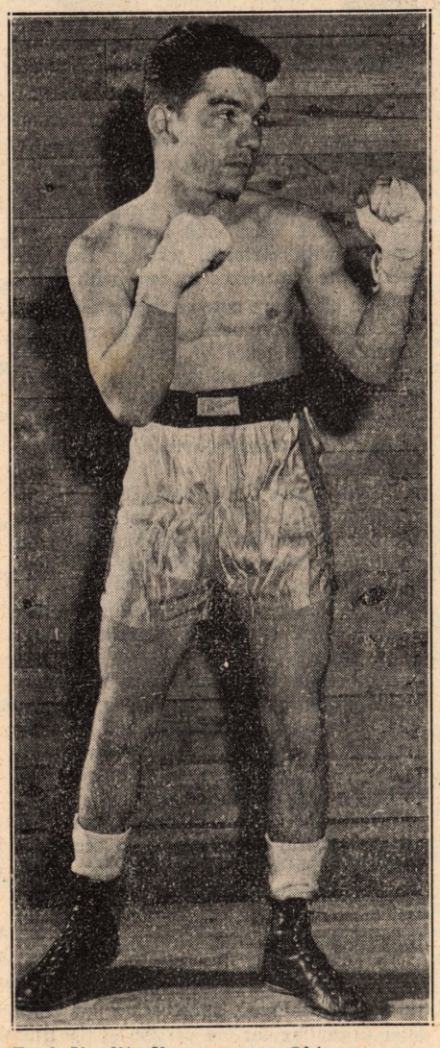
By CAMP CORRESPONDENTS

SERVICE BOXING continues on a high swing as tournaments were held at Guam, Camp LeJeune, Japan, and at many other stations both in the States and overseas. A number of professional and amateur fighters answered the call to service and word was received of several more casualties among members of the Boxing Brigade.

Two Golden Gloves champions from Tacoma, Wash., Carl Mills, middleweight winner, and Jim Hill, welterweight titleholder, both were recently reported killed in action in Korea.

And Charles Bratton, 1950 Youngstown, Ohio, Golden Gloves flyweight champion, also died of wounds in combat.

This raises the known total to twenty-two amateur and professional fighters who have lost their lives during the Korean conflict.



Fred Vitelli, Youngstown, Ohio, amateur featherweight, is stationed at Camp Rucker, Ala., and is undefeated in intra-camp bouts.

Bob Gilford, a well-known amateur fighter and the 1950 Youngstown welterweight Golden Gloves champion, has been reported Missing in Action, as has Lt. (jg) Billy Edward Cochran, of the U. S. Navy. In 1947 Cochran was stationed at Green Cove Spring, Fla., and took an active part in boxing.

In the Jacksonville Golden Gloves touranment he earned the "Portrait of Courage" Award.

Bobby Adams, Minneapolis lightweight, has been returned from Korea where he suffered shrapnel wounds. A very good amateur and professional before entering service, Adams, due to the nature of his wounds, will not be able to do any more boxing.

First Lt. Johnny Wargo, the former McKeesport boxer, whose brother, Nicky, was killed in action in Europe in World War II, has been detached from the Headquarters and Service Command in Tokyo, where he was promoting weekly boxing shows for the entertainment of the occupation forces and Japanese fans, and is awaiting reassignment. He previously staged shows in Trieste, Italy, and at Colorado Springs.

Wargo says the Far East boxers will dominate the All-Army championships and the next Olympic Games, and this coincides with the information which has been culled at this office.

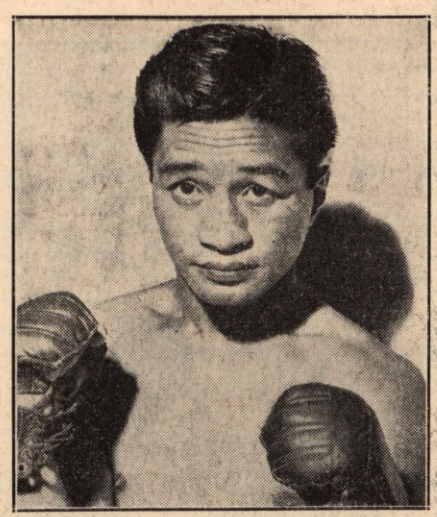
THE Far East boxers have been putting on a full and heavy schedule of bouts with the competition both keen and interesting.

Curtis Moore, Newark middleweight, who fought some good names in Florida, is stationed with the U. S. Navy at Key West, Fla.

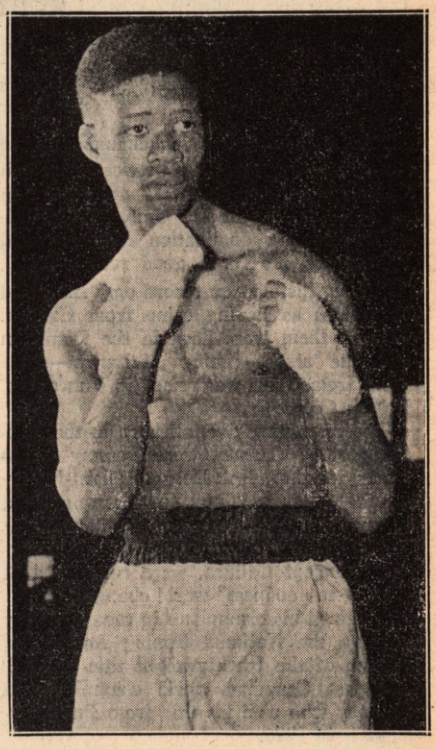
Pvt. Johnny Efhan, Stockton, Calif., Filipino featherweight recently on furlough, engaged in a bout and defeated Tony Espinosa. Efhan, a popular figure in California rings, started his professional career in Honolulu where he was born, and after much success came to the States in 1949, immediately becoming a main event sensation.

He holds knockouts over Jackie Romero, Tony Beccera, Mike Bernal, Jackie McCoy and Jock Leslie and wins over Louis Langley, Rocky Lucero and Frankie Sequeria, among others. His only two losses in this country were to Jackie McCoy and oft-rated Lauro Salas. Johnny was in there with the best of them.

Sunny Sundal, amateur champion before entering the Navy at San Diego, is back in Minneapolis. Sundal won every Navy championship he went after out on the Coast.



Dado Marino, world flyweight king, drew and beat Japan's featherweight champion, Hideo Goto. In four fights he has shown his wares before 100,000 servicemen and Japanese in his invasion of the Orient.



Albert Smith, Kansas City, Mo., amateur welterweight, has lost only one bout, that in the bantamweight finals of the 1950 Kansas City Golden Glove tourney.

Cpl. Ben Parks, of Columbus, Ohio, recently won the welterweight crown at Fort Devens, Mass. Parks was an outstanding track star and a pretty good basketball player at Central High School before enlisting in the Army.

Les Scriminger, one of the members of the Columbus Boxing and Wrestling Commission, was reelected to the board though he is serving with the armed forces in Korea.

Richie Lopez, California middleweight, who had been in Korea with the Marine

Corps, has returned to the States and resumed his professional career.

PAT McMURTRY, 19-year-old Tacoma light-heavyweight who was shaded in the finals for the National A.A.U. title at Boston, Mass., while handicapped with a broken hand, recently joined the Marine Corps Air Force Reserve. Richie Reed, an amateur welterweight and another Tacoman, is stationed in Germany with the U. S. Army.

Marv Fields, amateur champion from St. Paul, Minn., is stationed with the Army in Korea and won all the bouts he has engaged in overseas.

PVT. LEONARD D. DOLQUIST, of Davenport, Iowa, has convinced his commanding officer in Korea that he can take an order without flinching, come what may.

The commander, Lt. Homer E. Rhodes, of Columbus, Kan., summoned Dolquist one day and told him to start training for a fight.

"Yes, sir," said Dolquist, the good soldier who always obeys a superior officer. His answer came, perhaps, a bit meekly for Dolquist had never had on a pair of boxing gloves in his 18 years.

A sparring partner was picked for him—Cpl. James E. (Rocky) Murphy, of Benton Harbor, Mich., a light-heavyweight professional and former Golden Gloves title holder in Michigan.

Dolquist, the good soldier, took quite a beating but he stuck with his task—lieutenant's orders, you know.

Then the lieutenant called Dolquist before him again.

"Found a man you'd like to box?" the lieutenant asked.

Well, Dolquist said he had a tentmate, Pvt. Frederick G. Steinhoff of Bay City, Mich., a former professional fighter, who might like a bout.

The name sounded familiar and after some questioning Rhodes discovered that Steinhoff and not Dolquist was the man in his company he'd heard had ring experience.

Dolquist, battered in training but considerably relieved, was retired from the fight business and Steinhoff took his place at the company training table.

LARRY MUJICA, popular lightweight from the Yorkville section of New York City, now the pride of the 325th Airbourne Infantry Regiment stationed at Fort Benning, Ga., has been doing some pro battling in Georgia and doing it in good style.

He has scored knockouts in his last three bouts. Originally from Venezuela, Mujica won nine of his eleven starts in New York rings.

One of the hottest amateur fighters to come out of Youngstown, Ohio, a fistic hotbed that has produced Tony Janiro, Tommy Bell and many others, is currently pulverizing competition at Camp Rucker, Alabama.

Classy little Fred Vitelli, a mite of a featherweight, won 28 of 32 bouts as an amateur glover in the Youngstown area and claims to have never been knocked off his feet.

A twenty-two-year-old scrapper with a power-packed style, Vitelli has virtually run out of opponents at Rucker. In his first three fights there he disposed of his opposition in just over five minutes. He intends turning professional when out of the army.

A lanky amateur welterweight with a style patterned after Sugar Ray Robinson, 18-year-old Albert Smith, of the 41st Signal Construction Battalion, at Camp Rucker, Ala., has won seven and lost only one since he began fighting in his home town, Kansas City, Mo. The loss came in the bantamweight finals of last year's Kansas City Golden Gloves tourney. The youngster is still growing and may wind up as a middleweight when he turns professional following his discharge from the United States army.

THE Second Division Fleet Marine team from Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, won the recent Atlantic Fleet boxing championship at the Naval Base Gym, at Norfolk, Va.

The summary:

112 lbs.—Ralph Medina, Cruisers, Atlantic Fleet, scored a knockout over Harry Junod, Air Force, Atlantic Fleet, 2 rounds.

118 lbs.—Dorsey Fears, Fleet Marines, won a decision over Bill Bolt, Submarines, Atlantic Fleet, 3 rounds.

126 lbs.—Jimmy Ithier, Cruisers, Atlantic Fleet, decisioned Dick Williams, Fleet Marines, 3 rounds.

135 lbs.—Jimmy Lumpkins, Destroyers, Atlantic Fleet, won by default over Irvin Swinson, Amphibious Force, Atlantic Fleet, who was badly cut in his semi-final bout.

147 lbs.—Eppi Alonso, Fleet Marines, knocked out Louis DeMarco, Destroyers, Atlantic Fleet, one round.

160 lbs.—Al Hood, Fleet Marines, won a decision over Gus Jones, Destroyers, Atlantic Fleet, 3 rounds.

175 lbs.—Pat Patterson, Destroyers, Atlantic Fleet, won a decision over Robert Provizzi, Submarines, Atlantic Fleet, 3 rounds.

Heavyweights—Don Lee, Cruisers, Atlantic Fleet, won a decision over Ray Louson, MineLant, 3 rounds.

Cpl. Edward Ortega, of San Luis, Colo., with the Japan Logistical Command in the Yokohama area, has garnered seven trophies during the past 18 months. He is holder of the Inter-Service All-Japan bantamweight, Inter-Service All-Japan flyweight, and the Yokohama Command bantamweight and flyweight titles for 1950 and 1951.

AT the tiny, sports-crazy island of Guam, an average of 4,000 rabid military and civilian boxing enthusiasts enjoyed each series of matches contested in the five-day Donnybrook at the fifth annual meeting of the armed forces held at the Naval Operating Bases outdoor arena.

After the smoke of battle had cleared, soldiers from Marbo emerged with five championship titles and sailors won the three remaining crowns.

The outstanding boxer among the 60 who were active in the competition was soldier Harben "Benny" Sadler, a Marbo welterweight and a native of Ogden, Utah. Generally considered as the finest all-around athlete in Guam, Sadler won his title after beating three tough airmen. He scored knockouts in the first, second and first rounds.

Sgt. Lew Jenkins, former lightweight champion of the world, who has served several hitches in the army, is in Korea with the 2nd Infantry Division.

Boxing has made great strides and has become one of the most popular sports in Japan since American occupation troops have come to that country and started staging their regular service and professional bouts. World flyweight champion Dado Marino, in four recent appearances against Japanese opposition, drew over 100,000 fans. He defeated Yoshino Shirai, flyweight titleholder, stopped Hiroshi Horiguchi, leading bantamweight, drew with Hideo Goto, Japan's No. 1 featherweight, then whipped him in a return bout on July 30.

Matthews Is Fighter of Month

By NAT FLEISCHER

BOXING'S greatest period of upsets was followed by a lull preceding what is certain to be the busiest and best fall and winter season the sport has experienced since pre-World War II days. The activity in practically all divisions was confined during the month to lesser lights while the uppercrust of pugilism were preparing for title bouts and other important matches which will have a bearing on world ratings.

Only one change has been recorded in the heavyweight division, in which the first seven men all came through with victories. Joe Louis beat Cesar Brion and Jimmy Bivins for his seventh and eighth triumphs in his comeback.

Bob Baker turned a good feat when he dropped Amelio Agramonte eight times and gained a ten-round decision. Bob has advanced to sixth place. Louis pulled the chestnuts out of the fire in the last four rounds of his bout with Brion but defeated Bivins easily in a listless contest.

Clarence Henry whipped Frank Buford in a tough battle in which, though Henry received the unanimous decision, he had to travel hard all the way to get it. Roland LaStarza continued his winning streak by outclassing Ted Lowry. Unfortunately, Roland cannot get Louis or Marciano to meet him. He feels he can defeat each. Henry's record is a little better than that of LaStarza, who hasn't fought as tough customers, hence shades him in the ratings. LaStarza's only loss was a split decision verdict gained by Marciano.

There was no outstanding battle of the month, but based on his knockouts of Culbertson and Marshall, Harry Matthews, who is fighting against strong odds for a chance at the world light-heavyweight title, is our choice. Archie Moore, the man who has headed the challenger's post in the division more often than any other fighter, forced to seek work outside of this country because no top men will face him in the ring, stiffened two Argentinians in their home country—Victor Carabajal and Rafael Miranda.

Disqualifications and the hold-up of purses continued throughout the month, and all because of the laxity of boxing commissions who permit name fighters to engage set-ups, often fighters who have been resurrected from the retired list, and then act after the "contests" prove unsatisfactory. The fans are milked and the overseers of pugilism, men appointed to do a job, are wholly responsible.

Though Rocky Graziano was in one of those "bouts," in which he dumped Chuck Hunter, the fact that the Massachusetts commission awarded him the decision, a knockout, enables the former champ to continue in the rated sector.

Ray Barnes, in the army and inactive for many months, has been temporarily removed from the ranking ten.

Tiberio Mitri, who visited America last year, is making a good comeback in Europe. He beat Gaston Chambraud, Gus Degouve and Jackie Marr. Luc Van Dam, the Dutch champion, knocked out Gino Campagna, the Italian title holder.

Ike Williams met with another setback when he tried his hand against Don Williams in a welter bout and was outpointed. Unless Ike fights as a lightweight next month, he will be dropped from the division and hereafter will be rated among the welterweights. At present he continues to be the leading challenger for the crown he recently lost.

Kid Gavilan continues to hold down the top post among the welters, but only as American champion. As we stated on other occasions, the European title holder, Charles Humez, must be given consideration before a world champion is named.

Del Flanagan, one of the highly-rated lightweights, suffered an accident with his shoulder that prevented him from carrying on in his fight with the world title holder, Jimmy Carter. Up to the time of the injury, Flanagan was well ahead on points but his record will now show a kayo against him.

Art Aragon gained a splendid victory when he beat the tough Johnny Gonsalves in ten rounds to retain the position under Freddie Dawson, third among the lightweights. Tommy Campbell, rated one below Art, engaged in a draw with Glen Flanagan, a featherweight.

In the feather class, Calvin Smith, inactive, has been dropped and so has Jackie Blair for the same reason. Corky Gonzales of New Orleans and Federico Plummer of Panama have replaced them.

Though Black Pico was stopped by Baby Green in Panama, the Cuban had the misfortune to receive a severe head gash from a butt and the referee had to halt the contest. Pico continues to hold down tenth post among the flyweights.

Here are the important results of the month:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Joe Louis outpointed Cesar Brion, 10. Clarence Henry outpointed Frank Buford, 10. Roland LaStarza outclassed Ted Lowry, 10.

Bob Baker repeated a previous victory over Omelio Agramonte, this time by a decision, 10.

Grant Butcher decisioned Andy Walker to capture the California state heavyweight title, 12.

Lou Strydom kayoed Conrad Botha, 1. Ben Miller outpointed Frank Martinez, 4.

Al Hoosman stopped Jo Weidin, 5. Joe Kahut decisioned Billy Carter, 10.

Karel Sys whipped Lloyd Barnett, 10. George Tsaldaris, Greek heavyweight, making his American debut, and Cesar Bolin fought to a draw, 6.

Reg Andrews decisioned Tony Liversage, 8. Tony Esperti drew with Larry Jones, 6. Mike DeJohn kayoed Hank Johnson, 1. Polly Smith kayoed Willie Leake, 2.

Kid Rivera outpointed Willie Bean, 10. Jack Nelson decisioned Frank Fonkovich, 10.

Johnny Calcinore kayoed Freddy Robinson, 4. Terry McDonald whipped Artie Dale, 6.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Harry Matthews stopped Dutch Culbertson, 4, and Lloyd Marshall, 1.

Bob Murphy halted Joe Rindone, 5.

Archie Moore stiffened Victor Carabajal, 3, and Rafael Miranda, 4. Carl Bobo Olson kayoed Charley Cato, 3. Danny Nardico kayoed Anton Raadik, 2.

Harold Johnson defeated Chubby Wright, 10. Yolande Pompee stopped Sammy Wilde, 5. Harold Sampson kayoed Charles Mercer, 1.

Jack LaBoard and Angel Martinez drew, 8.

Ike Louis decisioned Perry Gibson, 6. Red Archie defeated Johnny Brown, 4. Angel Martinez outpointed Roosevelt LaBoard, 4. Phil Saxton stopped Sid Edwards, 1.

Yolande Pompee stopped Dave Williams, 1. Curt Brooks stopped George Watson, 3. Brian Anders drew with Alf Hines, 8.

Reg Mack decisioned Jim Woods, 10. Phil Saxton defeated Willie Leake, 6.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Rocky Graziano won on a disqualification from Chuck Hunter, 2.

Lee Sala decisioned Jackie Burke, 10. Charley Cato, fighting light-heavyweight Carl Bobo Olson, was stopped in three rounds. Olson weighed 165 to Cato's 148. Don Ellis defeated Otto Hentrich, 6.

Don Johnson kayoed Ron Giltinan, 3. Congo Kid whipped Baby Batter, 10. Joe Giardello decisioned Otis Graham, 8.

Roy Wouters outpointed Norm Hayes, 10. Fred Lott outpointed Jimmy Beau, 8. Marvin Edelman upset Jimmy Flood, decision, 8.

Johnny Noel beat Jimmy Herring, 8. Billy Kilgore defeated Georgie Small, 10. Jean Stock stopped Antonio Soldevilla, 6. Joe Brewer decisioned Jimmy DeCorio, 8, and stopped Jetson Arnold, 2.

Dutch champion Luc Van Dam knocked out Italian title holder Gino Campagna, 9.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending August 15, 1951

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Joe Walcott	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Randolph Turpin	World's Champion (Title Vacant)
1—Ezzard Charles	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	Kid Gavilan (Amer. Champ.)
2—Joe Louis	Harry Matthews	Dave Sands	Charles Humez (Euro. Champ.)
3—Rocky Marciano	Bob Murphy	Laurent Dauthuille	Billy Graham
4—Clarence Henry	Bob Satterfield	Robert Villemain	Johnny Bratton
5—Roland LaStarza	Don Cockell	Walter Cartier	Gil Turner
6—Bob Baker	Dan Bucceroni	Rocky Graziano	Eddie Thomas
7—Rex Layne	Harold Johnson	Ronnie Delaney	Charley Fusari
8—Cesar Brion	Carl Olson	Rocky Castellani	Mickey Tollis
9—Lee Savold	Wesbury Bascom	Gene Hairston	Johnny Saxton
10—Hein Ten Hoff	Jake LaMotta	Terry Moore	Fitzie Pruden

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion James Carter	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Ike Williams	Willie Pep	Luis Romero	Terry Allen
2—Freddie Dawson	Ray Famechon	Peter Keenan	Vic Herman
3—Art Aragon	Roy Ankarah	Jimmy Carruthers	Terry Gardner
4—Tommy Campbell	Charley Riley	Jean Sneyers	Jimmy Laffin
5—Luther Rawlings	Percy Bassett	Maurice Sandeyron	Louis Skena
6—Joe Brown	Ronnie Clayton	Tommy Proffitt	Honore Pratesi
7—Paddy DeMarco	Fabela Chavez	Elley Bennett	Nazzareno Gianelli
8—Del Flanagan	Glen Flanagan	Emile Chemama	Norman Tennant
9—Enrique Bolanos	Federico Plummer	Gianni Zuddas	Juan Diaz II
10—Johnny Gonsalves	Corky Gonzales	Hadi Tijani	Black Pico

John L. Sullivan repeated a previous decision over Bob Cleaver, 8, and stopped Freddie Webb, 5. Cleaver came back to stop Billy Ellaway, 6.

Peter Muller defended his German title by outpointing Leo Starosch, 12.

Pete Gil kayoed Vince Mazac, 7. Harold Moore stopped Joe Bonadies, 2. Joe Aurello decisioned Al Barry, 6. Al Warner outpointed Harold Drucker, 6

Tony Wolfe defeated Johnny Brown, 6. Max Stanford halted Frank Keating, 4. Dom Zimbardo stopped Stanford, 1.

Joe Moore stopped Ronnie Moore, 4, and Frankie Cosgrove, 2. Duggie Miller kayoed George Dilkes, 8.

Gomez Gordy decisioned George Watson, 4. Jimmy Franklin flattened Tony Wolfe, 1. Terry Gibson and George Schley drew, 4. Tony Rezar kayoed Tom McKenzie, 3.

Harry Daniels outpointed Harry Preston, 4. Tiberio Mitri decisioned Gaston Chambraud, Gus Degouve and Jackie Marr, all ten-rounders.

Spanish champion Eduardo Lopez fought to a draw with Mathias Luyten, 8. Willie Armstrong stopped Tommy Armour, 1.

Laurie Buston edged out Bert Sanders, 8. Bos Murphy decisioned George Roe, 8. Bill Jackson outfought Ron Crookes, 10.

Roger Donoghue knocked out Georgie Watson, 3. Joe Maseko outpointed Bob Cleaver, 8. Jimmy James whipped Ron Crogan, 8.

Joe Giardello defeated Otis Graham, 8. Jimmy Cusato and Jimmy Johnson drew, 4. Tommy Bazzano stopped Joe Garza, 5.

Frank Keating defeated Herb Ely, 4. Dennis Ryan defeated Dom Zimbardo, 6.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Don Williams outpointed Ike Williams, 10. Billy Graham decisioned Billy Jenkins, 8. Johnny Saxton kayoed Gaby Ferland, 7, and Joey Carkido, 6.

Eddie Thomas knocked out Eric McQuade, 4. Bobby Dykes stopped Ray Garcia, 4, and outpointed Ernie Durando, 10. Chuck Davey and Ross Virgo drew, 10. Bernard Docusen outpointed Ross Virgo, 10.

Charlie Salas decisioned Woody Harper, 10. Marcel Brisvois outpointed Chico Pacheco, 10. Johnny Cesario decisioned Glen Hendershot, 10.

Chico Vejar halted Billy Wyatt, 7. Bobby Lloyd outpointed Charlie Williams, 8. Vic Cardell decisioned Joey Carkido, 8. Jetson Arnold kayoed Joe Brewer, 2, and decisioned Lloyd Tate, 6.

Bobby Lloyd defeated John Capitano, 8. Joey Klein defeated Willie Stewart, 6. Jack Downey outpointed Benny Jackson, 4.

Tommy Bazzano outpointed Johnny Lombardo, 8. Johnny Cerky kayoed Georgie Flores, 2.

Paolo Melis scored surprise decision over Gilbert Lavoine, 10. Terry Ratcliffe squared a previous defeat by flattening Bob Frost, 2. Doc Watkins kayoed Drexel Vickers, 4. Maurice Jenkins outpointed Al Robbins, 6.

Tex Gonzales outpointed Julio DeJesus, 6. Pat Manzi kayoed Mike Kelley, 4. Joe Lupo decisioned Joe Greco, 6. Miguel Mendivil defeated Harold Johnson, 6.

Spanish champion Antonio Monzon edged out Gilbert Ussin, 8. Willie Stewart outpointed Joe Tomasello, 6. Charlie Spicer kayoed Emmett Norris, 3.

Eddie Oliver and Mario Pinero drew, 6. Joey Fisher stopped Jimmy Verne, 1. Rees Moore outpointed Piet van Staden, 8. Jimmy Carlini outpointed Chico Corsi, 4.

Mickey Finn decisioned Joe Freyre, 4. Gerry Hassett outpointed Billy Dickson, 8. Jim Haigy decisioned Ray Fields, 4.

Richie Reed outpointed Richie Coleman, 4. Duggie du Preez stopped Tommy Hinson, 7.

Jackie O'Brien decisioned Nazzarano Vitale, 8. Charlie Spicer kayoed Jesse Gethers, 3. Richie Reed defeated Santo Santiago, 4. Algar Smith stopped Ernie Vickers, 8.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Lightweight champion Jimmy Carter stopped Del Flanagan, 6 (shoulder dislocation suffered by Flanagan). Tommy Campbell and Del Flanagan drew, 10. Art Aragon decisioned Johnny Gonsalves, 10.

Ralph Giordano outpointed Basil Marie, 8.

Eddie Chavez outpointed Alex Amador, 10. Baby Ortiz outpointed Jimmy McAllister, 10. Wallace Smith and Orlando Zulueta drew, 8.

Rudy Cruz knocked out Jimmy Botelho, 3. Jean Richard knocked out Young Junior, 5. Armand Savoie kayoed Cabey Lewis, 8.

Johnny Carrington edged out George Bailey, 8. Neff Ortiz outpointed Jose Garcia, 6. Duilio Loi walloped Ray Lewis, 10, and won the Italian title by outpointing Gianluigi Uboldi, 12.

Johnny Tovern drew with Tony Maiorana, 6. Bartolome Marti defended the Spanish title by decisioning Tony Lopez, 12.

Basil Miragliotta decisioned Nate Spellman, 6. Frankie Basil decisioned Roosevelt Cook, 4. Jimmy McLaughlin bested Ernie Rivers, 4.

Gene Takach decisioned Frankie Freeze, 6. Tippy Simmons won from Stokes Thomas, 4. Carl Ladson decisioned Biff Baer, 4. Ted Queen outpointed James Wilson, 4.

World Titleholder Jimmy Carter outpointed Mario Trigo, (non-title), 10.

Sammy Anderson defeated Gene Takach, 6. Timmy Simmons defeated Stokes Thomas, 4. Joe Perez outpointed Willie Stevenson, 4. Billy Jones outpointed Ted Queen, 4.

British Champion Billy Thompson stopped Tommy Hinson, 6. Tommy McGovern outpointed Emmett Kenny, 8. Stan Parkes halted Johnny Lewis, 7.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Charley Riley stopped Dave Gallardo, 7.

Fabela Chavez outpointed Lauro Salas for the California featherweight title, 12.

Jackie Graves decisioned Manuel Ortiz, 10. Kid Centella halted Maxie Docusen, 9.

Glen Flanagan and Eddie Burgin drew, 10. Tommy Bailey decisioned Tony Llanelly, 10, and was held to a draw by Dai Davies, 10.

Spanish champion Luis de Santiago defended his title by halting Teodore Gonzalo, 4. Nathaniel Jackson outpointed Teddy Redtop Davis, 10.

Corky Gonzales won over Oliver Breton, 8, and Eddie Burgin, 10. Frankie Sodano stopped Jerry Kortright, 7. Francis Bonnardel retained his French laurels by holding Tony Say to a draw, 15. Herky Kaminsky decisioned Joe Barone, 8.

Ralph Dupas decisioned Alex Fimbres, 8. Mike Ward outpointed Floyd Taylor, 4.

Spanish champion Luis de Santiago kayoed Ray Lewis, 4. Johnny Wheeler stopped Gordon Meredith, 1.

Johnny Molloy edged out Rolly (Kid) Blythe, 8. Jackie Turpin stopped Denny Dawson, 7. Gus Foran won on a disqualification from Rolly Blyce, 4. Alex Fimbres defeated Charlie Slaughter, 6.

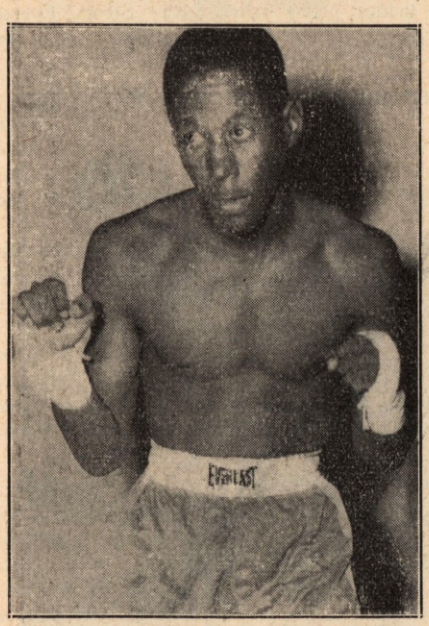
Bernard Pugh shaded Tony Lombard, 10. Freddie King outfought Teddy Peckham, 8. Vince Rivera outpointed Joe Paniagua, 4.

Tony Cocco decisioned Fishcake Donaldson, 4. Rafael LaBoy defeated Rudy Brune, 4.

Ernesto Formenti retained his Italian title by decisioning Altidoro Polidori, 12. Billy (Spider) Kelly whipped Len Shaw, 8.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight — Terry McDonald, Cudworth, England
Light-heavyweight—Joe Moran, San Antonio, Texas
Middleweight—Herbie Hayes, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Welterweight—Tony Tex Gonzales, Orange, N. J.
Lightweight—Ralph Dupas, New Orleans
Featherweight—Kid Centalla, Nicaragua
Bantamweight—Billy Taylor, Scotland
Flyweight—Yoshino Shirai, Tokoy, Japan



FEDERICO PLUMMER

Latin America's best bet for featherweight honors is Panama's Federico Plummer, a 21-year old six-footer who has scored 28 victories in 30 bouts. His only two losses were to Rocky McKay, via a technical knockout, and Mike Ross, on a foul. He holds two wins over McKay.

Plummer, a fistic sensation, has this year kayoed Kid Allen, Kid Evans, Manuel Barton and holds decisions over Francisco Colon Garcia, Jesus Compos and Cuba's Miguel Acevedo.

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Danny O'Sullivan drew with Tony Lombard, 8. Lulu Perez kayoed Benny Riviera, 3.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Baby Green, Panama bantamweight champion, knocked out flyweight Black Pico, 6 (non-title). Pico, ahead on points, was butted and received a severe cut. The referee stopped the fight.

European champion Luis Romero halted Jackie Fairclough, 4, and outdistanced Jean Binet, 8.

Emile Chemama retained his French title by stopping Maurice Sandeyron, 7.

Charley Bohbot drew with Louis Skena, 10, for the French bantam title. He beat Jacques Loreni at Casablanca and drew with Sedraoui at Casablanca, in 10 each. Georges Mousse whipped Manuel Garcia, 10.

Gianni Zuddas stopped Dutch champion Theo Nolten, 9, and whipped Theo Medina, 10. Amleto Falcinelli whipped Kid Arcelli, 10. Alvaro Nuvoloni flattened Guy Josseau, 7.

Jackie Sutton stopped Billy Daniels, 6.

FLYWEIGHTS

World champion Dado Marino, fighting as a featherweight, defeated Hideo Tiger Goto, 10.

Spanish title holder Juan Cristobal won from Jacques Louni, 8.

Jimmy Pearce decisioned Mark Harrison, 8. Sid Charles outboxed Sid Hiom, 8.

Australian champion Jimmy Laffin stopped Bob Scrivano, 8.

Marcus Temple won the South African title by knocking out Kalla Persson, 7.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS

By Lewis Eskin

RAMBLING around—The main reason for the big improvement in the caliber of the preliminary bouts at Newark's Meadowbrook Bowl is due to the match-making job being done by Duke Stefano. The big upset turned in by Freddy Lott, the Newark middleweight in beating Jimmy Beau, has caused almost as much stir as Jersey Joe Walcott's winning of the world's heavyweight title by knocking out Ezzard Charles.

Ernie Vigh, the former Careret middleweight who faced Billy Soose, Georgie Abrams and other topnotchers a decade ago, was killed in an auto accident in Long Island City, N. Y. Ernie, who was 32, owned a bar and grill in Glendale, Long Island.

Here are the results of state bouts in which New Jersey fighters took part:

Jersey Joe Walcott won the heavyweight title by knocking out Ezzard Charles. Ex-lightweight king Ike Williams returned to action and lost a close decision to Don Williams. Freddy Lott upset Jimmy Beau. Ernie Durando lost to Bobby Dykes. Rocky Castellani upset Gene Hairston. Billy Wyatt was stopped by Chico Vejar. Mac Stanford KO'ed Frank Keating. Hal Johnson was upset by Miguel Mendivil. Keene Simmons lost a disputed decision to Charley Lester. Kevin Allen was halted by Jack Nelson. Fitzie Pruden lost to Kid Gavilan. Charlie Fusari was stopped by Gil Turner. Angel Martinez beat Roosevelt LaBroad.

Prospect of the month—Mac Stanford, Englewood middleweight who is a good boxer and has shown ability to punch as well. Mac has turned in some good wins of late and it looks like he will go a long way if he has the will and steadfastness needed.

Results for the month—Meadowbrook Bowl, Newark, N. J. Charles Williams, 148, Newark, scored his second win in two weeks over young Georgie Johnson, 149, Trenton, in eight fast rounds. As in their first fight, Charley had too much ring savvy for Johnson. Charley spotted Georgie the first and came on to win the next three by out-jabbing him. After an even fifth, Georgie rallied to win the sixth and seventh. But there he shot his bolt and Williams came back to win the last round easily and the fight.

Mac Stanford, 163, Englewood, was a little too classy for the ever trying Cas Sugalski, 156, Irvington, and won in six. Arnold Curry, 144, McKeesport, Pa., rallied to outpoint Joey Klein, 142, of New York, in a good six rounder. Julio DeJesus, 143, Brooklyn, KO'ed Jimmy Bethea, 139, N. Y. C., two. Andy McClinton, 198, Poughkeepsie, won from Lee Curley, 178, Trenton, four, and Henry Winchmann, 139, N. Y. C., defeated Ernie Rivers, 137, Montclair, four.

The writer's address is 57 Dales Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By NAT LOUBET

Stanley Weston has left THE RING to rejoin the army as a Captain in the Air Force. Promoters are urged to send wrestling news and photographs to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, 307 W. 49th St., New York City.

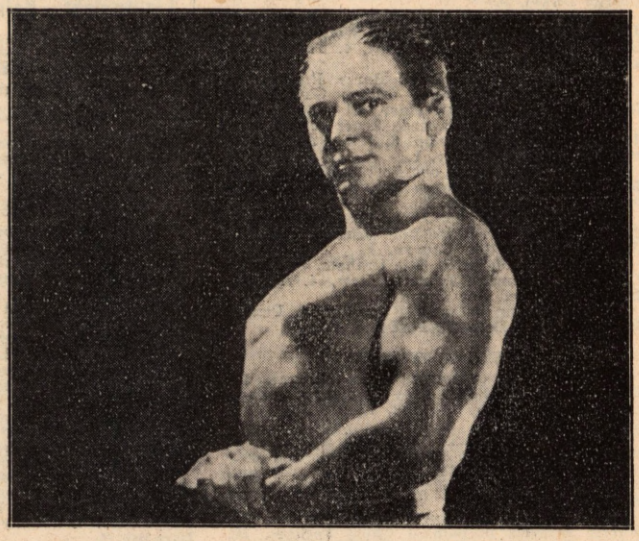
WHAT are the thoughts of the average wrestling fan who watches his favorite pastime on television?

What are his reactions when he sees Primo Carnera or some other top grappling attraction tossed to the canvas by one who does not figure in the same class as a drawing card?

Some weeks ago, I was asked to be a guest on a radio show at which questions were fired at me by the sportscaster and as was to be expected, among the queries asked were:

"Who is the best wrestler of to-day? Who stands out most prominently in the past thirty years or more? Are wrestling matches on the level?" These among plenty of others.

Based on the type of wrestling we now obtain, it is difficult to choose any one man in wrestling and place him on a pedestal, because were all matches "shooting matches," we could find at least a dozen top men who could be classed in the same sector with many of the stars of a few years ago. Though science in wrestling is seldom practiced in this era, I can name a number of our leading figures who make a hit with the television fans who if let loose, would exhibit speed, skill and endurance second to none of past years. But the calibre of wrestling demanded by the average fan to-day calls for burlesque tactics, phony falls, etc., hence comparisons are too far fetched.



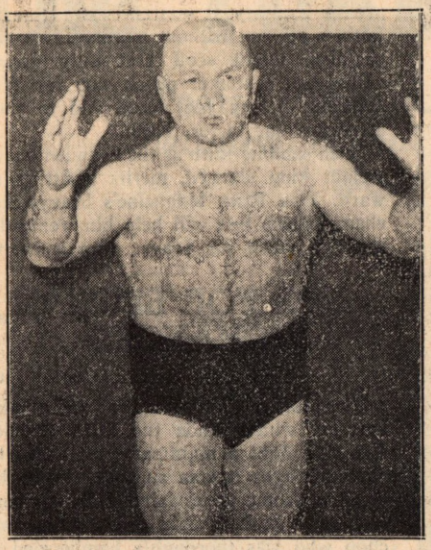
Al Szasz, the youngster who is touted by The Mighty Atlas.

AS for the prominent figures of a few years back, any dyed-in the-wool wrestling fan can name them. Tops among those who are in the select circle are the Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek, Ed Stranger Lewis, Jim Londos, Hans Kampfer, Sandor Szabo, Hans Steinke, Dick Shikat, Earl Caddock, Joe Stecher, Don George, John Jesek, Carl Pojello, Jack Sherry, Ray Steele, Everett Marshall, Jim Browning, among others, and every one of these compared favorably to the stars of the era in which Frank Gotch, Ernest Roeber, Dr. Roller, George Hackenschmidt and Charley Cutler ruled the roost. Rough and tumble wrestling is the order of the day now and since the fans enjoy that kind of mat sport as a form of entertainment, one cannot blame promoters and wrestlers for giving them what they pay to see.

Lou Thesz and Frank Sexton are two of the mat stars who possess sufficient skill to enable one to judge them on ability not on mere showmanship and based on the former, they can take their place with the cream of the talent that exhibited its wares when Jim Londos was at the height of his career. Of the crop that now appears around the American circuit, Thesz and Sexton stand out prominently with Ruddy Silverstein, a great wrestler who hails from Chicago, close on their trail. Silverstein is one of the best "shooters" in the game today, but unfortunately he lacks the color of a Londos, Stanlee or Rocco, hence he has kept himself out of the top bracket of money makers. But he can wrestle with the best of the present day talent and commands the respect of every top notcher.

Antonio Rocco is another who has what it takes to make the box-office click. He has among other things, what Silverstein lacks —box-office color. He's a showman with a flair for the sensational and unusual. But he is not the equal of Thesz, Sexton or Vern

Here are four of wrestling's all-time "shooting" greats. Two of them are active today, while the others have retired. Leroy McGuirk, left, presents the National Wrestling Alliance heavyweight championship belt to Lou Thesz. Ed Strangler Lewis, right, turns over the Alliance junior heavyweight championship belt to young Vern Gagne. Lewis looks at Thesz as if to say "I wonder if I can lick that guy right now." Many fans would put their money on the Strangler if such a match ever were staged.



Kola Kwariani, veteran wrestler who loves to play chess.

to none of the present era stars. He knows the game and knows how to apply his holds. He's a master technician but since the fans come to see him perform not like George Wagner, the name under which he performed years ago, but like a burlesque star, he entertains them as an actor and not as the experienced, well groomed, classy wrestler that he really is.

When Gorgeous George tackles a so-called villain, he clearly shows what he could do to his opponent were he unshackled. But the public wouldn't enjoy seeing the Gorgeous One emerge a speedy victor over a mat "terror." The excitement would be missed, so Gorgeous George does what is expected of him. It pays off in the end because it enables the promoter to pack 'em in when the fans expect to see the "Handsome George" maltreated by the villain. They howl with joy. They enjoy every moment of Gorgeous George's discomforture. That's what wrestling is today.

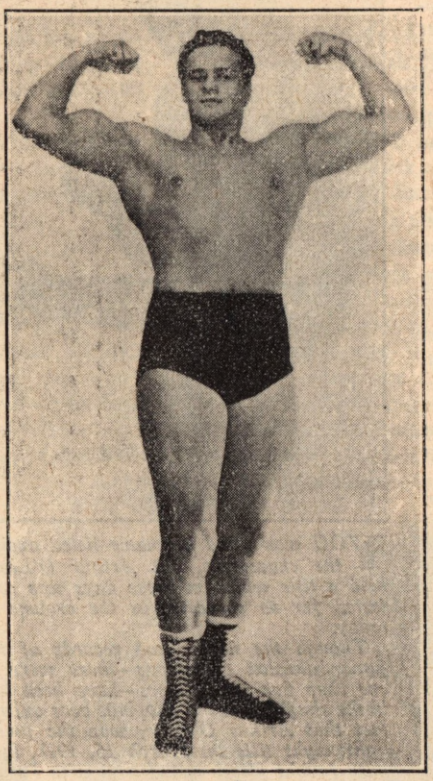
WRESTLING is different from any other form of competitive sport. Winning in wrestling means very little. For example, men like Morrie Shapiro, Wild Bill Longson, Dirty Dick Raines, Ernie Dusek, Buddy Rogers, Yvon Robert, Whipper Billy Watson and Hans Kampfer could probably score victories night after night if they wanted to, however, they prefer to take the role of the villian and possibly lose now and then. It means more money in their pay envelopes and it does provide the necessary flavor for this sport of wrestling.

The business of professional wrestling is a very complicated affair and in order to fully understand it, a person must be directly connected with it for years. The average American sport fan has become accustomed to thinking of wrestling as a form of entertainment and because of that, Commissions bill matches as exhibitions only. I would like to see one champion of the world established as there is in boxing, this champion to be crowned after winning a national elimination tournament, but I doubt such a tourney can be staged. There are too many cliques running the sport.

COWBOY wrestlers always give the fans a big thrill. Dick Rains is a terrific showman, Sky High Lee is nothing short of sensational and recently a young kid came up from the Oklahoma plains who appears to have a lot on the ball. Bob Clay is the lad I refer to.

Gagne, another sensational grappler.

If Gorgeous George would forget some of his ring antics and went in for strict wrestling, the fans would find in him a performer second



Don Lewin new wrestling sensation. Performers like Lewin give wrestling its flavor on television.

Clay was a pupil of the great former junior heavyweight champion, Leroy McGuirk. Leroy said that Bob was the finest student he ever had. He was quick to learn all the tricks and specialties made famous by McGuirk. The former champion who is now blind, feels that Bob Clay is a living monument to his style.

Al Szasz of St. Louis, who like Bob Clay wrestles in the 200 pound class, is another example of the young handsome type wrestlers who are so important to the sport the way it is conducted these days. Al is an all around athlete. He's strong, quick as a cat and likeable. When I interviewed The Mighty Atlas recently, he told me about Szasz and how good a wrestler he was. Atlas has been around this business long enough to know a future star when he sees one, so I pass the inside information on to you, THE RING readers, for what it's worth.

DOTS AND DASHES—Paul Boesch, former Long Beach, L. I., lifeguard, wrestling promoter. wrestler, publicist, radio announcer, and Air Corps officer, has been called back into the army. . . . Lou Thesz is getting nearer and nearer to retiring from the ring.

Kola Kwariani is always on the lookout for a good chess player to match wits with. Kola likes to be on the same card with another player so he can spend the time while waiting to go into the ring, in a chess game. If you meet Kwariani and want to make friends with him, tell him you like chess. That's all brother.

Don Lewin, the new wrestling sensation, could have made a fortune in the movies had he wanted to, but preferred to take up wrestling because he thought that that was the profession he was best fitted for. Lewin started real wrestling while serving in the Pacific with the Marines in 1942. At that time he was only 15 years old, but he was so big and strong that he was able to increase his age by four years without raising any suspicion in the recruiting office. He sailed for the *(Continued on page 41)*

Cowboy Bob Clay recently competed in a rodeo featuring The Cisco Kid, Leo Carillo, at Chicago's Wrigley Field. Clay roped a steer in record time to delight the 34,123 fans. Bob, right, is shown with Carillo.

PARALLELS IN VICTORIES

(Continued from page 8)

diversions are the movies and gin rummy which he plays with family and and friends.

Walcott's first trainer was the man who made Joe Louis world champion—Jack Blackburn. It was Blackburn who gave Jersey Joe the nickname, "Chappie" but later transferred it to Louis. Walcott was born, according to baptismal records, January 31, 1914, and though newspaper writers keep writing about Joe as a man of over forty, the records in his church and in the City Hall prove otherwise.

He was married when nineteen to his high school sweetheart, Lydia Cream—the family name being Walcott's correct one—has borne him six children—Arnold, Jr., Elva, Doris, Ruth, Vincent and Edna. His oldest boy is seventeen.

IN the case of Braddock, he was written off as washed up. With three children to feed and no job, he was happy to get the chance to fight Corn Griffen. This contest brought him into the spotlight.

He beat John Henry Lewis in ten rounds, then Art Lasky in fifteen rounds. These showings brought him the fight with Baer in which he gained fame and fortune.

The underdog, who had been on relief and who a few months previously didn't know from where his next meal would come, surprised world boxing fans by outboxing and outfoxing the clowning Baer to win the title.

Surprise! What a big part it plays in boxing! From the beginning of pugilism, it has been the element that has kept the sport alive.

When trim young Jim Corbett, pride of California, knocked out the hitherto invincible John L. Sullivan to win the world heavyweight championship, he upset the dope and put the Sullivan backers to rout when he stopped John L. in the twenty-first round. The fighter who bragged that "I can lick any man in the world," was shocked, as were his adherents. But no more so than when Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey, Max Schmeling knocked out Joe Louis, Turpin beat Robinson or Walcott knocked out Charles.

After the Sullivan debacle, Gentleman Jim himself was stopped in Carson City by Fitzsimmons. It was the fight in which the solar plexus blow received its first international publicity and a nation that figured Corbett far superior to Fitz, was rocked.

THE heavyweight division, more than the others, is the class in which most of the historic upsets have been recorded. Not many of the fistic critics gave Jim Jeffries a chance when he faced lanky, freckled-face Ruby Robert at Coney Island in 1897. Yet the boilermaker knocked out Fitzsimmons in the eleventh round.

Let's come a little closer to recent times. Who gave Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, a chance against the gigantic Jess Willard at Toledo? Not many. Ye Dempsey carved his name in the fistic hall of fame in a surprise victory in which he slaughtered Big Jess.

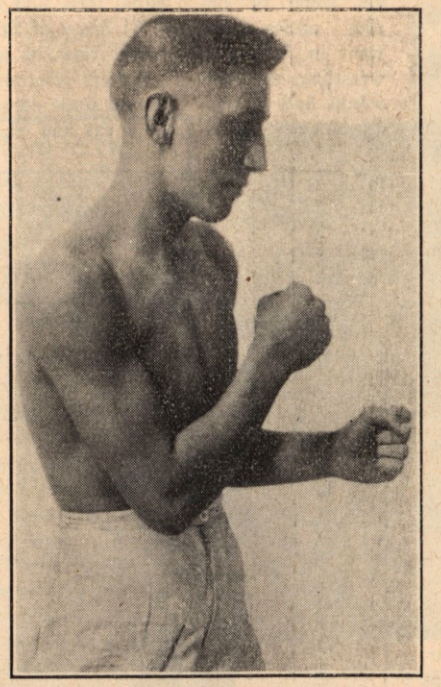
Surprises never end in boxing, as witness the triumph of Tunney over Dempsey at Philadelphia. The wise boys bet that Jack would annihilate the former Marine but it was Gene who upset the applecart, emptied the pockets of Dempsey's horde of admirers and wore the heavyweight crown when the fight was over!

Walcott is champion heavyweight of the world. After his next fight with Charles, he'll either have his hand raised again in the ring as "still the world titleholder" or Charles will be the first heavyweight in ring history to have regained his crown.

"Never," as Whitney Martin of the Associated Press wrote after the fight, "was a victory sweeter or accepted with greater humility. It was an object lesson in faith, a sermon without words. The coldly skeptical might scoff that only greater ability and a stouter punch won for Walcott, but Jersey Joe would add to those attributes one factor, Faith."

Such sublime faith as the Camden heavyweight king showed, merits a fitting reward. THE RING Magazine's heavyweight championship belt will help him remember the day when his prayer was answered.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW? NO. 2



YOU won't find his name listed among the champions, but Arthur O'Leary held a title which in those days was contested for as earnestly as the crowns of today.

Though the names and records of the junior division champions—there were at one time five such classes—have been lost in the shuffle of years, clippings bear out the fact that Arthur O'Leary won the junior lightweight title on March 15, 1917, in a hard-fought fifteen-round bout with Jimmy Kane at Providence, R. I.

An active campaigner in the ring for twelve years, O'Leary met the best in the featherweight and lightweight divisions, among them being George K.O. Chaney, Johnny Kilbane, Willie Jackson and Rocky Kansas, twice.

His brother, fighting as Young O'Leary, at one time held a strong claim to the bantamweight championship of the world.

For many years now Arthur O'Leary has been a body conditioner and physical trainer and believes that good health begins with good posture.

Listed as a masso-therapist and chiropractor, his offices are at 226 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Any time you want an analytical spinal adjustment or a soothing body massage to combat fatigue and the strain of life call on Arthur. He's got some good yarns to spin also.

BEG FOR ELUSIVE CHANCES

(Continued from page 6)

The postponements, haggling and monkey business which made the third Saddler-Pep title fight a nightmare instead of the "dream" fight it was supposed to be has blanketed some pretty fair foreign contenders in the featherweight class. Ray Famechon who was thoroughly bamboozled by the aging Pep a couple of years back has since demonstrated he would be a worthy opponent for Saddler.

A newcomer, Roy Ankara, a little African buzz saw from the Gold Coast, who is said to be another edition of Jack Kid Berg recently won the British Empire featherweight title. A colorful performer, observers claim he might impress the American fight goers as favorably as Kid Chocolate did 20 years ago.

The long drawn out Pep-Saddler marathon has kept the class in a state of suspended animation with neither Ankara, Famechon nor anyone else able to command attention until these perennial rivals settle their differences. That is if they do.

It is doubtful that the modern fistic "forgotten men" can find any comfort in it, ring history is full of them.

Old Johnny Risko, a very sick man at present, was such a one. The old Cleveland Rubber Man fought anybody they could find and beat most of them. These included such notables as Jack Sharkey and Mickey Walker. There were innumerable others, almost all of them either won titles or fought for them before they were through.

This didn't go for Risko though he not only never got a chance at a championship, when title shots were being passed around he never seemed to even get a tumble.

SAM LANGFORD was sidetracked, too. But Sam was so good his greatness was well realized by press and public. He was no "forgotten man," the champs simply wouldn't fight him.

Years ago, Benny Valgar, the old French Flash, hung around for years handing out boxing lessons to everyone who'd meet him, but he remained almost a nonentity.

Boston Tony Shucco, a light-heavyweight who was very hard to lick; Frankie Schoell, Buffalo middleweight of the twenties; Johnny Indresano, who beat a raft of welter heroes; Lloyd Marshall, who beat champions in every class from middle to heavyweight, were few who not only never fought for any kind of a title, they never gained the fame their ability warranted.

Strange, indeed, are the workings of a fate that places Joe Louis, of all people, among the outsiders looking in. Joe Walcott's amazing victory over Charles did this.

The TURBULENT TURPINS

Years of Rugged Struggling by Fighting Family Rewarded When Youngest of Clan, Randy, Became World Middleweight Champion.

By BILLY WILIAMS

THE arrival of Randolph Adolphus Turpin at the top of the world's middleweight boxing heap was the fitting climax to a tale that would have done justice to the facile pen of an Horatio Alger in its fanciest mood.

The story of Randy Turpin is not the story of one boy who rose, literally, from Rags to Riches, but of a family whose years of bleak poverty, serious illness and bitter discouragement finally were rewarded by the flailing fists of its fighting sons.

Randy is the youngest of five children—three boys and two girls—born to a British Guianan father and an English mother.

Turpin, Sr., gassed and temporarily blinded fighting with the British army in the First World War, never fully recovered from his wounds. He died when Randy was nine months old. His widow, Beatrice, was left with the task of raising her brood. It was rugged going. To augment the tiny pension she received from the Government, she worked long, tedious hours as a charwoman. At one time the family lived in one cramped room, later in the dingy squalor of a basement.

It was inevitable that the oldest boy, Dick, would try his luck in boxing when he could. His maternal grandfather, Tom Whitehouse, a gnarled old relic of the bare-knuckle fighting era, had given the youngster some pointers in how to handle his fists, and Dick had proved an apt pupil. When he was 16 he turned to the ring as a means of earning a few shillings to help ease his mother's burden. George Middleton, a local shopkeeper, became his manager. It wasn't long before Dick began to attract serious attention as a potential champion. But along came World War II, and Dick shelved his fistic aspirations to enlist in the British Army and serve with Montgomery's Desert Rats in their drive from Al Alemein to Berlin.

The three brothers who comprise the masculine side of Britain's noted Fighting Family, the Turpins, are (left to right) Randolph, current middleweight champion of the world; Jackie, a busy featherweight, and Dick, former holder of the British and Empire middleweight titles.

BROTHER JACKIE, who also had been pointing for a ring career, followed Dick into the service, but picked the Navy. He saw action in the Pacific, in Burma and on the Russian convoy route. Both sisters, Joan and Kathleen, kept pace with the masculine side of the clan by joining the women's branch of the Air Forces, and to give the family a perfect score, the baby, Randy, enlisted in the Navy when he became old enough, but he was still serving his apprenticeship when the war ended.

Following his discharge, Dick returned to the ring late in 1946, and early in 1948 capped a brilliant winning sequence by knocking out the New Zealander, Bos Murphy, in Coventry to become Empire middleweight champion. Six weeks later he added the British title to his laurels by whipping Vince Hawkins in Birmingham. He lost his Empire crown when Australian Dave Sands flattened him in London in 1949 and the following year he was beaten by Albert Finch in Nottingham for the British diadem. A few months later Dick announced his retirement to concentrate on the development of Randy.

Meanwhile, Jackie, a featherweight, also became active in the ring, and he still is industriously plying his trade. He is one of the busiest 126-pounders in Britain. Jackie has never attained the status of a serious title challenger, but he is what the British call a "useful" boxer, good enough to meet, if not beat, the best in his class. His record to date reveals that in more than 100 battles, Jackie has won approximately two-thirds.

Randy, of course, has been the most spectacular of the lot. As an amateur, the youngster lost only three decisions in nearly 100 bouts. He won five A.B.A.—British national—titles, three seniors and two juniors, and in an international meet with a team from the United States, he flattened his American opponent, Marine Harold Anspach, with one lusty right to the chin.

IT was on September 17, 1946, that Randy, then 18, turned professional, and his record since then shows 28 knockouts, 12 decisions and one draw against only two defeats in 43 outings. Both of his setbacks suffered at the hands of Jean Stock and Albert Finch, have since been squared away. His return match with Finch was doubly gratifying. Randy not only evened his personal score with Finch, but regained the British title Dick had lost to Albert.

Randy has well earned the title *world* champion. He had put together a remarkable record in international competition even before he wrested the title from supposedly invincible Ray Robinson. His victims included Jean Stock, Gilbert Stock, Jean Wanes and Gus Degouve of France, Jury VII of Algeria, William Poli of Italy, Leon Fouquet and Cyrille Delannoit of Belgium, Roy Wouters of Canada, Doug Miller of South Africa, Eli Elandon of Belgian Congo, Eduardo Lopez and Jose Alamo of Spain, Jan de Bruin and Luc van Dam of Holland, and Pete Mead, Tommy Yarosz, Billy Brown and Jackie Keough of the United States.

Loyalty is a predominant trait in the Turpins. When Randy, a sensation in the amateurs, was ready to turn professional, practically every manager of consequence in Britain scrambled for him. But Randy passed them up to put his *(Continued on page 38)*

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THE TURBULENT TURPINS

(Continued from page 37)

affairs in the hands of George Middleton. George was managing Dick and Jackie, and what was good enough for his brothers was good enough for him. To the Turpins, Middleton has been more than a manager; he has been a friend.

Their childhood struggles for existence have welded the Turpins together with strong family ties. When Randy was training for his British title meeting with Finch, Dick and Jackie acted as sparring partners, and one of the sisters did the cooking for the camp. Dick and Jackie continue to work with Randy for his important bouts, with the sisters helping out as and when they can.

And the boss of the menage still is the mother, a tiny woman, partly deaf, almost totally blind, with toil-worn hands that bear mute testimony to the desperate battle to keep her brood intact during its bitter early years. She no longer lives in a cramped one room, or a dingy basement. Her boys have ensconsed her in a swanky new red-brick house in Warwick, ninety miles or so northwest of London. She has a family of which she can well be proud—as proud as her sons and daughters are of the courageous little woman who set the pace for the Fighting Turpins.

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By C. Steele

HALIFAX, N. S.—Roy Wouters, Canadian middleweight champion scored an unanimous decision over Norm Hayes of Boston in ten tough rounds. The New England fighter floored Wouters in the first and fourth rounds. Fighting uphill, the Canadian piled up points with short body punches which were very effective in slowing up his opponent. Both fighters were bleeding at the final bell.

In the semi-final eight, Bobby Grace, the Bridgewater welter, shaded durable Red Graham of Dartmouth, N. S., in a six round sizzler. Harold Schultz, the Dartmouth southpaw, copped the unanimous decision over Dexter Connors, Truro; lightweights. Bobby Trainor, Charlottetown, outpointed young Ernst, Bridgewater, in four; welters

Billed as for the welterweight championship of the Maritimes Tommy Spencer, New Waterford, N. S., outpointed Harry Poulton, Charlottetown, P.E.I., in ten rounds.

Jackie Murdock outpointed Kid Sullivan in six. Freddie Wilson stopped Alvin McLean in the fifth of a scheduled six round bout; welters. In a featherweight fight, Kid McNeil stopped Kid Doucette in round one.

Moncton, N. B.—Yvon Durelle was awarded a six round KO over Cobey McCluskey when the commission physician instructed the referee to halt the bout due to McCluskey suffering a broken hand.

Brother Ernie Durelle decisioned Austin Brown, Joggins, in the semi-final six. Harold Leslie, St. John welter, iced Lennie Lavoie, Moncton, in round one.

Promoters—We have a main event fighter ready to meet any featherweight in the world.

Freddie Cookson, of Montreal, former Golden Glove Champion of Canada, is now a confirmed "Bluenose." Freddie has settled in the town of Digby, N. S., but is still very active in cauliflower alley by refereeing main events at Yarmouth and promoting at Digby. He also has developed several clever boxers in his home town that have shown well in the red hot boxing town of Yarmouth.

Freddie defeated Johnny Greco, back in 1939 at Montreal and fought as a pro in New York and Montreal. Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, once noted Freddie as "one of the best amateur boxers in Canada."

IN BRITISH GUIANA
By Stan Santos

HECTOR CONSTANCE, 147½, welterweight king of Trinidad, was held to a draw by Len Houston, 141½, of British Guiana, before a poor crowd on the B.G.C.C. grounds, Thomas. The affair was extremely tame.

Supporting the main event was a scheduled eight-rounder which was reduced to one round by Doug Armstrong, 144, who sent J. Carter, 133½, of Barbados, to dreamland soon after the opening bell.

Preceding the above were two preliminaries which both ended in the second session in the same fashion. M. Bobb, 134, was victorious over C. Abrams, 121, when the referee called a halt, while Pat Hyman was also saved by the referee from Young Abrigo.

It is interesting to note that in all the above fights, except the main event, boxers were made to step out of their own classes. The results were easily forecast. Should this be allowed to continue, boxing fans will quit attending the shows. It is expected that the boxing board will look into the matter with keener interest and will not allow such matches to pass by them in the future.

This writer can be located at 117 Regent Street, Lacytown, or P.O. Box 172, Georgetown, British Guiana, South America.

COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By Charlie Longo

ALTHOUGH Irish Bob Murphy redeemed himself by stopping Joe Rindone in their return bout at Braves Field before a gathering of 16,501 fans who paid a gross of $52,156.25, the heavyweight advantage had much to do with Rindone's knockout. The fight was one of the toughest and roughest seen here in years, with Bob doing the rough work. Tactics that ordinarily are not seen in a boxing match, were in evidence throughout the fight.

Back in April the pair fought in Boston and Bob lost on a foul. This time he was out to redeem himself

Murphy, a head taller and 11½ pounds heavier, used all of his physical advantage to put his man away. Thus he rolled up his 55th knockout in 65 professional fights.

Rindone is a good fighter—make no mistake about that, but he found that he cannot yield weight and height to as tough a battler as Murphy. Murphy's two visits to the Hub were highly profitable as he took away a total of $93,454 for the two fights.

It looks like Brockton, Mass., will have the next heavyweight champion of the world in Rocky Marciano the boy who knocked out Rex Layne, from Lewiston, Utah. The Hard Rock is one of the greatest punchers that has come around in many a year. A real good fighter who just loves to walk in and throw punches—that's Marciano The old Rock is going places and it won't be long when Boston via Brockton may have the next heavyweight champion of the world.

Thompsonville, Conn.—Johnny O'Brien, Boston, won New England Bantamweight title when Danny Falcone failed to answer the bell for the eleventh round. Falcone, who hails from Manchester, Conn., was in no condition to continue. Clem Crowley manages the affairs of O'Brien.

Attention fighters, managers, wishing work in the New England States, contact Charlie Longo, 249 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

BOXING IN PANAMA
By Arturo H. Le Conte

BABY GREEN, 122, Panama bantamweight champion, handed the ranking Black Pico, 115, his second straight setback in Panama. The Cuban, who weighed 115, thanks to the boxing commission, which allowed him to step on the scale wearing pants and a shirt, was leading on points when the referee halted the contest in the sixth round on account of Pico's badly sliced left optic. The little lad from Rhumbaland took the fight to Green while it lasted. Green won by a T.K.O. in six rounds.

Silvester Wallace, 125, hit the comeback highway in great style by rocking the highly-rated Steven Bennett, 125½, to sleep in less than two heats. When Wallace decided on turning on the heat, Steven was knocked cold. Battling Escudero, 119, was easily outclassed by Colon's up-and-coming Leslie Thompson, 118. Escudero, bleeding over his left eye, took the count on his stool in the fourth frame. Pedro Tesis, 112, made his debut in the slug-for-pay ranks by chilling Mel Bourne, 112, in four.

Local promoters are still on a wild hunt trying to pick a good featherweight around Latin America to box Federico Plummer, Panama's excellent boxer.

Luis Thompson, 131¾, lightweight hopeful, fooled the skeptics for the second time in a row by downing Leonel Peralta, 134½, in ten rounds. Peralta was gunning for his eighth straight victory, while Thompson was out hunting his 15th straight.

Vince Worrell, 124½, scored a three-round technical kayo over James Milton, 125½. Carlos Watson, 133, Gold Coast, promising lightie, belted out a win over Beto Scantleburry, 136, in a six. Fidel Morris, 123, broke the ice on the program by dropping a four-round duke to Victor Ardines, 124.

This writer's address is: Arturo H. Le Conte, Edificio Galvez, Apt. 16, Calle 31 Este, No. 1.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, BOXING NEWS
By Leo Vollnhofer

ON July 13, at the Wiener Eislaufverein, a capacity crowd of 10,000, with several thousand turned away, came out to see the show. There were numerous American soldiers among them and the police had to be called out to handle the enthusiastic gathering. Had the promoters been able to foresee public reaction to the fight card they would have staged the bouts at the Vienna Stadium.

Nesladek, 147, for many years a leading contender for Austria's welter crown, fought Kubes, 157, a draw over six rounds. Nesladek has a good left hand but Kubes is a dangerous puncher.

Antonio Acita, 209, from Argentina, who came over here with former Austrian welterweight king Peter Hanna, lost a six-round decision to young Waniek. Acita had 116 amateur fights, losing only four, and had won his only two pro bouts.

The first right cross floored Acita, but with every round the Argentina battler grew better. This was Waniek's second pro bout and he showed to good advantage.

Al Hoosman, 209½, halted Jo Weidin, 212, when the latter was unable to come out for the sixth round due to a bad cut he had received midway in the second.

Marchant, 133, successfully defended his lightweight crown by decisioning Kochmanowitsch, 131, over 12 rounds. The latter was the aggressor for 11 rounds but time and again was countered by the clever Marchant, who piled up a nice lead despite the steady attacks of the former featherweight champion. In the 12th, Marchant suddenly attacked, having his opponent on the verge of a knockout.

At St. Polten, the Austrian welterweight champion, Ernest Walter, 145, drew with a young unknown, Freudendorfer, 139, in a non-title match.

The winners of the Austrian amateur championships, held in July, were: Flyweight—Biedler (Tyrol); bantamweight—Schmoellerl (Lower Austria); featherweight—Dyma (Vienna); lightweight—Kogler (Styria); light-welterweight—Schalek (Vienna); welterweight—Kolarits (Tyrol); light-middleweight—Kraxner (Carinthia); middleweight—Wolf (Upper Austria); light-heavyweight—Michtits (Vienna); heavyweight—Machein (Upper Austria).

SLUGGING

(Continued from page 12)

Terry McGovern, Battling Nelson, Stanley Ketchel and Jim Jeffries make up a list of sluggers who are hard to beat in the annals of fighting. McGovern knew nothing except to bang away at an opponent. He tore into the man who faced him in the ring like an enraged lion, and he usually won in quick time. Finally he met Young Corbett, the second great fighter to use that name. Corbett possessed some ring knowledge with the ability to slug as well. He thoroughly out-classed McGovern, whipping him in two rounds and never suffered as much as a severe bruise.

Battling Nelson possessed both the power to assimilate punishment and the ability to deal it out to a degree never seen before in any fighter, big or little. Most of his fights were bitter, slashing affairs and, considering that, it is amazing that he was able to last for over twenty years in the ring.

JEFFRIES was the same type of fighter as Nelson but being a big man, his fights were not fought at the furious pace of Nelson's. Take the Dane's three battles with Joe Gans for example. Gans was one of the greatest ring generals and one of the most scientific men the lightweight division has ever developed. Nelson, however, never showed any signs of fear. He tore into Gans in every fight and, ever willing to swap punch for punch, drove Gans around the ring with punch after punch until he had him badly beaten.

Abe Attell was one of the few wonders of the ring, a combination scientific fighter with the punch. He could give away weight and invariably win. What type of fighter could beat Attell? Few indeed. Sluggers could never do it. It took fighters primarily of the same type as Abe—boxers such as Jem Driscoll and Johnny Kilbane.

Kilbane belonged to the class who though having an abundance of scientific ability, failed to reach true greatness because they lacked the punch to go with it. The same holds true in more recent times of Billy Conn and for that matter, Willie Pep.

If the Pep of a few years ago had an explosive punch to go with his scientific boxing there could be little doubt that he would be ranked as the greatest featherweight of all time. The present light-heavyweight champion, Joey Maxim, an extremely fine boxer, has of late shown that he has developed a knockout punch and when the opportunity presents itself, he can finish off an opponent. However, he will have to meet more of the top notch light-heavy and heavyweights and demonstrate this new-found power against them before that statement can stick.

BENNY LEONARD, one of the cleverest boxers of all time, had the necessary punch to move him into the realm of greatness. Leonard, a marvelous workman and showman, when he wanted to, could call his shots.

Jack Dempsey was strictly a slugger but his punch was so devastating that few fighters could stand with him. However, it was the men with boxing ability—at times, even with a scant amount of such ability—who gave him most trouble. Tunney whipped him twice but not alone on his boxing, for the Marine could combine it with a sharp punch.

Our current day fighters tend to be all slugger and nothing else. When a fighter does come along who knows how to defend himself, outmaneuver and outgeneral his opponent and can throw a punch reasonably well, he can quickly move to the front. Lee Savold is a case in point. Ezzard Charles is another who can stand above the field today because for the most part the heavyweight division is made up of mauling, awkward sluggers.

It follows that an outstanding fighter who depends wholly on either slugging or boxing, without the ability to change over when the occasion demands, will fall short of greatness.

However, the scientific boxer with a sharp punch will invariably defeat the slugger with the ability to take punishment.

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FIGHTING CHAPLAIN BOOSTS WALCOTT AND HIS FAITH

(Continued from page 9)

A man may lose his life while swimming, playing football, climbing a mountain, dashing over the ice in hockey, ski-jumping, or in a host of other ways.

I HAVE known all kinds of men in boxing. Some are good, and some are bad; but this is true of engineers, farmers, merchants, teachers, ministers, and so on ad infinitum. It is my testimony that I have confidence in the rank and file of the men who teach "the manly art of self-defense." I have known men of integrity, who honored father and mother, attended the House of God regularly, could not be "bought off" by gamblers, and followed the principles of good sportsmanship to the letter.

It has done my heart good to see hundreds of German boys go "all out" to win a hard-fought boxing match, and then after the contest to see the winner or the loser help the other one through the ropes, congratulate him on having waged a good fight, and then go to the table and eat a steak together.

I believe that the Germany of tomorrow, which must have a place among the family of nations, will find its best leadership among such young men, who add to their physical prowess the cultivation of the mind and the soul. Of course the gymnasium without the school and the church would only produce a group of gorillas.

I can testify that one of the best means of winning youth for God and human decency is through the medium of competitive sports. At Fort Knox, Kentucky, our regimental Catholic chaplain had charge of the basketball team, and I managed the boxing team. Thousands of men came every week to our athletic programs—AND WE ALSO HAD THE LARGEST ATTENDANCE AT CHURCH ON SUNDAY. By using some sport the minister of religion can win the confidence of his men, land many solid punches for the cause of God and righteousness, and add an entirely new dimension to his ministry.

THE HARD ROCK

(Continued from page 19)

then cracked Jim with a left hook to the body and a right to the jaw.

Maloney tried to save himself by clinching, but Heeney pulled loose, crowded the Boston Irishman into a neutral corner and nailed him with a vicious right to the jaw.

Jim was badly jolted, and before he could shake off the effects of the clout, Heeney clipped him with another right to the chin.

Maloney fell forward, his face ploughing into the canvas. Spread out full length, he did not move for several seconds as Referee Patsy Haley tolled off the count. Jim began to stir at three and struggled desperately to pull himself up, but was crawling unsteadily on his hands and knees when Haley reached the fateful ten.

The bout lasted only one minute, 17 seconds. It was, up to then, the fastest main-event knockout scored in the New Garden—and it got the surprising, and surprised, Tom Heeney off to a flying start in the scramble for next crack at Gene Tunney and the world heavyweight title.

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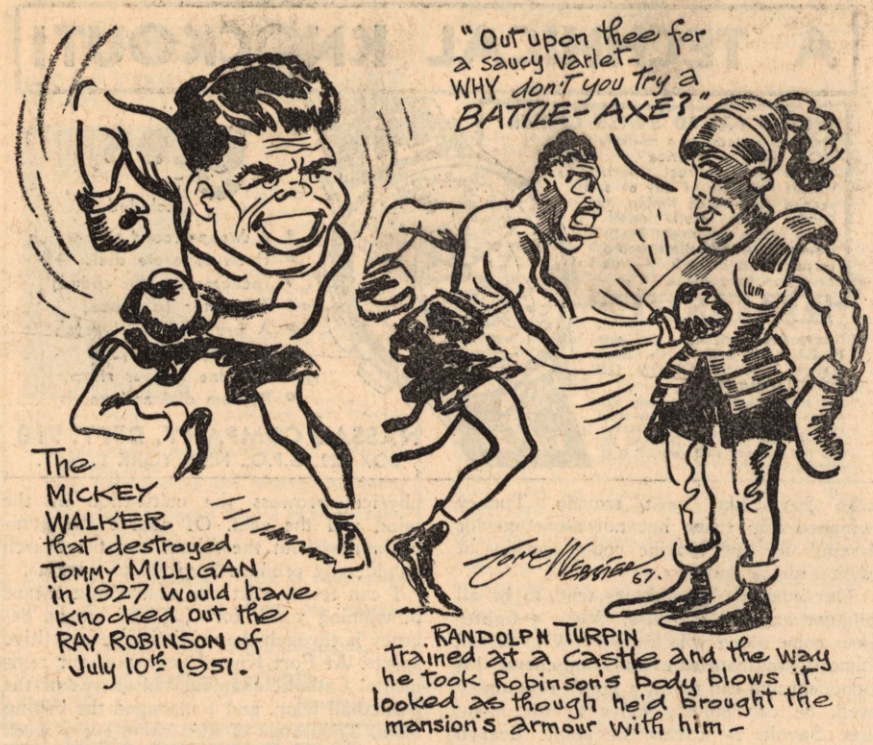

This is how the Turpin-Robinson bout in London impressed Great Britain's famous cartoonist, Tom Webster. Tom will be remembered by veteran followers of boxing in America for his many trips to the States to cover international boxing contests.

WEAKNESS AND CONQUEST

(Continued from page 25)

of seeing Ezz in combat. This galled Ezzard to the point where in his fight with Walcott he threw caution to the winds and went in for the kill.

A crafty fighter, whose brain had put him on top, he took chances and destiny was not kind. A left hook to the body followed by a left hook to the jaw in the seventh round separated the dusky warrior from his crown.

Aware of his weakness, he had climbed to the championship by protecting it. Then his public developed in him a neurosis—his pride—and "Pride goeth before a fall." He wanted the plaudits of the crowd and was willing to chance everything for it. Unfortunately he gambled and lost.

Walcott was fighting his age and knew that he had to get Charles quickly. Age, that greatest weakness to all athletes, was also Walcott's. But, defying this handicap, Walcott threw his cagey type attack to the winds and went after Charles with all steam up. He stowed him away and won a victory over the little man with the beard.

The many fistic upsets of the past few months are marked evidence that form is not always the determining factor in a contest.

In the fight between Bob Murphy and LaMotta, LaMotta was picked by all the wise noggins as the winner. So what happened? LaMotta, who had never been off his feet, who reputedly had no weakness, except that he was no Fancy Dan, got himself decisively shellacked. It figured that Robinson would accomplish exactly what he did with Jake in their middleweight title go, since Robby was a topflight boxer with a kick in either hand. But Murphy had only two weapons, his left hook and his aggressiveness.

Those of us who have seen Murphy in his many fights, especially his memorable imbroglio with Harry Matthews, felt that the sailor was weak on defense, that his body was wide open, as was his jaw. A lot of deficiency. Yet he overcame all this to knock out LaMotta and go on to fight Joey Maxim for the title. Another case of overcoming deficiences.

The new lightweight champion of the world, Jimmy Carter, is a remarkable ring mechanic. He knew all the tricks, all the moves, had a good punch and plenty of ring savvy, BUT Jimmy had his drawback.

"Instead of coming, he went." Carter would fight just as much as he had to and often not that hard. So when matched with Williams his lack of color and push in the ring didn't make him a favorite son.

Carter overcame his weakness and stopped Williams in 14 rounds to take top billing over all the lightweights. Since capturing the crown he has changed his ways and is becoming a much more colorful fighter.

Even the all-time greats had their flaws. It is the measure of ability of fighters to overcome these shortages that cause them to make the grade, or go down the drain.

COVERING PHILADELPHIA

By Archie Pirolli

GIL TURNER, the hottest welterweight in Philadelphia, managed by Georgie Katz, climbed a step higher in the division when he stopped Charley Fusari, at Shibe Park here under the promotion of Herman Taylor. Turner showed gameness in one of the best fights staged in this area in a long time. The fight ended in the 11th round before 14,627 fans who paid $60,263.73 to witness the scheduled 12-round contest.

The undefeated 20-year-old prospect scored his 22nd consecutive and most thrilling fight of his professional career.

Cortez Jackson, 126, Phila., and Little Beau, 120, Phila., drew in a furious four-rounder. Orlando Zulueta, 132, gained the decision over Bob Fenty, New York, in eight.

Jetson Arnold, 142, Phila., was extended to gain the nod over Honey Elliott, 140, Phila.

Henry Beltrante, stopped Billy Little, 125, Phila., in the first round, and Freddy Russo, Rahway, N. J., defeated Tony Miragliotta, Charleston, W. Va.

Frank Palermo, manager of former lightweight champion Ike Williams, has two potential champions in Clarence Henry, California heavyweight, now making his home here, and Johnny Saxton, New York welterweight. Henry defeated Amelio Agramonte and Jimmy Bivins under Palermo's wind and Saxton has won all of his 18 professional bouts

---

Frankie Green, Chester promoter, has developed many Chester youngsters who will be ready for the big clubs this winter. Among them are Rocky Jones, heavyweight; Chuck Goldsby, middleweight; Jimmy Spence, welterweight; Chico Corsey, 140, and Joe Aurillo, 160.

Harold Johnson, light-heavyweight, is still aiming for a title match. In his most recent victories he scored a knockout over Elkins Brothers and over Chubby Wright. Harold has engaged in 35 bouts and lost two.

Cambria A.C. opened in September after the alterations and new seating arrangements were completed. Joe Wenke is the promoter.

Chester results—Joe Brewer, 152, Phila., won over Jimmy DeCerio, 150½, Norristown, in the featured eight round bout. Brewer, after some reverses seems to have gained his old form.

Gene Takash, 140, Trenton, won over Jimmy Spence, 144, Chester, in six. Art Mullin, 119, Phila., decisioned Fishcake Donaldson, 124, Phila., in a six rounder. Jimmy Carelli, 141, Wilmington, Del., defeated Buddy Sweet, 139, Harrisburg, in four. Ted Queen, 140, Phila., decisioned Chico Corsey, 140, Chester, in four.

Jetson Arnold, 144, Phila., scored a technical KO in the third round over Joe Brewer, 150, Phila. Brewer suffered a severe cut eye and the referee stopped the bout before the round ended.

Joe Aurillo, 162½, Chester, defeated Al Berry, 171, Phila., in six. Tony Wolfe, 157, Lebanon, won over Johnny Brown, 156, Phila., in six. In four rounders, Gomez, 165, Chester, decisioned George Watson, 166, Phila., and Terry Gibson, 151, Phila., fought a draw with George Schley, 149, Atlantic City.

Frankie Sodano, 126, Philadelphia contender, scored a TKO over Jerry Kortright, 126, New York, in the seventh round.

In the semi-final of six rounds, Jimmy Dockery, 161 Chester, won over Jimmy Lee, 164, New York. Elwood Davis, 135, Phila., and Marvin Hickman, 130, Phila., fought a six round draw. Jimmy Carelli, 140, Wilmington, stopped Earl Kelly, 140, Atlantic City, in the second round, and Frankie Di Piano, 125, Phila., won a four round decision over Ike Wilson, 124, Philadelphia.

Toppi Stadium—Johnny Saxton, unbeaten New York welterweight, scored his 18th straight in a row when he technically knocked out Joey Carkido, 143½, Youngstown, Ohio, in the fifth round. The fight was halted by Referee Pete Tomasco, after Carkido's trainer, Johnny Sulla, refused to allow the Ohioan to come out for the sixth round.

Harold Moore, 160, Phila., halted Joe Benadies, Phila., in the first round. Jetson Arnold 144, Phila., decisioned Lloyd Tate, 152, Phila., in six. In the opening six rounder, Basil Mirigliotti, 138, Fairmont, W. Va., outpointed Nate Spellman, 141, Phila. The second bout, also six rounds, was won by Jimmy Franklin, 157, Phila., by a TKO over Tony Wolfe, 158, Lebanon, Pa., in the first round.

Johnny Saxton, 148, Phila., scored a TKO over Lloyd Tate, 150, Phila., in the third round. Saxton, in a whirlwind exhibition of punching, displayed plenty of ability and looms as the top ex-heavyweight challenger.

George Benton, 148, Phila., won on a TKO over Emmett Norris, Reading, in the sixth round when he opened a cut over the left eye of his opponent.

In another eight rounder, Bobby Lloyd, 147, Scranton, outmauled Frankie Kid Anslem, Jr., 143, Phila. Lenny Richards, 139, Phila., stopped Ducky Willis, 145, Wilmington, in the first round and Tony Cocco, 121, Phila., stopped Billy Jones, Phila, in the first round.

In answer to many letters, here are the promoters in this area: Herman Taylor (The Arena club), 718 Bankers Securities Bldg., 1315 Walnut St., Phila. Jimmy Toppi (The Met club), Broad and Poplar Sts., Phila. Joe Wenke (Cambria A.C.), 2775 Kensington Ave., Phila. Frankie Green (Lloyd A.A. club), 1106 Concord Ave., Chester, Pa., and Pep Barone, 616 Hamilton St. Allentown, Pa.

Unattached boxers who desire to show in these parts, kindly get in touch with me at Shubert Bldg., 250 S. Broad St., Phila. 2, Pa.

ALBERTANTI RECOLLECTS WHEN

(Continued from page 28)

'What are we gonna do with this?' they all asked me. 'The guy ain't got a chance!'"

"It was a different story after the fight. You should have seen them scrambling around for copies of the yarn," he proudly recalls.

GENE TUNNEY considered himself an authority on good writing, Albertanti discloses.

"One day after I'd finished writing a press release in Red Bank, N. J., for the Tunney-Heeney fight, Gene walked over and asked to see it. I handed it to him, and serious as a judge Tunney looked it over. He gave it back to me, nodded, and turned and walked off. 'Well, boys,' I said, 'after 20 years I'm made at last, Gene Tunney just okayed my script,'" chuckled Frank.

Francis has a high regard for boxers as people and personalities. "What a swell fellow that Gans was, he loved to gamble but he was a sweetheart. Dixon was a swell fellow too, and so was the original Joe Walcott. I'm the one who talked Carey into giving him a job as porter around the Garden about 20 years ago. I always liked LaMotta too. They say he's tight but he was never slow picking up a check when I was around him."

Frank handled Jake's personal publicity for a while. "He was a real good fighter then and nobody would fight him. I had to give it up because he expected me to get the Russians off the front page and get in LaMotta," he laughs.

"Schmeling wasn't a bad guy, but he was awfully tight. He kept trying to get me to go back to Germany with him on that big Zeppelin after the first Louis fight."

FRANK is very definite in his opinions of the standouts in Boxing. "I think the best heavyweight of them all was Jack Johnson; light-heavyweight, Bob Fitzsimmons; middleweight, Stanley Ketchell; welterweight, Joe Walcott; lightweight, Joe Gans; featherweight, Abe Attell; bantamweights, a tie between Terry M'Govern and George Dixon; flyweight, Pancho Villa," he announces.

He's equally sure in his choices of the best manager and matchmaker.

"I'll take Billy Gibson as my best manager. There never was a matchmaker as good as old Leo P. Flynn. Working for the old Garden he put on great fights and gave everybody a chance whether he liked them personally or not."

One fight sticks in Francis' memory as the toughest. That was the slashing encounter between Willie Ritchie and Leach Cross in the old Garden for the lightweight title years ago. His choice of favorite fighter comes as a surprise though.

"I always liked that little Richie Mitchell out of Milwaukee. He gave you plenty of excitement every time he stepped in there."

Albertanti always has taken great pride in having tagged Mickey Walker the Toy Bulldog, a nickname that stuck with the former champion all through his career.

After 50 years around it, he's surer than ever that there's no sport to equal boxing.

"Look what people pay to see it," he argues. "You don't get the prices for tickets in any other sport that you do in boxing. That means people rate it higher than anything else. Kids go from neighborhoods like the one I came out of, to Park Ave. by boxing How else can you do that? It's popular all over the world, wherever you go. What more can you say about it?"

NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD

(Continued from page 35)

Pacific soon after he had joined the service, and saw action at Iwo Jima, Bougainville, and Saipan, where he displayed that reckless courage that is part of his make-up, and where he was wounded three times.

Lewin is made of stern stuff, and he recovered quickly from each of his wounds, returning to the fray with increased enthusiasm after each recovery. For his bravery he received several decorations.

Upon receiving his honorable discharge at the end of the war, Lewin returned to Buffalo, his native city, and began the hard and long years of training that were to precede his entrance into the professional ranks. He made his debut in his home town, and was an instantaneous success. He won his first bout, and has never lost one since.

Lewin is a 6-foot, 1-inch, 218-pound youth of 24, with the body beautiful and with the face of a Greek god. He has had more than 50 matches, in all of which he has displayed courage, speed, and skill. He is clever, not rough, and the ladies will heave many a sigh upon his appearance in the ring.

IN CANADIAN RINGS

(Continued from page 29)

ing out Lou Alter of Montreal in his second start as a 10-round plus fighter in June of 1950, and defended the title six months later by easily decisioning up and coming Davey Mitchell of Toronto.

Almond's only loss was suffered at the hands of Nick Smith, who knocked him out in the tenth round after Almond had built up a lead that would have earned him the decision. He reversed that sole loss two months later, however, by soundly whipping Smith.

Of his 14 victories, nine of them have been scored via the knockout route—proof positive that the kid they are calling another Jimmy McLarnin can sock. He is trained and managed by Len Gervais, as good a handler of fighters as there is.

Boxing men have often been heard to say that the difference between an ordinary fighter and a great fighter is his punch and physical devotion to the sport of boxing.

If such is true, Calgary's Ernie Kemick has all the ear-markings of a future champion.

Kemick, a comparative youngster to professional ranks, has proven in his fights to date that he possesses the natural ability to become a top-flight fighter. In 28 fights, he has scored 13 knockouts, recorded five draws and has suffered three defeats—two of which were to highly rated fighters.

Born in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, in 1929, Ernest Ernie—as he is known in Alberta—started his boxing career in 1947, and was undefeated in his first 18 fights. Hal Holloway of Tacoma broke the string by winning a 10-round decision.

His other losses were to Seattle's Joey Velez, a fight which saw him become careless after having Velez on the canvas, and Edmonton's Georgie Dunn.

In an earlier match with Velez, Kemick scored two knockdowns, only to be held to a draw. Although not listed on Velez's record, that fight took place October 12, 1950, in Calgary.

At this writing, Ernest Ernie is planning an invasion of Eastern Canada, where he hopes to obtain matches with 'Lil Arthur King, Armand Savoie, Solly Cantor and Allan McFater.

The Canadian Boxing Federation, for some strange reason, completely ignored the hard-hitting Calgarian in their annual ratings of Canadian fighters—and Kemick would like to prove to them that he is a definite threat for the British Empire title, presently held by Arthur King, and perhaps later a world championship.

Canada, with six past world champions, looks forward to their lucky seventh.

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CROWD PLEASERS

(Continued from page 26)

Class Eddie Marcus, a pro fighter, told him afterward that he should join the fight-for-pay ranks with earnest. Steen did and in 1947 took the measure of the same man who started him, winning a ten round bout at San Diego.

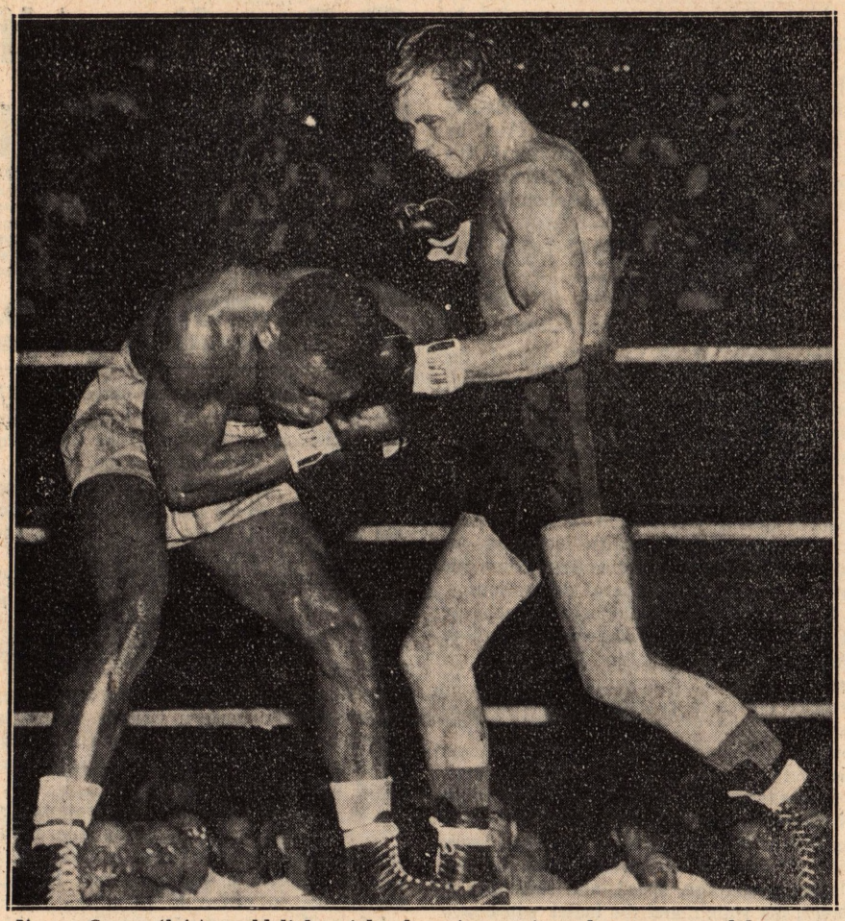
Born July 28, 1925, Steen's early boyhood was taken up with street fights in New Orleans. He was also an outstanding baseball player on his high school team.

His hardest fight was with Ike Williams, a decision he lost, in 1949 when the ex-lightweight champion was at his best. Steen has met most of the top men in the lightweight and welterweight division among them Charley Salas, Bernard Docusen, John L. Davis, Tommy Campbell, Frankie Fernandez, Otis Graham, Freddy Dawson and Joe Brown.

He drifted down to Australia late in 1950 and scored a five-round kayo over Harry Hayes, was involved in a ten-round no contest with Joe Brown and lost a decision to triple champion of Australia, Dave Sands, to whom he gave away ten pounds.

In his first start since his return he won a decision over Bobby Hughes at Madison Square Garden.

A stickler for condition and training, Steen, managed by Travis Hatfield, knows it is part of the battle to get to the top.



Jimmy Carter (left) world lightweight champion, registered a seven-round kayo over Del Flanagan at Minneapolis, Minnesota, when Del was unable to answer the bell for the seventh in their non-title bout. Here we see Carter covering up as Flanagan moves in with his right hand cocked. Flanagan was ahead in points at the time the bout was stopped because of an injury to Flanagan's shoulder.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

DANNY NARDICO, heavy-hitting light-heavyweight out of Tampa, wrote finis to Anton Raadik's boxing career when he technically knocked out Tom Walsh's fighter in the second round of their scheduled tenner at Miami's Bayfront Auditorium on July 23. The dead-game Estonian never had a chance. Nardico started like a tornado and continued his furious fire until he dropped his man with a right to the mouth in the second round. Raadik made it up at nine but his suffering was shortened as Referee Billy Regan humanely stopped the slaughter. Manager Walsh did not like Regan's action, but he later agreed with Commissioner Dr. James J. McCormick that Raadik be retired from the game. Which makes Regan's decision a correct and just one. Triumphant Nardico, a light-heavy edition of Tommy Gomez, tipped the Toledoes at 173. Rugged Raadik came in at 167½. Promoted by W. H. Peeples, Jr., the show drew 1,450 customers and a gate of $2,218.50.

Results of the Nardico-Raadik undercard: In the semi-final an eight rounder Harry Braelow, 152, decisioned Chief Crazy Horse, 149, in a good slugging match. It was just that all the way. James Clark, 151, had a tough scrap on his hands with Honey Boy Whipple, 155, but managed to cart away the six rounder. Clark's knockdown of Whipple, a nice right hand shot in the second for "nine" helped him out. Another leather-tossing affair ended even after six rousing rounds between Billy Lauderdale, 139½, and Pablo Rodriguez, 138.

Billy Kilgore's two upsets over Jose Basora and Georgie Small and the good win Bobby Dykes scored over Ernie Durando, all in the Miami area, were excellent boosts for Magic City boxing. The Kilgore-Small fight report is late in arriving to this column and will be carried in our next.

Marcel Brisebois, a young Canadian welterweight, can fit well in the fight picture around Miami this season after shellacking Chico Pacheco in a ten round affair at Miami Beach, July 25. The Montreal mittster, having shown there several times, was given a test in the Brazilian trial horse and he came through in great fashion. This probably means, if he continues with his good work, a shot at Bobby Dykes.

The winner, outweighed 147½ to 155, had the upper hand all the way and used both hands at the rock-like Chico, who could offer nothing but his remarkable courage. Brisebois breezed to victory. Looks like Manager Willie Ketchum has another budding star. This was a Chris Dundee promotion.

Results of the Brisebois-Pacheco undercard: Harold Sampson, 165, of Cliffside, N. J., showed good punching form in taking a one round TKO victory at the expense of Charlie Mercer, 175, Manassas, Va. A right hander to the jaw settled it. A hot six round argument between Billy Lauderdale and Pablo Rodriguez ended in a draw. Bo Willis won by a knockout in the opening round over Joe Carter. A special sixer found Art Davis awarded a debatable decision over Ray White. The attendance of 1,720 chipped in $3,840.

It's going to take more than just a good fighter to beat Bobby Dykes. The fellow who tries it simply has to be two times as good as Dykes is. Reason for that is Bobby is almost unbeatable in the Magic City. He hasn't lost one down there in quite some time. A gent by the name of Frankie Abrams did it last but Dykes evened the score later and for good measure stopped him in a third clash.

Now take Ernie Durando, the Bulldog from Bayonne, N. J. Many Miamians figured he would be just the man to make Dykes holler "Uncle." But Dykes wouldn't be convinced, and he showed Ernie the trip from the Skeeter State to Miami was almost in vain. It did Ernie good to come down for by doing so he finally fulfilled his obligation to Promoter W. H. Peeples, Jr. The Coral Gables impresario, staging this one at the Bayfront Auditorium in Miami on July 30, had signed Dykes and Durando at an earlier date but Ernie pulled out, thereby causing his suspension. Now the Jersey lad is back in good graces and to his credit it must be said he tried hard, especially in the early frames, to put the damper on Dykes. Bobby won the votes of the three officials. The winner scaled 148¾, and the loser 157.

The Dykes-Durando undercard: Irving Paletsky, 163, decisioned Hal Meredith, 157, in a sensational battle. This was an eight round semi and took care of most of the night's action. Billy Lauderdale, 138¾, won an unpopular sixer from Pablo Rodriguez, 140¼. This was their third meeting within eight days. Ray White, 152, sliced out a very thin edge over Art Davis, 147, in another sixer and gained revenge this time. Jimmy Morris, 152, nodded James Clark, 151, in a six spot, and the customers were treated to a battle royal for good measure. In all, Major Peeples, and his son Bill, had a 36 round program. A gathering of 2,246 paid $4,088.95 to see it.

Here are the winners in the Miami Beach Fifth Annual Amateur Boxing Tournament conducted by the MB Recreation Department at North Shore Park. Sixty-five youngsters had competed. In the Midget Division, ages 5-6, Bob Sicola (1), Polo Park; Leo Case (2), North Shore Park. Midget Division, ages 7-8, Mike Mann (1), Polo Park; Stephen Polesov (2), Normandy Isle. Midget Division, ages 7-8 (Heavyweights), Richard Cohen (1), Flamingo Park; Jerry Berkowitz (2), Flamingo Park. Junior Division, ages 9-10, Marvin Heckler (1), Washington Park; David Glassman (2), Washington Park. Junior Division, ages 11-12, Dan Turner (1), Normandy Isle; Milton Tupler (2), Polo Park. Senior Division, ages 13-14, Sam Berger (1), Washington Park; Max Diamond (2), Washington Park. Senior Division, ages 15-17, Eddie Shear (1), Washington Park.

Losing several successive fights can be boresome. This is how Billy Kilgore probably felt in dropping a pair of contests to Bobby Dykes at Miami. However, the former Birmingham boy saw himself on the winning side when pitted against Jose Basora, of Puerto Rico, in Harry Zuckerman's first fight show at the Bayfront Auditorium on July 9. The boys, matched by Tommy DeTardo, waged a good bout but it was so close and to decide on a winner would cause grumbles one way or the other. And that's just what happened when Kilgore was given all votes in the ten rounder. Billy was credited with scoring the cleaner blows while Jose appeared best in close quarters. There were no knockdowns nor was either man in any danger. It was a fine win for Kilgore, despite the unpopular verdict, and the couple may be rematched. Billy at 167¾, Jose, managed by Eddie Walker. at 166.

The Zuckerman-DeTardo combo had an excellent undercard to go along with the headliner. Billy Scholes, of Tampa, and his capable rival, Roger Siclare, of Pittsburgh, gave the customers eight rounds of good boxing. According to Miami Boxing Commission secretary Petey Sarron, former featherweight champion, this affair was a spine-tingler all the way. Scholes was hard-pressed to earn a knife edge nod. The lads are lightweights. Jimmy Morris, 155, won a sixer from Honey Chile Whipple in a middleweight bout between local boys. Jimmy decked Whipple during the contest. Billy Lima, 120, decisioned Bobby Brooks, 125, in six, and Larry Mann, 143, earned a four over Jimmy Kilpatrick, 141½, in a good opener. This pair waged a beautiful fight, said Sarron, and both show promise.

Bill Heydorn, former New York City boxing promoter, and for the past few years a resident of Melrose, Florida, where he feels his health has taken a quick turn for the better, went up to N.Y.C. to pay the 'ole gang a visit. Bill kept this corner posted.

Bobby Dykes, Miami's welterweight title hope, trekked to Corpus Christi and appeared against Ray Garcia, of Seattle, in the main event. The Floridian flashed his popular form and Garcia got the message. Bobby scored a four round TKO over his 158 pound foe. The winner tipped 151 for his tilt. He had dropped Ray in the second before the fatal fourth.

Our boxing column in the Jacksonville *Journal*, "Ringside News" gave Jacksonville fans an outlook on the game's future as relayed by Associate-Editor of THE RING Magazine, Nat Loubet. Other choice bits coming in from "Little Nat" went over big with the Jax boxing colony. Contributors like Loubet, John Spitzer, Don Sauer and many others are giving my home town valuable information on what's going on in the sport everywhere. Bob Perkins, former Jacksonville *Journal* middleweight Golden Gloves champion now aboard the USS *Oriskany* in foreign waters, and Sgt. David B. Hartman in Germany are among the latest contributors. Jacksonville and I, sure thank each man immensely.

Please send in all boxing notes, news and results before the fifth of each month for publication in this corner. All Southern news is welcome. Would also appreciate boxing news from the world over to be used in our Jacksonville *Journal* fight column, "Ringside News". Fighters without managers wishing to show in Florida or where we have contacts, can do well by contacting Tom Ephrem, 403 West Ninth Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Phone 6-0182, or Sports Department, Jacksonville *Journal*, Jacksonville, Florida.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By Max Yeargain

A PAID crowd of 6,110 saw Rocky Graziano score a three round knockout over Cecil Hudson, veteran Milwaukee middleweight, at Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium.

Referee Benny Kessler, who has been officiating professional fights for twenty-two years stopped the fight in the third round when Hudson went down from a light tap. Two times prior to his third trip to the canvas Hudson had gone down, one time without being hit, so Kessler refused to count over the Milwaukeean in this third trip to the floor and halted the contest.

The following day the Missouri Athletic Commission held a special investigation. Randall Jessee, Kansas City member of the commission, exonerated Graziano, but recommended indefinite suspension for Hudson and fined him $1,000. Hudson's share of the gate was $2,380 and he was paid the remaining $1,380.

The supporting fights were the best witnessed in this city in recent years. Jesse Turner, 160, St. Louis, reversed the tables on "Candy" Andy Anderson, 159, in a blistering eight round semi-windup. Penny Brown, 157, St. Louis, nodded Joe Arthur, 157, Indianapolis, in another corking good fight. In their first meeting at St. Louis, Arthur had beaten Brown. Fernando Rivera, 140, Kansas City, scored a fifth round TKO over Frank Craig, 142, Omaha. Ray Lee, 160, Kansas City, had to hustle to outpoint Pat O'Grady, Omaha, in five.

Here and there—Bill Sudduth, the Midwest's foremost welterweight, back from Detroit at his home in Topeka and is scheduled to begin training soon for fights this fall. Bobby Spaeth, handsome young Kansas heavyweight champion who drew with Lloyd Gibson on the Sugar Ray Robinson-Jake LaMotta championship card at Chicago several months ago, is making plenty of money with his fleet of dump trucks but will return to the ring this fall. Kansas City's matchmaker would like to make a Major Jones-Chief Alvin Williams match there this fall.

Your correspondent may be contacted by writing Max Yeargain, 2101 Potomac Drive, Topeka Kansas, or dialing 3-7084.

IN EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA
By Glenn Bjarnason

FIGHT fans in western Canada are beginning to wonder whether Georgie Dunn is good enough for some of the top ten in the world's lightweight division. The reason of course is Dunn's win over Irish Tim Dalton of Chicago on August 1. Dalton is a pretty good scrapper. Dunn won the unanimous ten round decision and he looked good doing it. Now fight fans are beginning to howl for a "name boy" to come to Edmonton and see whether or not this guy Dunn has the goods.

Promoter Berry has hopes of securing Calvin Smith for a main event here as Smith already holds one win over Dunn. However, Dunn has sharpened his timing considerably since he arrived here about a year ago. So if a bout can be arranged with Smith, that worthy might find his opponent a little more capable than the last time they met.

On July 7 at Devon, Alberta, Dunn put Nicky Smith away in two minutes of the first round. Smith of course was no test.

On the August 1 card here, Dunn showed his left again to keep Tim Dalton off balance, and the capacity crowd of 3000 enjoyed the scrap. Dalton put on a better display than the 6-1-3, 5-1-4, 5-1-4 decisions handed down. From many quarters it looked like the Chicago lightweight was holding his own well until the seventh round when he began to tire.

It's up to Promoter Jack Berry to furnish a top flight competitor for the shifty Dunn and satisfy Edmonton and western Canadian fight fans as to just how good he is.

In the semi-windup six round bout, veteran Benny Geary was awarded a unanimous decision over Harry Goulding. Jimmy Ego and George Hart of Red Deer fought to a draw in one of the four-round preliminaries.

Billy Maskell makes short work of Bill Goodyear in the other preliminary bout, knocking him out in the first round.

NEWS FROM CUBA
By Dr. J. A. Vieites

AN English promoter seeks the services of Cuban feather champ, Ciro Morasen, of Luis Galvani, bantam king, and Diego Sosa. The three I'm sure would do O.K. in England as they are classy boys. Morasen had to call off his battle with Harold Dade, as he injured his hands administering Miguel Acevedo a terrific pasting last month.

Galvani has fought only twice during the year as his health was not very good. He drew with the American Johnny Carr, a featherweight, but is in training again. He fights this month against old rival, Mexican Luis Castillo.

Diego Sosa in his last fight easily outpointed Harold Dade

Kid Charolito won the Cuban welterweight crown with a one round KO over Chico Varona in 2:58, after scoring one knockdown. After that, he went on to defeat Chuck Taylor, over whom he scored two knockdowns, and stopped Tony Armenteros in three rounds in Santi-Spiritus a week later. Right now Charolito is looking better than ever.

Cuban flyweight champion, Black Pico, had his share of bad luck fighting in Panama. He was opposing the bantamweight leader, Baby Green, who weighed in at 122½, clotheless, while our champ came in at 115 with clothes on. Pico was administering Greene a boxing lesson in the first five rounds when suddenly in the sixth, an accidental butt cut Pico's right eyebrow and the referee had to stop the fight. Pico would like nothing better than to accompany Morasen, Galvani and Sosa to Europe, where he'd be a real hit.

Wrestling is going over big in Cuba. Young Oscar Martinez-Conill is staging the bouts. Jack Dempsey refereed several contests.

MANAGERS LET'S GO

We are now starting to compile the records of all fighters who have participated in professional bouts during the year. These are being assembled for Nat Fleischer's 1952 RING Record Book.

If you are interested in having your fighters' records appear in this issue—without charge—get busy and send us now—don't wait—the complete record of your boy for the year up to date.

Don't cry later if the fighter's record does not appear in our book or fights are missing. That's up to you and you only.

Type on one side of the sheet—name, birthplace, date of birth, manager's name and address and telephone number and complete 1951 record and send to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, 307 West 47th St., New York City 19, N. Y. USA. Foreign and U. S. boxers' records wanted.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

I HAVE long been an admirer of the Editor's writings, and an ardent reader of THE RING, which is unsurpassed as a sporting publication of the highest class. And I should imagine the views and policy of THE RING must carry considerable weight in United States boxing circles. It is, therefore, all the more surprising to me that the administration of the sport in the U.S.A. is in such a parlous state.

In years gone by the fistic products of this Island and in Europe have never been of great stature, speaking generally, but we can at least proudly claim that boxing is run fairly and that any boxer who is considered worthy of a "shot" at a title will be nominated by the controlling board, the fight to be arranged within a given time.

Yet what do we find in the United States? Firstly, a champion can hang on to his title indefinitely, hand-picking his opponents and ignoring his closest challengers. An instance of this is the number of years Archie Moore has been ranked No. 1 contender for the light-heavyweight crown, and also Harry Matthews, who recently whipped Bob Murphy in decisive fashion. So, does Champion Maxim give Moore or Matthews a shot at his title? No, sir, he'll take Murphy! Hardly edifying. And then there's the "90 days return" clause, so beloved of present day champions, whereby two individuals can fight each other over and over again, keeping the title securely between them and freezing any other contender out in the cold.

There's also the business of two separate boards of control, the New York body and the N.B.A., who never seem to agree about anything.

Now, for a country that has monopolized world championships for the years that America has, it is time she set an example by putting her own boxing situation in order.

For the administration of world championships the organization should be on an international basis with an independent chairman who commands the respect of boxing adherents throughout the world. And without wishing to flatter you, Mr. Fleischer, if a vote were taken among boxing enthusiasts of all nations, I am certain that your nomination as that chairman would be virtually unanimous.

I trust that your excellent paper will carry on its good work and may you, personally, enjoy good health for many years to come.

KENNETH NEWTON,
Yorkshire, England

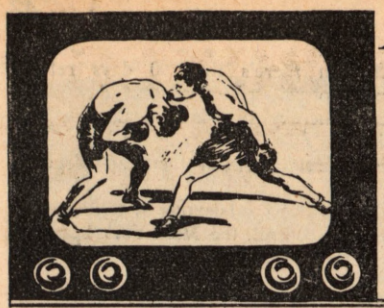
(Unfortunately, the law of the State of New York prohibits the New York Commission from becoming a member of any other organization. But I do blame the New York Board as well as the National Boxing Association for its laxity in ruling on contenders. The six months rule for champions to defend the title has been ignored and as you say, challengers for a title bout more often than not are not listed among the world's ten outstanding fighters of the division.)—EDITOR'S NOTE

IN the June issue of THE RING I read an article stating that Elbows McFadden was in Creedmoor Hospital on Long Island and the following month, a story in THE RING stating that he had died. I don't understand this. I am the chief engineer at the National Naval Medical Center at Bethelda, Maryland, and I know that George Elbows McFadden died here from a heart attack two years ago. He was at the hospital for several years and he often came to my office to discuss his famous fights with Joe Gans, Battling Nelson and others. He was about 75 years old.

I would appreciate it if you tell me how you came to make this mistake.

J. M. ALMOND,
Washington, D. C.

(Sorry, Mr. Almond, THE RING *story is the correct one. George Elbows McFadden was in Creedmoor Hospital and did die a few weeks ago in New York. The McFadden who passed away in Bethelda was not the real McFadden who was christened Edward McFadden. I have his christening certificate. The McFadden whom you knew as George Elbows, was christened Andrew John Tobin and was in his days an ordinary lightweight. He apparently got his friends, among them a U.S. Senator who took care of him in his old age, to believe that he was the real George "Elbows" McFadden. There are many such cases among old men who assume the fighting names of great ring gladiators.)*—EDITOR'S NOTE



TELEVISION and BOXING

By JOHNNY SALAK

THE fight of the year may very easily turn out to be Theater-TV vs. Home Viewing—a battle which has already seen hundreds of thousands of dollars tossed into the fray and bitter rounds to ensue as they vie for outstanding attractions through the late Summer and Fall seasons.

The video boxing fan throughout the country, grown accustomed to watching almost nightly the best and worst fights on a set he bought with that purpose in mind, set up a howl and grew panicky when Theater-TV moved in recently to snatch three exciting and important fights in a row right out of his living room—the Louis-Savold, Marciano-Layne and Murphy-LaMotta thrillers.

Prospective customers grew leery and a sharp decline was noted in the purchase of new sets. Nine leading manufacturers, Dumont, RCA, General Electric, Philco, Sylvania, Westinghouse, Admiral, Crosley and Motorola, awake to the menace that was crimping their business, banded together and with a $100,000 check easily outbid the TV-Theaters, still few in number, to come off with the first round. All that the 11 to 18 television equipped movie houses could muster was $65,000.

It was a coup-de-grace that struck lucky as one of the greatest upsets and popular victories of twenty-five years, ancient Jersey Joe Walcott's smashing defeat of Ezzard Charles to win the world heavyweight title, was viewed over 49 stations by a potential audience of 60,000,000. Pittsburgh and Johnstown both were "blacked out" so that the gate would not be hurt locally.

BUT where do we go from here? At this time only eighteen theaters are equipped for television, a number that cannot compete, even at a small loss, against the tempting offers which can be dangled before the eyes of promoters by the big manufacturers and advertising sponsors. However, twenty-five additional motion picture houses are in the process of installing the necessary paraphernalia and the best estimate is that 100 theaters may be equipped—at $15,800 each by RCA—by late Fall. A substantial group like that, just the start of this form of pay-as-you-view, can conceivably bid on equal terms with the Dumont Television Network.

The fan on the outside, looking in (or vice-versa) must try to understand the problem of the promoter of a show. Granted he wants to give entertainment to as many persons as possible. But his first concern, as is natural in any other business, is to operate at a profit while being able to insure the best talent an equitable return for services rendered.

THE first shows televised did just that. Put on an outstanding card and the arena was filled, in addition to which the promoter and the main eventers received a "tidy little extra" from the sponsors who televised their performances.

But gradually, less and less fans were seen in person at the arenas for the obvious reason that they could watch it on television without having to pay anywhere from two to twenty dollars. Also, it was convenient. No sloshing through rain or snow. No jamming into crowded trains after the fight. No lost time getting home. You were home, at ease and enjoying yourself, or you were at the neighborhood tavern, undoubtedly also enjoying yourself.

From the fans' standpoint it was an ideal set-up. But the promoters and the fighters had a complaint and a logical one. The sponsors could not guarantee the loss of gate receipts—the earning power of fighters was lessened and the profit of promoters was often nil. It seemed that all at once scores of fight clubs throughout the country were folding like the Arabs' famous tents. The fans near the arenas weren't attending and out-of-town, with at times as many as five televised cards emanating from New York in a week, the promoters of clubs felt the same squeeze. The once-paying fan would rather watch a show from the big city, New York, good, bad or indifferent, for free than pay for the small-town promoter's best efforts.

RECEIPTS and attendance in the United States covering the last five years show the resulting trend. Less money, lower attendance and fewer fight clubs. Paradoxically, more persons than ever have been seeing fights. On television, of course.

Gross receipts from boxing in this country were in 1946, $14,000,000; in 1947, $13,500,000; in 1948, $11,240,000; in 1949, $5,000.000; and in 1950, $3,800,000.

Madison Square Garden figures run along an almost parallel line. In 1946 well over $2,000,000 was taken in from fight cards, and the figure had gradually declined each year until 1950 when they showed a slight increase over the previous year. But this figure of $869,000 includes one show, the LaMotta-Mitri affair, which was not televised and which grossed almost $100,000. Take that away and you can still mark the downward trend.

The figures are alarming and coincide with the increase in sales of television sets and the number of arenas, battling for survival, which had turned to that source for revenue.

SURVEYS which have been conducted would tend to discount the alarm shown in boxing circles. Both the WPIX survey conducted in February and published only in *Sponsor*, a radio and television advertising magazine, and the C. L. Jordan statistics, claim that attendance at sports events increased progressively with length of ownership of television sets.

Specifically, according to the WPIX poll of 1,116 viewers who tuned in on Madison Square Garden's 120 televised sports events during 1950-1951 (ice, dog, and horse shows and the circus are listed as sports events), 64% of the owners with six months viewing or less went to the Garden. Among owners of two years standing or more, the attendance figure rose to 84%. Some claimed to have gone to at least two sports events at the Garden each week over a period of a year.

One question asked in the WPIX survey was, "What single factor most influences your decision not to attend an event at Madison Square Garden more frequently?"

Not withstanding other claims made, a rousing total of eighty per cent answered that "seats are too expensive," or that they "can see the event on television," factors which with a slight stretch of the imagination could almost be blended into one.

FROM our angle interest lies in the fact that the largest per cent of those who preferred watching an event on television, rather than in person, went for the sport of boxing, a significant 68%, with track, wrestling, and tennis trailing in that order. Baseball, basketball, ice hockey and football were the most popular as "attendance" sports.

While what is left of the boxing promoters would more than welcome back the vanishing "in-person" boxing fan after the latter had grown tired of his television set in two years, the promoter has come to the realization *(Continued on page 45)*

TELEVISION AND BOXING

(Continued from page 44)

that the unbridled use of home-viewing of boxing is a near death-strangling one, and has the now-empty bottles of what once held red ink to prove his point.

Some curtailment must be placed on the televising of boxing matches, of that there can be no doubt. Promoters, with the exception of the two or three top ones, cannot continue to operate at a loss in the fervent hope that two years hence the boxing fan will finally decide that it's about time he got around to see what the macabre figures floating across his screen look like in the flesh.

And without the small, local boxing promoters operating it must come about eventually that even the top ones cannot successfully stage their events. It is the out-of-the-way places, the small towns and little arenas of the big cities where young talent is nourished and developed. The young fighters are given the seasoning, experience and success necessary to make the grade in such places and then these lads move on to the big time circuit.

No one has the solution as yet, the perfect blending among fighter, promoter, television and the fan. We've got a good picture but it isn't very clear.

CHANNEL HOPPING . . . Jersey Joe Walcott will keep the heavyweight title in a deep freeze until next Summer because he has been snowed under by an avalanche of motion picture, radio and television offers. The Sunday following his title winning performance he appeared on Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" television show and on August 1st a pleasing half hour was spent on WCBS with Bill Corum as he related the sports story of the year and told how he had figured out the strategy to beat Ezzard Charles from what he had learned in their second fight.

It was a marvelous analysis by Jersey Joe, the highlight rounds of the Detroit fight being run off on film as he did the explanation. It showed the fans how a battle is planned, what changes must be made during a fight and the reasons strategy must sometimes be sacrificed. Naturally the films showed Walcott to best advantage but it was instructively done and calls for similar repeats of other fights.

* * *

Mexico City televised a fight show for the first time on July 28, a ten rounder between lightweights Julio Jiminez and Manny Madrid. . . . Three former light-heavyweight champs, Tommy Loughran, Bob Olin and Gus Lesnevich, have TV or radio jobs. . . . Our Jersey Jones has laid claim to a portion of Walcott's heavyweight title and Steve Ellis, the fight announcer, is said to be seconding the motion. Steve kept repeating Jersey Jones' name instead of Jersey Joe Walcott's. . . . As of July 1st the total number of sets sold had passed the 13,000,000 mark. . . . The co-axial cable reaching from Coast-to-Coast is nearing completion. This will definitely increase the sale of sets and up the asking price of promoters and fighters for television rights. . . . The knockout punch, a left hook to the chin, was the most dramatic moment of the Walcott-Charles fight but it was missed by televiewers because of camera angles. However, the newsreels caught it and it makes interesting watching at the theaters. It was also rebroadcast on film over many TV stations.

THE "theater only" telecasts of recent fights has been branded as illegal by the Fair Television Practices Committee, a non-governmental group comprising 24 members who are mostly lawyers. A preliminary report by the committee noted that the 1934 Communications Act stipulated that television, as well as radio, should be made available to "all the people of the United States."

"No precedent of any kind whatever exists for granting to theater television the exclusive use of any publicly-owned televised channels," the committee said.

* * *

The schedule fox boxing on TV for the 1951-1952 season has shows coming from Madison Square Garden and the St. Nicholas Arena, in New York City on Fridays over WCBS, with St. Nick's also carrying 32 Monday new-talent cards to limited areas. The Wednesday night schedule has Chicago Stadium, Detroit Olympia, Milwaukee Auditorium, the new Syracuse Auditorium, and the Cleveland and St. Louis Arenas lined up. The overall money total for the air shows will be over a million and a quarter dollars.

WOR-TV which will handle the Monday night affairs also will cover the Sunnyside Gardens, Westchester County Center and Ridgewood Grove shows, with Joe McKenna as matchmaker. The New York Boxing Managers Guild is protesting this setup as they claim that under the Walker Law it is illegal for an individual to be the matchmaker for more than one club. . . . Something new has been added with the staff of WOR-TV handling all the publicity themselves.

FORGOTTEN MEN

(Continued from page 24)

will live in British boxing history as does that of William Shakespeare in world literature. When one discusses supermen of the ring, he must of necessity include the name of Jem Driscoll, former featherweight champion of England, among the truly greats. I found that out quickly in a discussion I had with British fight enthusiasts in a recent London gathering.

Driscoll, the will o' the wisp of the featherweights, was exceptionally clever and had a tantalizing right, could shoot jabs with almost uncanny accuracy and could sidestep with almost the same agility as did Young Griffo. I was told that when I discussed the greatness of Sugar Ray Robinson.

Sugar Ray, apparently, made little impression on the Britishers, due primarily to his poor exhibition against Randolph Turpin. "You never saw Driscoll," said one fan, "or you would never place Robinson in the same class with our Jem. Driscoll," he continued, "could block blows like the most scientific fencer and he possessed such speed that it was almost impossible for a rival to strike him twice in the same place in the same round."

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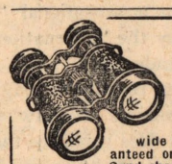

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DENVER AND VICINITY
W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

DENVER—Pro boxing returned to Denver with an outdoor show at Bears Stadium. Threat of rain kept the crowd from coming out but the show still drew a little over $3000. A cautious Corky Gonzales outclassed Eddie Burgin, Cincinatti featherweight, in the ten round main event. Gonzales won all the way with his speed and boxing ability. He never allowed the hard hitting Burgin to connect solidly. Corky was in superb condition and went full speed through the tenth round. For a few seconds in the tenth it looked as though Corky might come through with a knockout but Burgin covered and came back quickly.

In the semi, Ronny Wulf, Cincinnatti heavyweight, won on a TKO in the first round when Benny Shell, Kansas City, broke his right thumb. In four-round prelims: Tommy Manois won over Manuel Maldonado; Billy Sanchez won over Joe Maldonado; Jasper Colson beat Elisha Moore and Freddie Martin KO'ed Howard Mathis in two.

Corky Gonzales, Rocky Mountain featherweight champion, won an eight round decision over Oliver Breton, Quebec, Canada, in Minneapolis.

The Writer's address is 4313 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo.

BOXING IN PUERTO RICO
By Mario Martino

IN the only show held during the month and before a packed house at the Sixto Escobar Stadium, Miguel Rosa Berrios, 118, scored unanimously over Jose Quezada, 117, Santo Domingo, in their ten-round feature event.

Quezada, who arrived with an undefeated record in this country and who had given Rosa-Berrios a rough evening in their first encounter, was on this occasion soundly trounced and there was no doubt as to the winner when the final gong sounded.

By far the best bout of the evening was the semi-final eight which featured Juan Rios Fuentes, 148, and Jimmy Garcia, 150. These boys put up a brilliant eight-round slugfest and the bout was declared a draw.

Jose Desjardin, 118, scored a close one over Victor Limbardo, 118, in four rounds. Heavy hitting Jose Morell, 132, was too experienced for Teodoro Antonetty and scored amply in four rounds over him. Jorge Borrero, 114, made his pro debut a success by scoring over Ramon Mendez, 114.

This writer's address is: Box 5155, Pta. de Tierra, P. R.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

REGARDLESS of whether he wins, loses or draws in his encore meeting with Ray Robinson here in New York, there is no arguing the tremendous psychological stimulus Randy Turpin has tossed into the American sock market by his startling triumph over supposedly invincible Sugar Ray in London.

It was a much-needed "shot in the arm" to the leather-tossing trade in the United States, where an increasing dearth of top-line talent and the expanding coverage of television had combined to put the industry in a not too healthy condition.

There is nothing like a sensational "new face," particularly when it is embellished by the "international touch," to pep up interest in this rugged trade.

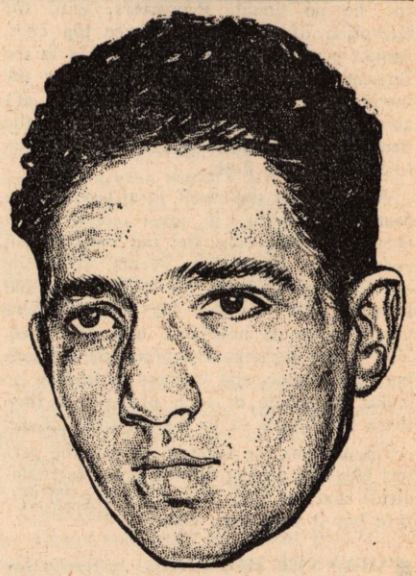
Aside from what video revenue it may pick up on the side, the Turpin-Robinson bout figures to draw some $400,000 worth of cash customers, and if it does it will be the first time in more than three years that a big-time fight in an American ring will have played to that much business. The top gate since the summer of 1948 was the $262,150 drawn by featherweights Willie Pep and Sandy Saddler in their Yankee Stadium get-together a year ago. Not even Jersey Joe Walcott, Ezzard Charles and Joe Louis have been able to hit this mark with their perpetual merry-go-'round for the heavyweight title.

Turpin's visit is likely to be the start of a steady, and welcomed, influx of fighters from other lands whose arrivals here may be just what the industry needs. It was predicted some months ago by Lew Burston, the one-man Foreign Department of the International Boxing Club, that with native Yankee talent becoming scarcer, major promotions of the future would have to depend heavily on imported attractions.

On his most recent jaunt to Europe, Burston did a thorough job of lining up practically every fighter representing possible material for American exploitation. One of his deals was for Charley Humez, the French holder of the European title, to come over for a meeting with the Kid Gavilan-Billy Graham winner in a showdown for the vacant world welterweight championship. Dave Sands, the Australian middleweight, currently campaigning in Britain, is ready for an American jaunt. Roy Ankarah, the African Gold Coast whizzbang, and British Empire champion, is being considered as an opponent for Sandy Saddler in a world featherweight title bout. Connie Rux, Germany heavy, and Pierre Langlois, French welter, are two top Continentals eager to try their luck in American rings.

TURPIN is only the second ranking British ringman to visit the United States since the close of World War II. The other was heavyweight Bruce Woodcock, who hopped over in 1946 and remained just long enough to be knocked out by Tami Mauriello in Madison Square Garden.

Time was when Britain's top fighters didn't consider their careers complete without at least one jaunt to this side of the Atlantic, and their meetings with Yank opponents played an important role in popularizing boxing here. To recall only some of the many, there were Pedlar Palmer, Digger Stanley, Owen Moran, Jem Driscoll, Freddie Welsh, Bombardier Wells, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Jabez White, Jack Bloomfield, Jimmy Wilde, Ernie Jarvis, Frankie Ash, Tommy Noble, Joey Fox, Frank Moody, Roland Todd, Ted Moore, Tommy Milligan, Teddy Baldock, Nel Tarleton, Len Harvey, Phil Scott, Elly Clark, Jack (Kid) Berg, Jack Hood, Alf Mancini and Jock McAvoy.



Randy Turpin's success may lead to new influx of foreign fighters to perk up interest in American boxing.

At one time, back around 1925, there were nearly a dozen of Britain's best fighters campaigning in the United States, and doing well for themselves against the best of our homebreds.

Probably the main reason so few British headliners have visited us in recent years is that there has been very little incentive for them, and they've done better, financially and artistically, by remaining at home. Unless assured of an important match in the Garden, or a possible shot at a world title, there has been little to make a trip here attractive to the average British favorite.

But Turpin's success may start a new trend. If Randy comes through with another bang-up performance against Robinson, it my prompt the I.B.C. to make a two-way deal out of its lend-lease arrangement with Jack Solomons. Much of Solomons' success with his London promotions has been attributed to the importing of American opponents for his local favorites. In the last five years, Jack must have brought a couple of dozen Yanks over, and several of his attractions have involved world titles.

Jim Norris and his associates could do a heap worse for themselves than to try the same tactics here.

THE recent passing of Leo Johnson, at the age of 58, reminded us of Willie Shakespeare's classic observation: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft' interred with their bones."

It is an ironical twist that many a fine fighter, long after his ring career has ended, is remembered mainly not for winning performances, but for one crushing defeat.

Ruby Goldstein, now one of the nation's top referees, is convinced that at least 1,000,000 witnesses were present when he was knocked out by Ace Hudkins in Coney Island. "To this day, 25 years later," Ruby ruefully laments, "everybody I meet in my travels must have been there that night. But nobody ever mentions the fights I won."

So it has been with Johnson, the best of the Negro lightweights of his era.

A remarkably clever boxer was Leo, but his fine showings against Abe Attell, Johnny Dundee, Irish Patsy Cline, Willie Jackson, Allie Nack, Vic Moran, Mel Coogan, Phil Bloom, Johnny Lore, Walter Mohr and other good 'uns have been long since forgotten, and when he is recalled at all by the old-time

crowd it is for his spectacular defeat by Benny Leonard during the late summer of 1917.

It was four months after Leonard won the lightweight title from Freddie Welsh at Manhattan Casino. There had been considerable speculation around town about what Benny would be able to do with the crafty Johnson. Leonard wasn't one to dodge any opponent, and he readily consented to meet Leo. The bout was arranged for the Harlem Sporting Club.

The sport writers were making much of the fact that Leonard had become so superb a ring mechanic it was regarded as a sensational event when an opponent even so much as mussed his hair.

Johnson and his handlers had an idea. Suppose Leo were to step right out and ruffle Benny's patent-leather hair-do. Was the champion's temper also likely to become ruffled? Would the cool, deliberate Benny lose some of his confidence and poise, and make Johnson's task that much simpler? It was worth trying.

So Leo's first move, when the fight started, was to reach out with his left arm and startle Benny by massaging his head with the glove. Leonard's hair and pride were well mussed.

But the champion's reaction was not quite what Johnson and his cohorts expected. Leonard in those days was no guy to trifle with. Before Johnson realized what happened, he was caught in a blizzard of flying leather that crumpled him to the canvas for the full count.

The month's results:

One of the fastest main-event knockouts ever posted at the Long Beach Stadium—and the fastest posted anywhere in the metropolitan area in several years—was registered by Georgie Small, 158, Brooklyn, who disposed of the veteran Tony Masciarelli, 159, Valley Stream, in less than half a minute at the seashore club. A lusty right to the chin toppled Masciarelli in a heap, and he was still unconscious when the count was finished 28 seconds after the opening bell clanged. A new arrival from Cuba, Esnendo Salagara, 130¼, celebrated his local debut by edging out a decision over Charley McGarrity, 125½, Rahway, N. J., in the semi-final six. In fours, Henry Winchman, 137, Jersey City, had the better of Richie Coleman, 142, Brooklyn; Jimmy Monohan, 153½, Brooklyn, drew with Joe Moore, 153¾, Hempstead; another stalemate was produced by Johnny Brown, 165, Harlem, and Harry Preston, 161, Yorkville, and Jose Garcia, 132, Puerto Rico, stopped Felton Simmons, 135½, Brooklyn, in the third.

Running his record in Brooklyn rings to three-for-three, Tommy Bazzano, 148½, Middletown, Conn., banged out a decisive win over Johnny Lombardo, 151½, Mt. Carmel, Pa., in a rugged eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. The aggressor most of the way, Bazzano outfought Lombardo at long range and outpunched him in close. Four stitches were needed to patch up a nasty gash over Lombardo's left eye, ripped open in the third. Miguel Mendivil, 144, Cuba, finished ahead of Harold Johnston, 143, Paterson, N. J., in a hard-fought semi-final six. In another six, Eddie Oliver, 141, Hartford, Conn., drew with Mannie Pineiro, 144, West Side. In fours, Roosevelt Laboard, 175, West Side, recovered from a knockout in the first to hold Angel Martinez, 178, Newark, N. J., to a close decision; Mac Stanford, 157, Englewood, N. J., was credited with a kayo over Frank Keating, 159, Meriden, Conn., when the bout was halted in the final frame because of a deep cut over Keating's left eye, and Joe Moore, 153, Hempstead, stopped Ronnie Moore, 149, West Side, also in the final session.

Rated one of the better young developments hereabouts, 19-year-old Jimmy Herring, 161, Ozone Park, had to learn the hard way that overconfidence can be a dangerous thing to tote into any ring. Apparently considering the affair little more than a mild workout, Jimmy ran into a rude jolt when he was beaten by Johnny Noel, 158, Brooklyn, in a not too exciting eight at Long Beach Stadium. After a slow two rounds, prompting a warning by the referee to "come on and fight," Noel began plugging away in the third and piled up a steady collection of points. Herring couldn't seem to get started, and was outboxed and outpunched all the way. Neff Ortiz, 133, a newcomer from Spain, shaped up well in taking a decision from Jose Garcia, 131, Cuba, in the semi-final six. In another six, Maurice Jenkins, 145, whipped a fellow-Bronxite, Al Robbins, 141. In a trio of fours, Vince Rivera, 129, Harlem, had the better of Joey Paniagua, 124, Bronx; Richie Reed, 149, White Plains, was a winner over Richie Coleman, 149, Brooklyn, and Harry Daniels, 162, Harlem, finished ahead of Harry Preston, 160, Bronx.

Stepping in as a short-notice substitute for Vinnie D'Andrea, Johnny Cerky, 151, Des Moines, continued the string of seasonal surprises by stopping rugged Georgie Flores, 147¾, East Side, in less than four minutes at Fort Hamilton Arena. The aggressive Flores had the edge in the first, but the second frame had hardly started when he was staggered by a right, then floored by a left hook. Georgie stumbled up at nine, but he was in tough shape and Referee Morris Goodman called a halt. The round had gone only 56 seconds. George Takach, 135, Trenton, outfought Frank Freeze, 136¾, East Side, in the semi-final six. Another six was over in a hurry, Dom Zimbardo, 159, Matawan, N. J., polishing off Mac Stanford, 160¾, Englewood, N. J., in 2:10 of the first. In fours, Rafael LaBoi, 125, Puerto Rico, decisioned Rudy Bruno, 127, Newark, N. J.; Tippy Simmons, 136, Jamaica, won from Stokes Thomas, 137½, Jersey City, and Phil Saxton, 167½, Elizabeth, N. J., stopped Sid Edwards, 165, Newark, in the first.

Though unable to show at his best against the mauling, butting tactics of his opponent, Vic Cardell, 146½, Hartford, Conn., was a clear winner over the veteran Joey Carkido, 144, Youngstown, O., in eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. Cardell was bothered in the early rounds by Carkido's style, but eventually figured the right answers, and from the fourth on he had things pretty much under control. In a confusing semi-final six, Phil Modica, 144¾, East Side, was declared winner over Al Robbins, 141½, Bronx, but a subsequent check of the scorecards revealed that Robbins was entitled to the decision. In another six, Pat Mullane, 133½, Waterbury, Conn., was credited with a kayo over Jimmy Sullivan, 137, Boston, at the end of the fourth when Sullivan complained that he was ill and couldn't continue. In fours, Henry Winchman, 136, Jersey City, copped the vote over Artemio Garces, 133½, Cuba, Obey Rhodes, 175, Hampton, Va., stopped Al Ferretti, 173, Brooklyn, in the second, and Benny Rivera, 131¾, Bronx, halted Frankie Calautti, 129¾, Brooklyn, in the third.

In running off his 48th win in 49 professional starts, Roland LaStarza, 189½, Bronx, blew himself to a mild workout at the expense of the veteran Ted Lowry, 183, New Bedford, Mass., at the Long Beach Stadium. Roly-Poly Rollie had things pretty much his own way, and carried every one of the ten rounds without unduly extending himself. Lowry was dropped for nine in the fourth and staggered on several other occasions, but managed to last it out to the finish. After putting together a streak of 13 straight wins, Harold Drucker, 157½, Brooklyn, came a-cropper in the semi-final six when he was outpointed by Al Warner, 155, Rochester, N. Y. With an 18-pound pull in the weights, Tony Esperti, 191½, Bronx, had to hustle to earn a draw with Larry Jones, 173½, Brooklyn, in another six. A pair of scheduled fours were abbreviated by two-round knockouts, Polly Smith, 177½, Bermuda, polishing off Willie Leake, 182½, Yonkers, and Joe Moore, 150½ Hemstead, halting Frankie Cosgrove, 155, Longford, Iowa.

Addenda . . . Gus Lesnevich, former light-heavyweight champion, is a busy 'un these days. Along with operating a successful automobile agency in Cliffside Park, N. J., Gus is doing an entertaining disk-jockey stint, with Bob Emmerick as his partner, at New York radio station WOR. . . . The Garden's "official" 1951-52 season will get under way September 7, with middleweights Walter Cartier and Billy Kilgore in the top spot. The hunt for new talent must be getting desperate indeed when Kilgore, unknown in New York, and with a very ordinary record in Florida, can grab a Garden wind-up in his Big Time debut. . . Another relic of the dizzy White Hope Era was counted out recently when Sailor Fred Fritts, 60, died of a heart attack in Bayonne, N. J. Fritts wasn't much of a fighter. Probably the best-known heavies he met were Battling Levinsky, Al Reich, George (Boer) Rodel and Al Benedict, and his score against them wasn't too impressive. After hanging up the mittens, Fred refereed for a while, then joined the Bayonne police force and rose to the rank of detective.

Pucci's New Hope . . . On the lookout for another headliner since the retirement of Tippy Larkin, Angelo Pucci believes he has come up with one in 21-year-old George Araujo, Providence lightweight. In three years of pro fighting, Araujo has suffered only one defeat in 33 starts and has squared that one in a return match. The kid's winning sequence shows 23 knockouts and nine decisions, and he's been in with pretty fair opposition. His most prominent kayo victims have been Vic Young, Roger Lessard, Timothy Hayes, Hermie Freeman (twice) and Jean Richard, while his outstanding decision wins have been at the expense of Roy Andrews (twice), Leo LeBrun, Rudy Pasco and Fabala Chavez. As this is being written, Araujo sports a string of six straight knockouts. So far, the youngster's fighting has been confined exclusively to New England, with Providence as his main base of operations, but with Pucci taking over, he'll likely spread out his activities and bid for national recognition.

"Goose" Passes On . . . Another colorful old-timer dropped out of circulation when Gus Wilson, 63, died in Los Angeles a few weeks ago. Gus, or "Goose" as he pronounced it, was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, and had been in boxing for nearly half a century, breaking in as a kid doing odd jobs around the camps of American fighters in Paris. In time Wilson became a trainer himself, and a good one. Our first contact with him was in 1920 when he came over with Georges Carpentier for the latter's meeting with Battling Levinsky in Jersey City. Wilson later became a permanent fixture in the American scene, and for a while specialized in importing such French fighters as Georges Papin and Marcel Thomas for campaigns here. For several years he operated a popular training camp in Orangeburgh, N. Y., and handled fighters on the side. His services as a trainer were frequently in demand by top fighters prepping for important bouts, and one of his most noted assignments was to take charge of Jack Dempsey's training for the second meeting with Gene Tunney. In 1934 "Goose" sold his camp in Orangeburgh, shifted his headquarters out to Los Angeles, and concentrated on managing fighters. One of his best was Harold Dade, who held the world bantam title for a brief spell in 1947. Another was Rudy Cruz, until recently a ranking lightweight.

The International Front . . . By the time this appears in print, Gerald Dreyer, 21-year-old South African lightweight, probably will be in our midst. If the young man is anywhere near the fighter his record would appear to indicate, he'll be a welcome addition to our anemic 135-pound ranks. Dreyer turned professional shortly after copping the Olympic title in London in 1948, and is unbeaten in 18 bouts so far in the money ranks. One of his most impressive performances was to take a decision from Billy Thompson, the British champion, when the latter visited South Africa last winter. Having run out of opposition in his own backyard, Gerry packed his duds shortly after the Thompson episode and headed for England. His record there shows decisions over Joe Lucy and Peter Fallon and a kayo over Selwyn Evans. While on this side of the Atlantic, Dreyer hopes to earn a crack at the British Empire title, currently held by the Canadian, Arthur King. The match ought to be a good attraction in Toronto.

An Invasion? . . . Randy Turpin's meeting with Ray Robinson here seems to have England agog and aghast, not to say plumb excited. If all the Britishers planning to be here for the fight succeed in coming over, it'll be nothing short of an all-out invasion. Here's the set-up as we go to press: Turpin's own immediate retinue includes himself, brothers Dick and Jackie; manager George Middleton and his daughter; business manager Leslie Salts and his wife; trainer Bill Hyam, second Michael Gara, and sparring partner Eddie Phillips. Along with London Promoter Jack Solomons and his menage will be about 30 newspapermen. An expedition is arranging to fly out of Salford, Lancashire, with 60 voyagers, another jaunt from Birmingham is set with 43, and a third is being planned for a Manchester crowd, which probably will number 40 or 50. The British Overseas Airlines is sponsoring two specials—one from England with 60 passengers and another from Nassau with 40. And the crew of the "Queen Mary" has ordered a block of 500 tickets!

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

(Continued from page 51)

ring, on the same night, as they had done 17 years before. Except, on this evening, Apostoli was the referee. (He did a good job of it, too.) It was in 1934 at the A.A.U. championships in St. Louis that Apostoli won the national 160-pound title, and Joe Louis copped the 175-pound championship.

Former champion Gene Tunney was a visitor in Los Angeles during the month. He also attended the Louis-Brion go at San Francisco. During an interview, Tunney expressed praise for Jersey Joe Walcott's "perseverance" in his struggle for the title.

Harry Markson, managing director of the International Boxing Club, was vacationing in California with his family, and renewed acquaintance with boxing men in both Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The airline companies lost one of their best customers when Gus Wilson passed away. Gus was in the air much of the time, making trips from Los Angeles to every part of the United States, as well as to Mexico, Cuba and Hawaii. More than once Gus has made as many as three trips to different parts of the country within one week to handle his boxers.

Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois Boxing Commission, who witnessed the Carter-Bolanos bout in Los Angeles, stated, "We have a fellow in Illinois who can whip Carter. His name is Freddie Dawson." Yes, sir, Commissioner, you have.

It was stated in this column last month that Joe LaBarba's Moose Lodge gymnasium was located at Third and Spring Streets, Los Angeles. It should have read Third and Olive. And a dandy gym it is.

Boxers, both those unattached and with managers, who contemplate coming to California to box this coming winter, might benefit by writing Yours Truly for information on the situation out here.

And remember, fellows, don't get discouraged because the champion or top man in your field is regarded as unconquerable, or invincible. He isn't.

In writing for any information, or when a reply is requested, please do not forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for such reply. Thank you. The address: Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

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Tommy Baker, 128, Johnstown, N. Y.
Johnny Sheridan, 126, Los Angeles.

LOU VISCUSI
3901 Arlington Ave.
Tampa, Fla.
Phone 2-3429
Willie Pep, featherweight
Del Flanagan, lightweight

Cesar Brion, Argentine heavyweight 190
Burl Charity, middleweight, 160
Vince Cidone, middleweight, 160
Manager
HYMIE WALLMAN
TR 7-5584
PE 6-7894

NAT WOLFSON
1650 Broadway Room 808
Joe Baksi, heavyweight
Johnny Zilka, 160 lbs.

LEFT HOOKS FROM SCRANTON AND VICINITY

By Ken (Duke) Stigner

ROCKY CASTELLANI of Luzerne, Pa., scored a stunning upset win over Eugene (Silent) Hairston, Bronx, N. Y., in the first outdoor show of the season in their middleweight bout at Scranton Stadium. The decision was unpopular and disputed. Referee Kelly voted for Castellani and Judge Joe Capristo also gave the nod to Casty, while Judge Jack Walton voted for Hairston. To say the least, in my book it was a case of confused officials. A crowd of 5,331 paid approximately $16,582 to witness the fracas.

Writers of both newspapers on their scorecards saw Hairston the winner. The "Tribune" had it six to four, and the "Times" had it five to four and one even. That's the way your writer had it tabbed, giving Hairston the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and eighth, with the ninth and tenth even.

But in my book Hairston was the more aggressive, struck the cleaner blows and clinched less frequently. He had Casty nearly out on three occasions, and after the battle was badly marked, tired and hurt, and in contrast Hairston wasn't even breathing heavily. After the fight Castellani admitted it was the toughest fight he'd ever had.

Here's the way the officials scored the fight: Joe Capristo scored the fight for Castellani, seven to three, giving Hairston only the third, sixth and eighth. Walton scored it evenly on a round basis but voted for Hairston because he had been more effective throughout. He gave Hairston the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and eighth and Castellani the rest. Referee Kelly scored the fight four rounds apiece, with two even, but he gave the fight to Rocky because, he said, Rocky scored heavily in the last round. He gave Hairston the third, fourth, sixth and eighth, and Castellani the first, second, ninth and tenth. He rated the fifth and seventh even.

Many of the fans did not agree with the decision, believing that Eugene, the silent boy, had pounded his way to victory.

In the eight-round semi-final bout Jerome Richardson, 160, outpointed Lester Jackson, 158, for a unanimous decision. Both men are from New York. The best bout on the undercard saw George Schley 146, Philadelphia, win a disputed decision over Tony Gallis, Dickson City 144-pounder. The boys forgot all about science and threw punches from bell to bell.

In a second six-rounder, Sonny Genell, 151, West Scranton, stopped John Strawberry, 156½, Philadelphia, in 1:23 of the second round. A right to the stomach ended the bout. The opening four-rounder went to Bernit Dukes, 139, Philadelphia, by a knockout at 2:57 of the first round. The loser was Nelson Smith, 140, also of Philadelphia.

It was the first promotion for Joe Gustin and his West Side Boxing Club, and if he can rematch Castellani and Hairston it should be a turnaway house.

No outdoor or indoor show so far this summer in nearby Wilkes-Barre, but amateur boxing is staged at the South Main Street Armory. Joe Slusser, Hazleton, made an auspicious return to the ring by stopping Stenson Scott, Bethlehem, in the main event of a mid-July card. Slusser floored Scott for an eight-count immediately after the bout started. Slusser knocked him down with a right after the Steel City youth recovered from the first knockdown. Time was 33 seconds of the initial heat. The semi-final bout between James Henick, Bethlehem, and Steve Hasosky, Sunbury, was stopped in the first round and declared no contest.

Bennie Claybor, Suplee's Boys' Club, won a split decision from Jack Walters, Wilkes-Barre, in a 118-pound affair. Charles Morrissey, Askam, won a split verdict from John Shoemaker Rodano's Boys' Club, Newtown, in a bout that bristled with action. Mike Hogan won over James Kitchen. Joe Mikula got the nod over Charles Rothenbecker, both boys coming in at 135 pounds. Mikula was making his debut. Ed Arbogast edged Ben Shoemaker in another lightweight battle. The opening bout saw Bob Murphy earn the vote of all three officials against Albert Siley.

Waiting for the Bell—Billy Soose is promoting amateur bouts and wrestling at his Soose's Arena, Lake Wallenpaupack. . . . To boxing promoters and managers: Please send all boxing notes and results for this column before the first of each month.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By Billy Shaw

SADDEST and most important news last month was the untimely death of beloved Lawrence J. Skiddy, dean of Syracuse sports writers and sporting editor of the Syracuse "Herald-Journal" and "Sunday American." Skiddy had held that post 30 years and conducted the widely read and quoted daily sports column: "Skidding The Sports Field With Skid."

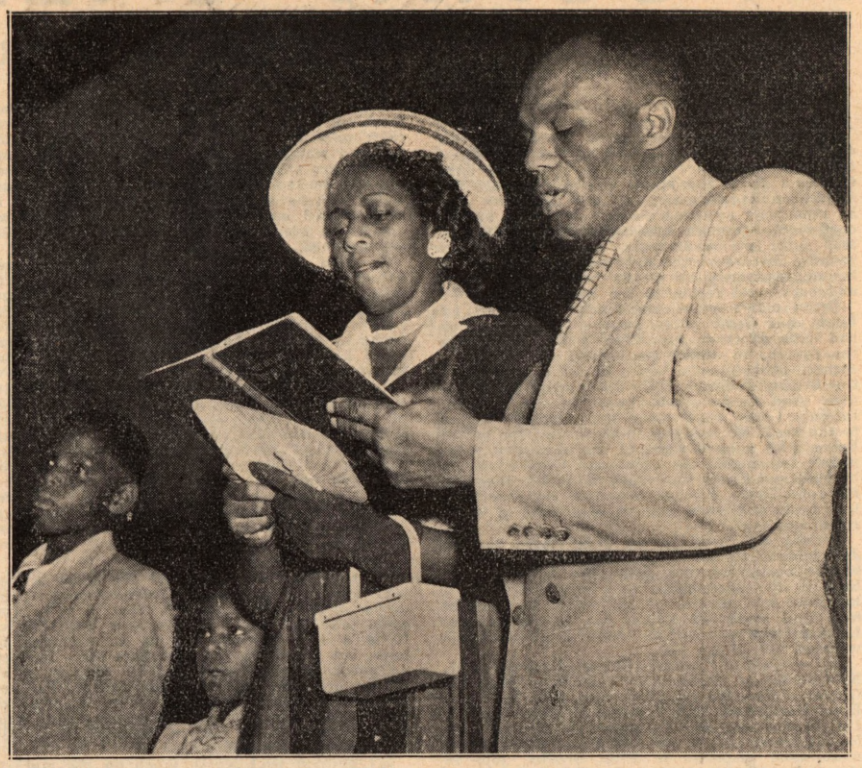
Friend of many athletes, including boxers of all weights, classes and rankings, Skid was also liked and respected by this city's promoters, publicists and managers for his honesty, fairness and demand for truthfulness in sports writing. Never an admirer of cut-and-dried boxing ballyhoo, most such releases made the waste basket, or were almost entirely rewritten by Skid himself or his assistant, the able Francis A. Woolever, who now succeeds Skiddy as sports editor for the combined newspapers.

Skiddy gave promoters, managers and boxers much good advice during his lifetime. Lawrence J. was easy to know, easy to like. A wonderful personality, he would take time off from his many duties to chat with the boys in the fistic game any time. Skid always had a story to tell and invariably could always glean one from talking with the boys in the game, for his popular column. We used to enjoy taking well known boxers to the "Herald" sports department to meet and talk with Skid. He could always get a human interest story out of them, and if he took a liking to the fighter he would go all-out to interest the public in him.

At Utica, Johnny Cesario, 148, Hartford, Conn., welter, won an easy ten-round decision over Glen Hendershot, 147, Binghamton, before a small crowd of 1103 fans at McConnell Field.

Mike DeJohn, 196½, promising Syracuse heavyweight, flattened Hank Johnson, 214, Saratoga Springs, in the opening round of a scheduled six. This big DeJohn lad can go places if he takes care of himself. He is one of the finest prospects among the big boys we have lamped in a long, long time. Pat Manzi, 145, kayoed Irish Mike Kelley, 147, Durhamville, in the fourth round of what was to have been a sixer. Johnny Tovern, 132½, was the only Syracusan unable to stop his man. Johnny, who's improving with every start, drew with tough Tony Maiorana, 133, of Niles, O., in a fast six. Frankie Basil, 135, Fulton, decisioned Roosevelt Cook, 140, Troy, in the four-round lid-lifter.

The Last Bell—One-time middleweight boxer Young Firpo of Syracuse, whose real name was Dominic Galezzi, passed away at Fairview, Pa. Dominic, who also operated a gymnasium here for several years before going to Fairview where he was employed by the New York Central Railroad as a postal clerk, fought many times at the old Veterans Club. A strong man as well as a boxer, "Firpo" used to believe in long hikes as a good conditioner for the game of fisticuffs. He was rough, tough and willing. When the bell made it legal, it was just too bad if the other fellow couldn't stand up and swing with Firpo. His haymaker packed dynamite. Firpo gained considerable fame by a story that was told about him any time his name was mentioned. While playing pool with a friend, Firpo, who had a wicked temper, missed two easy shots. The friend made the mistake of laughing. Thereupon Firpo reached down under the table, gave a supreme pull, and tipped the heavy table over. Dominic had many friends here. He will be missed by them all.



A God-fearing man is Jersey Joe Walcott, heavyweight champ of the world. Above he is shown in church in his home town, Camden, N. J., with his wife Lydia and his youngest son and daughter, Vincent and Carol.

Left Hooks—That young heavyweight who scored a quick and decisive knockout in a preliminary to the Joe Walcott-Ezzard Charles title fight in Pittsburgh was Mike DeJohn! . . . Syracuse's two fight clubs, the Syracuse Sporting Club, owned by Louis Leone and the Central City Boxing Club, jointly owned by Sam and Babe Amos, are not worrying about any other club invading this city, despite rumors one will go into the new War Memorial Building. . . Leone and the Amos boys have the only two franchises allowed in this town which means any other promoter wanting to operate here will have to do business with one of the two clubs, regardless what you hear. . . . Billy Harris, one of the best trainers of fighters ever to hit this man's town, is a keen student of boxing. . . A former fighter himself, Billy is well educated and can impart his knowledge of the fistic art to his students better than most boxing grooms.

Ran into busy Irv Robbins the other day. . . . Irv was tearing down Montgomery Street with a telegram in his hand. . . . Some promoter's show cracked up at the last minute and Irv was en route to the gym to recruit replacements. . . . Another reason why Robbins is so successful in the game. . . Always ready in an emergency, a valued and true friend to promoters everywhere.

Kid Polo, watching movies of the Sugar Ray Robinson-Randolph Turpin middleweight title fight at the Eckel Theatre, absent-mindedly lighted a cigar. . . He was puffing like a locomotive when the head usher took him in hand and ushered him out. . . When the Prognosticating King explained to the manager the "pictures were so clear" he felt he actually was at the fight, he was allowed to return to his seat, after parking 12 cigars with the management until after the show!

Memories—The fights between Walter (Popeye) Woods and Ralph DeJohn, battles full of thrills . . . The night Woods knocked powerful Billy Muldoon completely out of the ring. . . . The night DeJohn fought a sizzler with Ken Overlin at the Coliseum, the night Ralphie stiffened Belting Bert Courage, who had 48 knockout wins before opposing DeJohn. Old-timer Martin Younger is still around. . . . Martin, who was the toughest man in the game years ago, is employed by the city.

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Prof. John DePonte
Dept. R
P.O. Box 1243, St. Louis 1, Mo

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

IN defeating Cesar Brion in a ten-rounder at San Francisco, Joe Louis was a much better fighter than he was against Walker in this city five months before. And he was in a fight, for Brion kept his promise to carry the fight to Louis from the start. For six rounds the handsome Argentinian was the aggressor and he repeatedly swapped punches with the former champion. Although Louis punished Brion with stiff left jabs and hooks in those first six rounds, Cesar kept the fight on even terms with his aggressiveness, a steady body bombardment and occasional rights to the head.

Brion didn't experience much trouble hitting Louis, but Cesar is no puncher and his blows had little effect on Joe. Cesar's best round was the fourth, in which he backed Louis into a corner, bobbed under Joe's hooks and pounded the Brown Bomber's body for almost two minutes. And Cesar started well in the seventh, forcing Louis back with two straight rights to the head, but midway in the round Joe nailed Brion with a hard right to the chin that completely changed the picture. Cesar's knees buckled and Louis was quick to follow through. He sent Brion reeling into the ropes with a left hook and then sagged him with a short right uppercut.

It was all Louis in the final three rounds. Joe jabbed, hooked and crossed Brion into a bloody mess, but the Argentine boxer fought back to the final bell. Louis tried hard for a knockout and several of his rights to the jaw hurt and weakened Brion, but the courageous Latin seldom retreated and never hung on. Louis weighed 207, Brion 196.

In supporting bouts, Bobby Burgess, 147, K.O.'ed Mongo Luciano, 150, in the third; Joe Gilmer, 138, beat Leo Anderson, 139, in four; Esau Ferdinand, 165, decisioned Sam Jordan, 174, in a four; Gene Fullmer, 167, stopped Carlos Martinez, 165, in the first heat; Frank Skidmore, 146, disposed of Ellis Brooks, 150, in three; Don Badilla, 118, halted Rosey Caballero, 118, in two.

A crowd of 14,000 grossed a gate of $66,525. Louis, getting 35%, netted $21,500; Brion's 20% amounted to $13,000, as the result of an additional $10,000 for film rights.

Both Fabela Chavez and Lauro Salas, Los Angeles featherweights, should by now be impressed with the importance of keeping their punches above the belt. It was a two-point penalty that kept Chavez from winning their first encounter, and being penalized two points accounted for Salas losing his California title to Chavez in a rematch, a 12-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. It was a dandy scrap and as close as pages in a book.

Chavez piled up an early lead, but slowed down at the half-way point and the leathery Lauro came on strong in the late rounds. It was Fabala's best showing to date. He punched fast from all angles, but didn't have the artillery to halt the tough Salas' forward march and Lauro bounced a lot of leather off Fabela's cherubic features in the last half of the sizzling go. Salas went all out in the tenth, winging 'em long and wild, one of which landed low, making it necessary for Chavez to be given a rest period.

It was this blow that cost Salas two points (Referee Abe Roth is to be commended for the observance of the rules), and the beetle-browed battler really poured it on in the final two rounds, but Chavez fought back hard and Lauro's margin was narrow. The 12th round was a swapfest throughout and the crowd were on their feet at the final bell. Chavez weighed 124, Salas 126. The gate amounted to $7345.

In the semi, Keeny Teran, 115, Los Angeles hopeful, drew an easy one in Sammy Garcia, 115, San Francisco, who was rescued by the referee in the fourth round, after serving as a punching bag.

Other results: Manuel Hernandez, 123, decisioned Jesse Morales, 124, in six rounds; Richie Minjares, 127, bested Pete Aguirre, 128, in a four; Mickey Northrup, 123, stopped Armando Salas, 119, in the third.

Los Angeles boxing fans were not very impressed with Jimmy Carter as a world champion, even though he did have little trouble disposing of Enrique Bolanos at the Olympic Auditorium. Carter was declared winner early in the seventh round. Bolanos, not nearly the fighter he used to be, was not credited with a round. Carter was the aggressor throughout, with Bolanos boxing defensively and retreating most of the time.

Carter jabbed Enrique repeatedly, but he appeared over-anxious to score a kayo and he missed most of his best blows. The champ came in rather open and Bolanos scored with several left hooks, but there was little steam behind them. One of Carter's left hooks landed low in the fifth heat. Bolanos expressed pain, the crowd booed, and when the bout was resumed, both tore in with a vengeance. First, it was Carter who belted Bolanos limp, but just when it seemed that Enrique was about to cave in, he came storming back with a two-fisted attack that forced the champion to give ground.

This spirited onslaught brought loud cheers from the Mexican idol's supporters, but it was their only fling. Carter came out fast in the seventh, whipped over a hook that sent Bolanos' mouthpiece sailing through the air, and crossed a right to the mouth that put Enrique down. Bolanos arose at the count of eight, but was in a weakened and dazed condition, and Referee Joe Stone wisely halted it. Carter weighed 135, Bolanos 136.

In two six-rounders, Javier (Baby Face) Gutierrez, 126, San Diego, defeated Leroy Richards, 126, and Jimmy Dunn, 126, San Diego, whipped Red Martinez, 121, Denver, in a bristling set-to. Dunn decked Martinez for a five-count in the fifth heat and the Denver redhead could hardly stand at the finish, mostly from missing wild haymakers.

In two four-rounders, Ramon Perez, 146, K.O.'ed Bob Schilling, 147, in the late seconds of the first round, and Placido De Lao, 131, stopped Richie Minjares, 128, in the third. Although the Perez-Schilling brawl ended within three minutes, there was a good four rounds of action unfolded, with both scrappers on the floor. In fact, it was the best card of preliminary fights staged in Los Angeles this year.

A crowd of 9000 paid in $27,606 to witness the show.

Most of the 9000 fans and the sport scribes who witnessed the Carter-Bolanos go left the arena under the impression that Art Aragon could take the title from the New York Negro. It is a nice thought for us Californians to have, but I, for one, do not share such opinion. At catch weights, with Aragon coming in at 138 or over, Art might defeat Carter, but not at the lightweight poundage. For, in spite of the insistence by Aragon, his manager and supporters that he is just as formidable at 135 pounds—I do not believe it.

My opinion isn't worth much on the market, I know, but while on the subject of Carter and Aragon, I would like to further sound off on the merits of these two lightweights as compared with some others of this division.

As to Carter. The champion is scheduled to meet Mario Trigo in Los Angeles next month and there are many out here who look for Mario to upset the New Yorker. They base their opinions on Trigo's fights against Aragon and Cruz (he scored victories over both), as well as his upset wins over Bernard Docusen and Philip Kim. True, Trigo has been a real "upsetter" and his style is a baffling one, but I look for Carter to stop him.

And it is not that I think Carter a great fighter; in fact, it is my opinion that either Joe Brown or Luther Rawlings—providing the latter can make the weight without handicap—could win the title from Carter. And, of course, this means that I would also pick either Brown or Rawlings to defeat Aragon. And at 135 pounds, Art would have his hands full defending his California title against either Tommy Campbell or Johnny Gonsalves.

Making the best fight he has staged this year, Archie Whitewater, 138, Muskogee, Okla., fought his way back into the hearts of Eureka fight fans by pounding out a win over Emil Barao, 137, Hayward, Calif., in a ten-round slugfest at the Eureka Auditorium. The Indian was a fighting Chief in this one. Although faster on the draw, Whitewater did not rely on his boxing to win. Instead, Archie stood and swapped punches with Barao much of the time, which is the equivalent to playing Russian roulette.

Whitewater was in splendid condition for this encounter, for although Barao tagged Archie several times with that loaded left, the Indian quickly shook off the effects and came back punching. Whitewater was credited with seven of the rounds.

Other results: Gene Campbell, 158, Eureka, stopped Jimmy Collins, 152, San Francisco, in the fourth; Carroll Gensaw, 126, Klamath, nodded Don Badilla, 121, San Francisco, in a four; Earl Stockton, 149, Arcata, outslugged Jimmy Johnson, 155, Eureka, in four; Ronnie Marshall, 156, Hoopa, iced Jack West of the Coast Guard in the second.

The gate grossed $5247, a big gate for a little city.

Had the bout between Rudy Cruz, 138, and Freddie Herman, 136, been accompanied by such soft, lulling music as is used in juggling, wire-walking acts, etc., all of the small crowd might have remained for the full ten rounds, but without such musical accompaniment, magician Cruz's sleight-of-hand performance became monotonous and many of the spectators left the Hollywood Stadium long before it was over.

Cruz was full of pep and his educated left was well oiled, while Herman, who fights at all temperatures, was having one of his lukewarm nights, so the affair was a very one-sided one. Cruz kept his left glove in Herman's face all evening, with the exception of the third round, in which Freddie waded in and shook Rudy with some sharp rights. For the most part, Herman attempted to outbox Cruz and that proved about as profitable as playing the slot-machines. Cruz was credited with nine of the rounds.

In other bouts, Johnny Malloy, 126, decisioned Ruben Torres, 126, in the six-round semi; Loren Pro, 157, whipped Morrie McFarland, 153, in a four-round Pier Six brawl; Jesse Morales, 120, halted Armando Felix, 119, in two; Ray Acosta, 146, disposed of Jerry Munoz, 147, in the third; Bobby Harris, 159, and Willie Vaughn, 156, fought four rounds to a draw.

Returning to the San Francisco ring for the first time in five years (he started on his professional career in this city in '45), Carl (Bobo) Olson, 166, Honolulu, punched out a decision over Chuck Hunter, 167, Cleveland Negro, in a ten-rounder at the Civic Auditorium. The bout was not an exciting one, as Olson seemed rusty and Hunter seldom took the offensive. However, there was some lively action in the late rounds.

Olson started forging ahead in the fifth when he weakened the clever Clevelander with some short rights under the heart. Carl caused Hunter's knees to wobble with more rights to the body in the seventh and the Hawaii champion gave Chuck a bad time in the eighth. They mixed it freely in the final two heats, with Olson having a bit the better of it.

In the six-round semi, up-and-coming Cliff Schellin, 154, Stockton, pounded out a win over Woody Harper, 154, Oakland. Schellin dropped Harper in the fourth and rocked him with hooks on several occasions.

In three prelims, Ernie Greer, 143, and Bobby Burgess, 147, fought six rounds to a draw; Ray Ramirez, 123, decisioned Jimmy Espiritu, 122, in six; Tommy Allen, 137, K.O.'ed Eddie Soto, 136, in the first round.

One big round, in which he almost stopped his foe, gave Art Aragon a decisive victory over Johnny Gonsalves in their ten-rounder at the Los Angeles Olympic. Without that lop-sided round, Aragon would still have rated an edge on his aggressiveness, for the Oaklander boxed too much on the defensive. However, toss out the fifth heat and the result might have been different, for even after that pummeling, Johnny came back to cop a couple of the remaining rounds.

Gonsalves wasn't the boxing wizard he was against Rudy Cruz, although he did some beautiful defensive work, causing Aragon to miss two-thirds of his punches and at times look like a rank amateur. Several times he had the enraged Golden Boy lunging into the ropes and occasionally Art would find the elusive Oaklander behind him. But Aragon kept on winging and his persistence paid off in the fifth.

Aragon nailed Gonsalves with a right on the jaw that sent Johnny reeling into the ropes and Art was at him with the fury of a wounded beast. Aragon rained blows on his hurt foe, who covered up as best he could, but many of the punches landed on the Oaklander's jaw and head. How that boy can withstand punishment! After 30 seconds of this pummeling, Gonsalves turned away and his head protruded outside the ropes, which prompted Referee Mushy Callahan to push Aragon aside and start counting over the Oaklander.

At the count of three, Johnny turned around and put on a counter-attack that forced Aragon to give ground. The crowd yelled like mad! The all-out attack took a lot of steam out of Aragon and no doubt sapped a lot of Gonsalves' stamina, so the fight slowed down a bit in the following rounds, although they were still exciting sessions and closely contested. Aragon weighed 139, Gonsalves 137.

In two six-rounders, Ernie Greer, 142, Oakland, halted Benny Black, 143, in the fifth heat; Tommy Umeda, 124, was awarded a T.K.O. over Johnny Malloy, 125, in the opening round, due to an eye cut.

In two four-rounders, Walter Landry, 168, disposed of Jimmy Watson, 164, Omaha, in the fourth frame; Johnny Vega, 139, and Joey Davis, 143, boxed a draw. The gate grossed $16,358.

In tossing Dave Gallardo, 128, into the ring against Charley Riley, 129, St. Louis, one of California's most promising youngsters was greatly overmatched. Gallardo had not fought in six months and he is no puncher. Riley has been active against the best in the country and he is one of the hardest hitters in the feather-weight division. The Mexican boy was outclassed and outpunched, but his courageous stand was something to be admired.

Although staggered in both the first and third rounds, and dropped for a nine-count in the fourth, Gallardo still made a fight of the encounter, staged at the Hollywood Stadium. In spite of bleeding from the mouth and a cut eye, Davey came back to cop the fifth round with a body attack, but he weakened in the sixth and Riley was handing the local boy a bad pasting when Referee Joe Stone halted the uneven affair in the seventh heat. Only a small crowd turned out for the bout.

In the six-round semi, Baby Face Gutierrez,

124, San Diego, outboxed Jimmy Dunn, 125, a fellow townsman.

In the four-rounders, Lou Fillipo, 135, nodded Placido De Lao, 133; Juan Campos, 126, chilled Al Montalvo, 126, in the opening round; Jesse Morales, 123, bested Ramon Carrillo, 125; Ramon Perez, 140, whipped Juan Zavala, 142.

For three rounds Eddie Chavez, 140, San Jose, was on the move in his clash with Alex Amador, 141, at the San Francisco Coliseum Bowl, and while circling Amador, Chavez kept stabbing Alex with left jabs, keeping the 'Frisco fighter off balance. But Eddie stopped to rest a bit in the fourth and Amador got to him. Alex shook Chavez up with a left hook, backed him into the ropes and roughed him up. And Amador repeated the treatment in the fifth.

Chavez got back in stride in the seventh and outboxed Amador in three of the remaining four rounds. Eddie didn't display the speed or class shown in some of his other bouts, but he still had too much on the ball for Alex, who forced the milling, but could garner only three of the ten rounds.

In the six-round semi, Cliff Schellin, 155, Stockton, repeated his win over Woody Harper, 154, Oakland, but only after some rough going.

In three four-rounders, Joe Gilmer, 139, beat Tommy Allen, 138; Ellis Brooks, 150, and Barney Gonzales, 147, drew; Ray Ramirez, 124, nodded Rosey Caballero, 121. (Yeah, they're still going together steady!) (It was about their tenth meeting.)

California is again having those ridiculous "championship" bouts in which boxers of one division are allowed to compete for a state title in a heavier weight class. The commission should not permit this practise, which belittles and lessens, rather than promotes interest in the higher division. Even though a division is weak due to a lack of talent, the fact should not be stressed by recognizing boxers of lighter weights as "champions" of the heavier divisions.

The most recent case in point is a scheduled bout between Bobby Jones and Art Soto, two welterweights who are billed as fighting for the "California middleweight championship." Now, a match between Bobby Jones and Carl (Bobo) Olson would be a ridiculous one, yet Olson is now living in California and if he wished to lay claim to the state middleweight title (it is quite certain he can make the weight), he would have to be recognized, for there is no doubt as to him being the best 160-pounder in the state. So, why not just name Olson as champion? We would then have about as good a title holder in the middleweight class as we do in the other divisions.

Seeing a once great fighter terribly out of condition and displaying nothing but gameness is not a pleasant picture. It is doubly distasteful when his opponent performs as though under the impression that he is defeating the great fighter as he was at his best. This was the picture unfolded in the bout between Manuel Ortiz and Jackie Graves at the Los Angeles Olympic.

Graves should have felt silly grabbing and running from an opponent so fat that he could hardly move around, but instead, the Minneapolis southpaw appeared pleased with himself. Graves lived up to his reputation for fighting contrary to the rules of the game. He resorted to every "don't" in the book of rules. Although he could have won easily enough by fighting fairly, he hit low, hit on the breaks, used rabbit-punches and arm locks. The crowd booed him loudly and Referee Abe Roth repeatedly warned him, but to no avail.

But Graves didn't live up to his reputation as a puncher. Ortiz continually walked in, making little attempt to defend himself and Graves repeatedly hit Manuel on the jaw, but the blows didn't faze him, even though he was so out of shape. Twice the slow-moving Ortiz caught up with his hit-and-run tormentor, each time getting in a blow that caused Graves to wince and grab. Graves weighed 129. Ortiz was to have weighed 130, but the former bantam champion toddled in at 137.

In supporting bouts, Sammy Figueroa, 137, and Bobby Brewer, 140, fought six exciting rounds to a draw in the semi; Ramon Perez, 139, beat Edgar Flowers, 138, in a four; Ramon Acosta, 146, nodded Butch Martinez, 147, in four; Don Robinson, 176, disposed of Al Johnson, 183, in the third; Johnny Gonzales, 121, duked Al Montalvo, 126, in four.

Exploding a left hook on the jaw of Charley Cato, 158, Oakland Negro, in the third round of their clash at the Richmond Auditorium, Carl (Bobo) Olson, 165, Honolulu, chalked up his second win since returning to California. The rugged Cato had kept the action close during the first two rounds, but this one hard jolt took everything out of the Oaklander.

Cato was on the ropes in a helpless condition and being badly punished when Referee Billy Burke halted the go in the third.

In two six-rounders, Joe Gilmer, 139, bested Doug Kirby, 136 and James Mitchell, 126, decisioned Jimmy Espiritu, 122.

In two four-rounders, Ray Ramirez, 124, whipped Ike (Spider) Moore, 123, and Ellis Brooks, 151, outpointed Ernie Dixon, 152.

The teen-age females may soon have another crooner to swoon over, for if Chu Chu Jiminez doesn't get back on the winning track soon, he no longer will have a choice of professions—it will be singing or. The fighting tenor suffered his third straight defeat when soundly trounced by Manny Madrid in an exciting but rather one-sided ten-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Jiminez was credited with but one round, the third, which he garnered with a body attack.

Madrid led in all other rounds, hitting his young foe with an assortment of punches at both long range and infighting. Manny shook Jiminez up several times in the late rounds, but the game youngster never retreated. Briefly, the story is this: Madrid is improving—Jiminez is not. Manny figures to be mixing with the best of the lightweight brigade before the year is out—Jiminez figures to be warbling over the radio. Madrid weighed 137, Jiminez 135.

In two six-rounders, Sal Flores, 158, and Charlie Green, 158, had their bout declared a technical draw in the first round, Green suffering a badly cut lip which Referee Dynamite Jackson said was the result of a butt, and Benny Black, 147, outsmarted Baby Ike, 144, in a scramble that had the crowd in stitches. Both are comical performers, Black by choice, Ike by doin' what comes naturally.

In two four-rounders, Butch Martinez, 146, stopped Steve Marx, 152, in the second, and Willie Vaughn, 156, decisioned Richie Lopez, 159.

Our young boxers could take a page from the career of Randolph Turpin, newly-crowned middleweight champion. Here is one of the few present-day pugilists who trains and perfects himself as did the good boxers of other days, a thoroughness of preparation that made them much better fighters than those of today. When Turpin injured his potent right hand earlier in his career, he concentrated on developing a left-hand punch and he now hits harder with his left than he ever did with his right.

When he was easily hurt from body blows and was defeated a couple of times because of this weakness, he concentrated on strengthening his stomach muscles, and after two years of body-building exercises, he has a body that can withstand the hardest of blows, as he proved in the go with Robinson. And Turpin does miles of roadwork in the early hours of the day, while most of our boxers—well, here is what a trainer in 'Frisco said the other day:

"The only athletes these days who get up in the morning and do roadwork without giving a trainer an argument—are the race-horses."

For want of a stellar attraction, five six-rounders of better-than-average preliminary scrappers featured the weekly program at the Los Angeles Olympic. In one of these, Chuck Moody, 147, upped his ring prestige by pounding out a decision over Ernie Greer, 143, Oakland. The muscular Moody decked his more experienced foe in the third and shook him up several times.

Jimmy Dunn, 128, San Diego, bested Bobby Garza, 124, Mario Trigo's little double, in an interesting set-to. Bobbing Bobby made his usual fast spurts, but they were too seldom.

The best action scrap was between two southpaws, Junior Washington, 163, San Diego, and Don (Rocky) Robinson, 171. This was expecting too much of Robinson, who, although a very promising youngster, only reecntly entered the professional ranks, while Washington, a veteran, has met some of the good ones. Although it was Junior's first start in 18 months, he had too much on the ball for Robinson and won the decision, but only after a tough and close fight.

Hank Thurman, 201, Modesto, laid Lonnie Malone, 177, among the daisies in the fifth heat.

Eddie Hernandez, 125, and Richie Minjares, 126, fought to a draw.

As usual in these "talent" shows, the action was good—but the attendance was bad.

The crowd at the Hollywood Stadium was all set to see Rudy Cruz come out, flick a left into his opponent's face, waltz away, or tie him up; flick another left into his foe's physiog, again retreat, or grab—and repeat the maneuvers for ten rounds. This wasn't the spectators' preference, but it made for a quiet evening, they could relax and no one got hurt.

Well, the bell rang and out came a fighter from Cruz's corner tossing both gloves. He forced his opponent about the ring and punched hard. Hey, look, it's Rudy Cruz! Yes, sir, Cruz is either tired of reading those reports of his being a "Fancy Dan," a "safety-first performer," etc., and has resolved to be a crowd-pleasing fighter hereafter, or else Jimmy Botelho of Honolulu is a "soft touch" and Rudy knew it. At any rate, Cruz was an aggressive fighter in this go, and Botelho, publicized as "champion of Hawaii," showed nothing.

Cruz bloodied Botelho's nose in the opening round, dropped him twice for eight-counts in the second and had him in a helpless state when Referee Mushy Callahan halted the lop-sided affair in the third. Cruz weighed 138, Botelho only 132.

In the semi, Clifton Lester, 146, Texas Negro, won by a T.K.O. over Rafael Gutierrez, 149, of Mexico, when the latter was forced to retire at the end of the fourth round due to an eye injury.

In the prelims, Loren Pro, 157, slugged Morrie McFarland, 156, out of commission in three rounds; Willie Vaugn, 154, eliminated Tony Renteria, 156, in the third, due to an eye wound; Dino Burns, 137, nodded Don Cloud, 139, in a four; Richie Lopez, 155, bested Russ Gillam, 150, in four.

Cecil Schoonmaker and Bobby Garza, Los Angeles bantamweights, boxed a ten-round draw at Anchorage. That's right, away up in Alaska! Sparky Rudolph, local manager, made up a card of four bouts (from Los Angeles) for the Alaska promoter, and flew all eight boxers to the far north for the one performance. I doubt that preliminary boxers have ever before made a trip of about 5000 miles for a single appearance. Methinks Sparky has a distinction in this booking.

A human being dies, and there is a fleeting sadness among acquaintances for a while. It lingers a little longer with friends, depending on how close one was to the departed. Many forget, only a few remember. Three men well known to the boxing world passed away in California during the past month. They were Gus Wilson, Dr. Harry Martin and Carl Morris.

The affable, soft-spoken Wilson was the best known, and probably the best liked. Certainly, few men knew more people, or had fewer enemies. Gus was a fatherly man to his boxers and his boys swore by him. And he was probably the best known boxing manager in the entire world, having been active in the sport in Europe and England before coming to this country, as well as booking his boxers for fights in several other countries in recent years. And Wilson had long been of the "big time," numbering among his associates such men as Jack Dempsey, Jack Johnson and Georges Carpentier.

Gus died of a heart attack at Portland, Ore., where he was with Dutch Culbertson, one of his boxers. Born in Alsace-Lorraine, he came to this country in 1921, and had lived in Los Angeles for 20 years. He was 63 years old. Few boxing men will be missed more, or remembered longer.

Dr. Harry Martin was one of our first boxing commission chairmen and in my opinion, one of our very best. He loved boxing and devoted much of his time to it while on the commission, which, in itself, makes him unusual. I know from experience of his admirable trait in insisting on fair play. He was a real friend to me and I probably regret his passing more than does any other boxing man in the state.

The story of Carl Morris, the Oklahoma "white hope," who died at Pasadena, was told in last month's RING by Billy Williams—and told well.

Many of the sport writers and boxing fraternity out here are picking Bob Murphy to win the title from Joey Maxim. I, too, wish it, for the colorful Irishman has already been a tonic to boxing and his winning the title would add more interest to the game. But I do not look for Murphy to defeat Maxim. Even though the light-heavy champion received a terrific beating from Charles, and looked bad during it, I believe he will prove too smart for Bob.

And it has been stated that a return bout between Murphy and Harry Matthews has already been signed up. Here again I must vote against the one whom I would like to see win. I not only look for Matthews to repeat his win over Bob, I believe he will stop the Irishman in the rematch.

Promoter Cal Eaton is dickering for a bout between Joe Louis and Clarence Henry for Los Angeles on Labor Day. It is said to be practically made and already there is speculation on Henry's chance to defeat the former champion. Clarence looked so good beating Jimmy Bivins that there are many who expect him to turn back the Brown Bomber. And the truth is that he has the fistic ability to defeat any heavyweight in the world today, but—yeah, here is that but again—he lacks the fighting spirit to do it. Not a lack of courage, but that something—the spark.

And because he has disappointed in other critical matches, I figure he would flop in this, his greatest opportunity. So, if and when he and Louis meet, I predict that Joe will win.

With all the terrific upsets of recent months, anyone who would make predictions (in print) on future fights, or possible matches—is a chump. And a perusal of this month's column will show that this writer has elected himself to such office. During this reckless, hit-and-run trip on the typewriter, I have picked James Carter, Joe Brown and Luther Rawlings as capable of defeating Art Aragon: Brown and Rawlings as my choice in bouts with Carter: Carter to kayo Mario Trigo: Maxim to defeat Murphy: Matthews to kayo Murphy: Louis to whip Henry. (Winkler, you fool, you!)

My last request before the results come in: Please remember, fellows, that after all, the column is written for your amusement. Also, consider my age: and be careful, for our Uncle Sam does not allow everything to be said in a letter.

Cesar Brion was accorded a tremendous ovation by 'Frisco fans for his courageous stand against Joe Louis. Although bleeding profusely from gashes over both eyes and swollen nose and mouth, the Latin gamester never once played it safe, or ceased trying. He would be welcomed back any time.

And isn't it a small world? In this bout Fred Apostoli and Louis were performing in the same

(Continued on page 47)

A Century Ago

By JERSEY JONES

No Boxing Commission Regulated Sport in the Rough Pioneer Days in America When Fighters Like Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan Settled Their Feuds

A contemporary drawing of the Hyer-Sullivan meeting in a Maryland meadow in February, 1849. The fight was held after a lively hide-and-seek session with the police. The taller, heavier Hyer (right), won in 16 rounds.

BOXING—or prize-fighting, as it was called—was a rough, rugged, often dangerous profession during its pioneer days in these growing United States a century ago. And particularly in New York, where the community's politics were dominated by the powerful Democratic crowd, Tammany Hall, which maintained a strong force of roughnecks to keep the opposition in check. Sluggings, riots and even an occasional murder were regular occurrences in the bitter battling between Tammany and its rivals, and the ranks of the contending political factions were ever open to husky bruisers willing to peddle their physical assets to well-paying if not entirely altruistic causes.

For a century and a half, prize-fighting had been pretty much of an English monopoly. Conducted on a more or less legitimate basis, and patronized by the nobility and even royalty, the sport had taken on a semblance of respectability in England, and leading fighters like Jim Figg, Jack Broughton, Daniel Mendoza, Gentleman John Jackson and Tom Cribb had become important personages to the populace.

Efforts to popularize the sport in the United States had not been too successful during the closing years of the 18th century and early years of the 19th. In New York and such other ports as Boston, Philadelphia and Charleston, where pugnacious British sailors were in frequent waterfront brawls with American mariners, there was no such thing as "organized" boxing. Prize-fighting was illegal, and the occasional match that did materialize was hidden from the authorities in the comparative privacy of a barn or the back room of a saloon, with only a handful of spectators present. It was not an atmosphere to encourage the sport. Americans with fist-fighting ambitions had to travel to England to satisfy their cravings for what glory and cash their talents could earn.

THE first fight of any note to be held in America was in 1816 when Jacob Hyer, scion of an old Dutch family in New York, hied himself to Hingham, Mass., to settle an argument with an English-born ex-sailor, Tom Beasley of Boston. It seems that on a visit to New York, the boisterous Beasley had become embroiled in a ruckus with Hyer which started in a saloon and finished on the sidewalk, with the resultant challenge, for $150 a side, to fight it out to a finish between ropes under London Prize Ring Rules, which allowed wrestling, gouging, butting, tripping and kicking as well as punching. Hyer agreed to permit Beasley to name the site, and Tom picked Hingham, a sailors' hangout, some 16 miles from Boston.

Fear of the law caused the affair to be guarded with the utmost secrecy, and posterity has been left with only vague details of what happened. Most ring records have credited Hyer with winning, but some years ago Doc Almy, veteran boxing historian of Boston, delved into the musty local newspaper files and came up with a brief report, published two weeks after the fight, in which Beasley was said to have won. Under a single line head, "Brutal Prize-Fight," the account read:

"Thomas Beasley of Boston, a former sailor, known as 'ring champion,' and one Jacob Hyer of New York, called the 'champion' of that city, are reported to have engaged in a brutal prize-fight in the village of Hingham, the 15th inst. We are informed that the fight resulted from a quarrel in a New York dram shop. After fighting most viciously and contrary to law for more than an hour, Hyer's arm was broken and he had to give up the encounter."

Regardless of whether Hyer or Beasley won, history does not record any subsequent exploits in the ring by either, and prize-fighting in the United States relapsed into obscurity until 1838 when the swashbuckling Yankee Sullivan arrived in New York from England, and was credited with giving boxing its real start on the American side of the Atlantic.

A THOROUGH hoodlum, Yankee Sullivan. Born James Ambrose in Bandon, near Cork, Ireland, he was a toddling tot when he moved to England with his parents. Reared among the muck of the London slums, he grew up into an unsavory character and was in frequent jams with the police. But the guy could fight, and though only a middleweight by modern standards, scaling around 155 pounds, he'd take on anybody and everybody, regardless of size—in or out of the ring. He had a record of a half-dozen winning prize-fights in England before arriving in America.

Sullivan didn't lose much time finding action after landing in New York. Looking the town over, he dropped into notorious English Charley's on the Bowery. After a few gulps of the stuff that's supposed to cheer, Yank became boisterous and started challenging anybody in the house.

Big Bill Chase, boss of the Bowery, and about as vicious a plug-ugly as the town knew, took himself a mouthful of red-eye and spat it into Sullivan's face.

Some three minutes later, Chase's friends picked him off the sawdust-covered floor. Yank had done a thorough job on him.

"Line up and drink with a champion," shouted Sullivan to the thugs, pickpockets and assorted riffraff that jammed the joint.

The new arrival had crowned himself King of the Bowery.

SULLIVAN'S first "official" fight in New York was celebrated with a victory over Pat O'Connor. He chalked up several more wins in the next couple of years, then took time out early in 1841 for a quick hop back to England to accept a challenge from Hammer Lane. He stopped Lane and returned to New York.

It was inevitable that a fighter of Sullivan's prestige would become involved in the city's turbulent political shenanigans, and Yank found himself one of the leading cogs in the ruling Democratic machine, Tammany Hall.

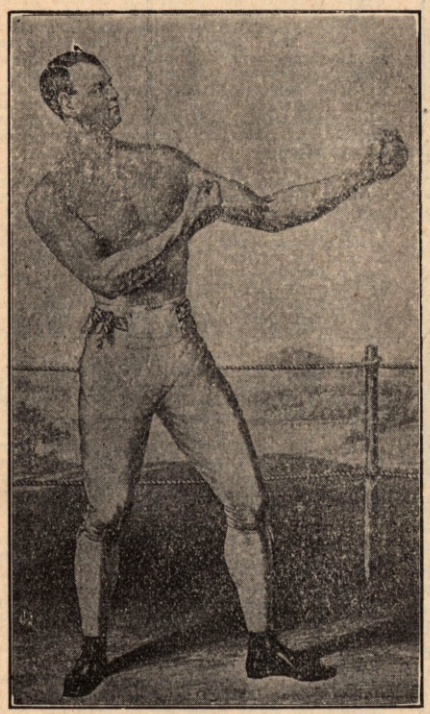
Sullivan opened a saloon, which became a popular hangout for the so-called "sporting element," and he continued his successful ring career by beating, among others, Vincent Hammond, Tom Secor, Professor William Bell and Bob Gaunt.

By 1849 a blazing feud had reached a climax between Sullivan and the American champion, Tom Hyer, son of Jacob, and a showdown resulted in the pair being matched.

Exactly how and where Hyer became American "champion" has never been satisfactorily determined. Beyond the fact that he was born in New York in 1819, and had built up quite a reputation around town as a handy guy with his fists in impromptu scuffles, there is little data available concerning his early feats in the ring, if any. Until he met Sullivan, the only "legitimate" fight in Hyer's record was a victory scored in 1841 at Caldwell's Landing, N. Y., over one George McChesney, who fought as "Country McCluskey."

It was Hyer's triumph over McChesney, alias McCluskey, that started his feud with Sullivan. Yank happened to be one of the loser's handlers in that bout, and he promptly tossed a defi at Tom. It was eight years later, however, before the rivals finally tangled.

THE Hyer-Sullivan controversy wasn't merely a personal matter. It became a keen issue with the city's warring political factions. While Yank toted the banners of Tammany Hall, Tom was a prominent figure with the Native Americans, a party which had broken away from Tammany because of the increasing domination of Irish immigrants in the crowd.



American Champion Tom Hyer, whose victory over Yankee Sullivan is generally regarded as being the "official" start of boxing in the United States. The fight climaxed eight years of bitter personal feuding in which rival New York political factions were on opposite sides.

Sullivan's early challenges to Hyer were ignored. Tom, some four inches taller and 30 pounds heavier, felt that Yank was "too small" for him. But Sullivan was persistent, and in time his dislike of Hyer increased to intense hatred.

One night Sullivan was determined to bring the issue to a head. He went hunting around town for Hyer, and finally caught up to him in Sherwood's saloon on Broadway, near Park Place. One thing led to another, as things have a habit of doing, and the rivals wound up in a fight. For once, Sullivan had overmatched himself. In less than three minutes he was badly beaten.

Yank wasn't satisfied. He again challenged Hyer to do battle in the ring, to a finish, under London rules. Determined to get rid of the annoying Sullivan once and for all, Tom accepted the challenge. The stakes agreed upon were $10,000, a tremendous purse in those days.

The next problem was the site. The fight had created too much excitement in and around New York, and it would have been a risky proposition trying to stage it anywhere near the metropolis. The logical move was to take the fight as far away from New York as was convenient to all parties concerned. Several possibilities were considered, and desolate Pool's Island in Maryland finally was decided upon. The date was set for February 7, 1849.

Keeping the affair as hush-hush as possible, the principals, their handlers, and a few hundred invited spectators travelled to Baltimore, boarded a river steamboat on the morning of February 6, and started down Chesapeake Bay. But the Maryland authorities must have got wind of what was brewing, and a boatload of militia trailed along. After hours of playing hide-and-seek with the law, the captain of the river boat shook off his pursuers and dropped anchor that night off Pool's Island. While the accompanying spectators remained aboard the boat, the fighters and their retinues went ashore to commandeer the only two houses standing on that lonely stretch of land. Hyer and his crowd moved into one, Sullivan and his mob into the other.

During the night, the minions of law and order caught up to the party. At this point, we'll let Nat Fleischer relate what happened, as it is chronicled in his *"The Heavyweight Championship":*

Irish-born, London-reared Yankee Sullivan, whose winning prize-fight career finally came a-cropper when he was decisively beaten by Tom Hyer. Despite unsavory reputation out of the ring, Sullivan was largely responsible for popularizing prizefighting in America and his meeting with Hyer created widespread excitement.

"Upon landing, the police surrounded the house where Hyer lay sleeping. Awakened by the sound of tramping feet, Hyer realized his danger. Hastily putting his trainer, George Thompson, in his bed, Tom crept downstairs and concealed himself on the ground floor. A little later, he fled to the beach and boarded the waiting boat.

"The officers proceeded to the bedroom vacated by Hyer. Seeing big Thompson lying snugly under the covers, they took it for granted that he was the man for whom they were searching. Thompson meekly submitted to arrest.

"The police next proceeded to Sullivan's resting place. Yankee, suddenly confronted by the minions of the law, turned to his sparring partner, Tom O'Donnell, pushed him toward the door, and exclaimed: 'Run, Sullivan; run like hell!'

"The constables, completely deceived, held O'Donnell, who put up a convincing struggle. While the officers were engaged in subduing him, the real Sullivan quietly slipped away and soon found himself on the boat.

"The constables' steamer, attempting to pursue the fugitives, ran upon a rock and stuck there hard and fast, while the

(Continued on page 58)

European Gossip

By CHARLIE PARRISH

THE month of July was a quiet period on the Continent. The absence of Ray Robinson was noticeable. There were several good programs in Germany, which brought in very large gates, such as the Rux-Neuhaus match. The arrival of the Belgian, Karel Sys, added to interest among the heavies, and several of the usual summertime upsets occurred.

Lavoine was edged by an almost unknown Italian welter, and Gino Campagna was slammed out of the middleweight picture by Van Dam. The one-time challenger to Jake LaMotta, Tiberio Mitri, continued to make good progress in his comeback campaign.

At Naples, evergreen Michele Palermo gained a deserved victory over the Portuguese Negro, Raphael Da Sylva, in ten rounds. In a previous duel, Palermo had been lucky to share honors with the visitor.

At Ancona, Lausdei drew with Azzara in six, light-heavies, and at Civitavecchia, Franco Fratalia continued to forge ahead in the welter class by halting Vittorio Fuiano in the sixth, while Nicola Funari halted Loprieno in the seventh canto of their lightweight affair, on medical advice.

Charley Anglee continued unbeaten in his German tourney when he battered southpaw Theo Imbsweiler to defeat in seven rounds, before a crowd of 8000 at Dusseldorf. The German middle sponged up tremendous punishment and surrendered in the interval following the seventh.

Franz Szuzina had a pull of 12 pounds in the weights over the Spaniard, Augustin Argote, but failed to put across the old kayo after getting his man rocky in the sixth. In a third middle shindig, Leo Starosch repeated a previous triumph over Tommy Bell, U.S.A., and won easily in six.

In a lightweight clash, Glaeser won a hard-fought duel with Emilio Orozco of Spain in eight, and Al Bishop shared honors with Muench in a middles six.

Peter Mueller and Burl Charity treated 10,000 fans in Cologne to a rare nip-and-tuck battle, each man striving to land his Sunday wallop. The bout was evenly fought and was justly declared drawn after ten stanzas.

Al Hoosman was too cagey for Hugo Salfeld, and deserved more than the announced drawn verdict after six rounds. Ludwig Petri drew with Jupp Muennichhoff, and Karl Pinsdorf won over carroty-headed Ganser in two lightweight sixes, while Heinz Saenger was declared winner over Etienne Delannoit, the Belgian middles, when the latter was ruled out in the sixth for continuous irregularities.

Supporting bouts to the Ray Robinson-Cyrille Delannoit slaughter at Turin, reported last month, were as follows: Luigi Valentini placed himself for a shot at the national welter title by outscoring Carlo Mola over ten heats, while Bang-Bang Womber checked Luigi Male in the sixth frame of another welter affair, at which time Male figured he had taken enough. Alfredo Lagrutta outpointed the French lightie, Jean Labalette, over eight, and Teresio Cavagna whipped Genesio Baretti in six, feathers.

The long-awaited battle of giants—the inevitable meeting of Conny Rux and Heinz Neuhaus—attracted around 40,000 visitors to the Dortmund Rote-Erde Arena. The program opened up with a draw between Theo Baumjohann and Paul Schirrmann, in a light-heavy six, followed by a tremendous show of grit by the Italian light-heavy, Giovanni Ferrari. The Italian faced up to Werner Wiegand, who outweighed Ferrari by 37 pounds, but the unequal contest lasted until the seventh, when Ferrari was counted out.

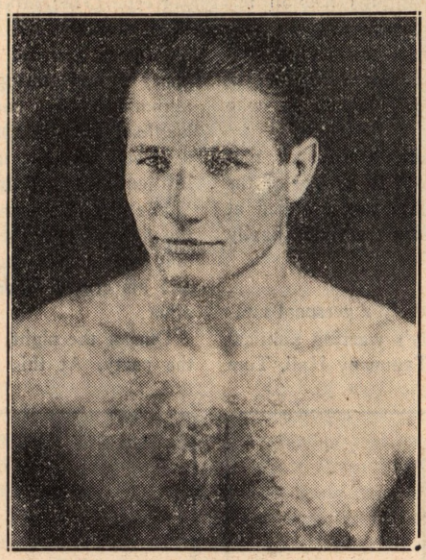
In a heavyweight clash, Wilson Kohlbrecher and Richard Grupe ambled to a draw after six monotonous rounds.

The main fight, between Berlin's Conny Rux and Dortmund's own Heinz Neuhaus, was no let-down. Neuhaus weighed 20 pounds more than his rival, but Rux forged ahead in the third and fourth. The next canto was even, but the blond Berliner again took the lead in the sixth and seventh with his precise clouts to the midriff.

Both men took great risks to clinch the victory with a kayo but the big sensation did not arrive until the tenth and last round, when Neuhaus caught his man with left and right hooks to the jaw. Rux slithered to the canvas, got up almost immediately, but had to cling to the top rope for support. The referee counted to eight, then Rux resumed the fray.

Neuhaus tried to get in a finisher but Rux fought back determinedly until the final gong. The last knockdown robbed the Berliner of certain victory, and the verdict of honors even was greeted with cheers from the huge crowd. Karl Schmidt outpointed Horst Kemena in eight, middles, and Guenther Nuernberg obliged Steve McCall to retire in the interval after the fourth heat, heavies.

At Asnieres, near Paris, Jacques Legendre forced Andre Scotto to retire in the tenth frame of a gory feathers duel, while Guy Prigent flattened Dufort in the first, lighties. At Boulogne-



Showing the benefit of a long, needed rest, Tiberio Mitri is off to a good start in a campaign to regain the European middleweight title. In his first three starts, the Italian whipped Gaston Chambraud and Gus Degouve of France and Jackie Marr of Australia.

Billancourt, Rene Bolivia halted Kid le Noir in the eighth, lightweights, and Falkner trimmed Amor Kilani in six, feathers.

Robert Naze forced Jacques Bouhier to retire in the seventh round of their lightweight argument at Villejuif, and at Palaiseau, Georges Lafaye halted the Spaniard, Pilo, in the fifth.

At the Prado Arena, Marseilles, Pierre Langlois established himself as second only to Humez among French welters, when he defeated the ex-champion, Gilbert Lavoine, over ten rounds. The fight was a rugged affair, even for the first half, then Langlois gradually drew ahead of the flagging railwayman (no pun!).

Piet Wilde repeated a previous kayo victory over Ray Degl'Innocenti, forcing the local heavy to retire in the fifth, while popular Jean Cuilleries knocked out Jean Julien in the first round of a lightweight match.

The Spanish lightweight champ, Bartolome Marti, won a ten-round scrap against Angel Garcia at Las Palmas. In two feather bouts, Juan Mir trimmed the youthful Jose Galiana, and Tony Lopez shared honors with Juan Crespi.

Charlie Bohbot, the good Algerian flyweight, who has to take on bantams to get a living, won a decisive ten-rounder from Jacques Loreni at Casablanca.

At Montgeron, France, Ben Areski, otherwise known as Areski Boina, halted Stan Kovalesky in the eighth (welters). At Abbeville the featherweight prospect made a reappearance, forcing Andre Georgibus to surrender in the third.

Italy's leading lightweight, Diulio Loi, dropped Ray Lewis of Hawaii three times in their clash at Genoa. The last occasion was in the final round, when Lewis was rescued from a certain kayo by the gong. Gianni Mariani whipped the deaf-and-dumb battler from Lodi, Giuseppe Arghenini, in eight, and Enzo Ganadu trimmed Garutti in another eight-round feathers slam.

At Affori, Gianni Bof, who fought with little success in the U.S.A., tried to roughhouse Giovanni Scodro. The fight developed into a brawl and both men were disqualified before the first round had ended.

Madrid—Sam Conforti tried his luck for the third time against Luis Romero, but once again the young French bantam was forced to acknowledge defeat, this time on points after ten cantos.

The Spanish cruiser prospect from the Basque country, Ramon Martinez, outscored Marco Brito of Portugal in eight, and Juan Cristobal nodded the French flyweight, Jacques Louni, also in eight.

Spain's welter boss, Antonio Monzon, edged blond Gilbert Ussin, France, and Modesto Asencio outdistanced young Jean Binet, the French bantam, both bouts in eight. All the Spaniards on this program were national champions.

The German lightweight king, Hans Haefner, was in sparkling form when he defended his title against Heinz Sander in Munich. A crowd of 7000 watched Haefner hand out a masterly beating to his challenger, who was finally knocked clean out in the 12th round.

Franz Szuzina won an uninteresting middles contest against Horst Garz, who was eight pounds lighter, while Emil Dimmer won over Herbert Escher, welters, and Bachhuber won over Hirsch, lightweights. Hans Schoemig won a lively eight-round bantam slam from Engel.

Willi Hoepner finally reached the first rung of his climb to fame, by snatching the German cruiser title from Heinz Sachs at Hamburg. Over 15,000 saw their favorite knock out Sachs in the third round with a sizzling left hook to the jaw which felled the Rhinelander like an oak.

In another light-heavy fray, clever Hans Strelecki proved too fast for an off-form Dieter Hucks, who was a clear points loser, Richard Vogt continued to plow through all opposition, even when faced with Heinz Seelisch, a full-fledged heavy, and succeeded in chalking up a well-earned points win after eight rounds.

Ernst Kohlsaat drew with Albert Mueller, lightweights, and Mathis Luyten won over Amandus Spitzkopf, welters.

Frankfurt—Guenther Balzer was declared winner over Theo Imbsweiler in the sixth round of their hard-contested middles clash, when the medico intervened. Ludwig Petri knocked out Berthold Raeder in the fourth, lightweights, while Nesemann drew with Helmut Werfel at the same weight. Werther Abele drew with Roemke, bantams, and Zeetsmann flattened Freeb in the third.

Emile Chemama upset tthe critics when he retained his French bantam title in no uncertain fashion at Avignon, where he shattered the defenses of Maurice Sandeyron. The latter's manager was compelled to throw in the sponge to save his fighter from further manhandling.

Ray Degl'Innocenti broke his run of defeats by knocking out Gabriel Bigotte in the second frame (heavies), and in two welterweight bouts, Amy forced Martinez to retire in the seventh and Ben Areski halted Gouellain in the eighth.

At Casablanca, Algeria, Charlie Bohbot did well to hold Louis Skena to a draw after a brilliant fight. Georges Mousse whipped the Spanish bantam, Manuel Garcia, in ten.

Karel Sys, the Belgian heavyweight veteran who recently drew with Archie Moore in Argentina, had his first fight in Belgium for many years when he knocked out the Irishman, Ginger McDermott, in three, at Ghent.

William Poli continued his climb back to the select circle of Italian middles by decisively outpointing the Frenchman, Gaston Chambraud, at Bologna. On the same bill, Ivano Fontana was likewise impressive in beating out a clear win over the solid and aggressive Gilbert Stock of France in another middles ten-rounder.

Lightweight Gaston Henriot scored the sole French victory by battering Ersilio Roteglia into retiring in the ninth heat. Costante Brazzi nodded Marino Bisson in six (welters).

At Cagliari, Sardinia, the local hero, Gianni Zuddas, notched one more triumph, this time halting the Dutch flyweight and bantam champion, Theo Nolten, in nine rounds. Another Dutchman, middleweight Job Roos, had his colors lowered by Livio Minelli, who won neatly in ten rounds, while Enzo Ganadu won over Giovanni Ceci in eight, feathers.

Vienna—A crowd of 12,000 filled the Sport-arena to watch Jo Weidin suffer another defeat, this time against the American Negro, Al Hoosman. Weidin had established a respectable points lead when he was ordered to retire by the medico, at the end of the fifth frame, owing to a deep cut over the eye. Karl Machart successfully defended his lightweight crown against Franz Kochmannowitsch, whom he whipped on points, while a heavyweight newcomer, Waniek, won clearly over Acita of Argentina.

Jean-Jacques Invernizzi, the French middles prospect, had to be content with sharing the honors with Herbert Tauber, with whom he fought a rugged ten-round slugging bee in Augsburg, Germany.

Charley Anglee halted the wild-swinging Erich Puhlmann in the second round and Don Ellis gained a narrow win over Otto Hentrich in six, in two more middleweight shindigs. Al Bishop scored the third United States victory by knocking out Toni Frenzel in two (light-heavies), and Walter Schopp was lucky to draw with Groetzsch (bantams).

At Casablanca, Charley Bohbot could do no better than draw in 10 with Sedraoui (bantams), while Abdelkader ben Miloud iced Al Britel in two (lighties).

Pierre Langlois was once more in action, this

time it was young Pierre Hernandez who was the victim, beaten over ten at Le Havre.

Serge Ceustermans obliged the Spaniard, Jose Garcia, to retire in the eighth stanza (lightweights), and Roger Beaumais decisioned Marcel Alexis, a middle from Guadeloupe.

Luc Van Dam popped up again with a triumph which reinstates him among leading Continental middles. At Scheveningen he knocked out the Italian champ, Gino Campagna, in nine rounds. A crowd of 3000 turned up to see Van Dam drop Campagna in the fourth for eight, twice more in the seventh, and finally drop the Latin with an uppercut in the ninth, which finished the scrap.

At Terni, near Rome, Amleto Falcinelli paid off an old debt when he clearly outdistanced Kid Arcelli in ten fast rounds. Arcelli had previously beaten Falcinelli when the latter was still bantam champion. Franco Sisalli whipped Matteo Tamalio in eight (lighties). In Rome, Claudio Buniva drew with Conti I (welters).

Italy's unbeaten lightweight prospect, Diulio Loi, finally realized his ambition of winning the Italian title when he won a clear verdict over Gianluigi Uboldi in 12 heats, at Milan. Tiberio Mitri made the second outing on his comeback a success, beating decisively the French trial horse, Gus Degouve, an awkward southpaw, in ten.

Gianni Zuddas continued his winning way, even with expert Theo Medina as an opponent, and the Sardinian once more booked a victory after ten hotly disputed rounds.

Danny Womber fought a six two-minute round "no decision" affair with Michele Palermo, with Ray Robinson officiating as third man.

Two Spanish champions put out their laurels for an airing at Barcelona, when Luis De Santiago successfully defended the feather crown by halting Gonzalo in the fourth, and Bartolome Marti outscored Tony Lopez in defense of the lightweight diadem.

Bufala drew with Ros (lighties) in eight, Juan Crespi also drew with Jose Galiana (feathers), and Rivas whipped Juan Mir (lightweights).

At the Dubois Arena in Essen, Peter Mueller was not too impressive against Leo Starosch, with Mueller's middles title on the line. For the first half of the bout, Starosch made the champion very uncomfortable, but Mueller gradually imposed his superiority, though the challenger attacked robustly to the 12th and last round. Mueller's win was not disputed by the crowd.

Eduardo Lopez, Spain's middles king, fought a wild, unruly draw with Mathias Luyten, and Hans Strelecki was below his usual standard against Winnfried Henne, which finished in a draw (cruisers). In two welter slams, Glaeser knocked out Karl Pinsdorf in the second and Emilio Orozco of Spain engaged in a desperate set-to with Alois Brand, which ended in a draw.

Franco Festucci won his second pro bout when he defeated Vannes Benassi at San Giovanni Valdarno. Benassi was disqualified in the fourth for continued irregularities. Ernesto Ballabio whipped Giovanni Bidini (lighties), Ilario Tanelli outfought Benito Fattori (bantams), and finally Marco Permieri edged Donato Geppetti (feathers).

At the French summer resort of La Baule, Francis Bonnardel clung to the French feathers title by the skin of his teeth when he clashed with the young Parisian, Tony Say. The fight was a very confused affair and consisted in the latter rounds of holding, tugging and pushing. The verdict of a draw did not satisfy the fans, who favored Say.

At St. Jean de Luz, Jean Stock repeated a previous conquest when he humbled the Spaniard, Antonio Soldevilla, who surrendered in the sixth round (middles).

Karel Sys won the second bout of his European tourney when he outpointed Lloyd Barnett over ten rounds, at the Palais Rubens in Antwerp.

Something of an upset occurred at Chateau-Thierry, France, when the young Italian welter, Paolo Melis, slugged out a points win over the redoubtable Gilbert Lavoine, in ten. The fight was marred by much holding, but the Italian's triumph was nonetheless impressive for that. Jacques Royer-Crecy returned to action with a win over Leon Nowiasz, who failed to come up for the ninth round (middles). Marcel Lesage halted Grudzien in the third (feathers).

Tiberio Mitri outboxed the Australian cruiser, Jackie Marr, over ten rounds in Rome. The Italian continues to show improvement after his long layoff, and has the strong support of all Italians right now.

Alvaro Nuvoloni was too rough-and-ready for the fragile French bantam, Guy Josseau, who was laid out for the count in the seventh frame. Guy Toupe, young French welter hope, outpointed Luigi Coluzzi in eight, and Ernesto Formenti successfully defended his feathers title by decisioning Altidoro Polidori in 12.

A moderate crowd of 4000 attended the first program to be held in Mannheim since the Walcott-Ten Hoff show a year ago. Jean Invernizzi, the French middle, fought a good draw with Horst Kemena, Jimmy King halted Georgi in the third, and Charley Anglee stopped Hans Kruechten in two, in two further middles clashes.

Don Ellis, the American cruiser, obliged Jackie Jakobsohn to retire at the end of the fifth canto, and Walter Schopp whipped Klein (bantams).

Here are my ratings for Continental Europe only as of August 1:

Heavies—Hein Ten Hoff, Jo Weidin, W. Kohlbrecher, Heinz Neuhaus, Stef Olek, Karel Sys, Kurt Schiegl, Werner Wiegand, Piet Wilde, Heinz Titze.

Cruisers—Conny Rux, Gerhard Hecht, Willi Hoepner, Renato Tontini, Albert Yvel, Fernando Jannilli, Hans Strelecki, Dieter Hucks, Willy Schagen, Jacques Hairabedian.

Middles—Laurent Dauthuille, Robert Villemain, Tiberio Mitri, Luc Van Dam, Jean Stock, Peter Mueller, Jan De Bruin, Michel Lapourielle, Cyrille Delannoit, Livio Minelli.

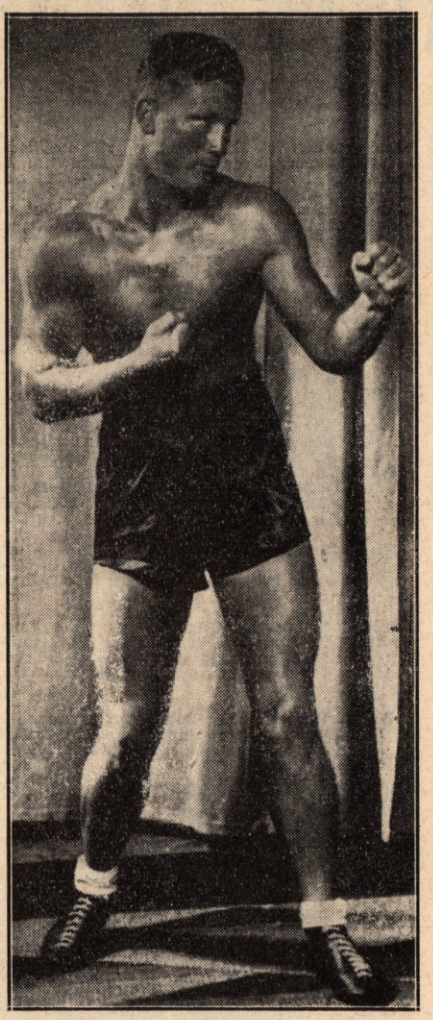
Welters—Charles Humez, Pierre Langlois, Michele Palermo, Gilbert Lavoine, Emmanuel Clavel, Chris Christensen, Emile Delmine, Gustav Scholz, Antonio Monzon, Val Benedetto.

Lightweights—Elis Ask, Joergen Johansen, Joseph Preys, Pierre Montane, Diulio Loi, Auguste Caulet, Gustave Perrot, Ben Miloud, Hans Haefner, Jacques Prigent.

Feathers—Ray Famechon, Alvaro Cerasani, Francis Bonnardel, Ernesto Formenti, Guido Ferracin, Luis De Santiago, Jean Machterlinck, Roger Bruneau, Tony Say, Walter Demke.

Bantams—Luis Romero, Jean Sneyers, Hadi Tijani Gaetano Analoro, Emile Chemama, Maurice Sandeyron, Alvaro Nuvoloni, Gianni Zuddas, Sam Conforti, Dante Bini.

Flyweights—Louis Skena, Charlie Bohbot, Honore Pratesi, Nazzareno Gianelli, Otello Belardinelli, Florio Pancani, Andre Jasse, Donatien Millet, Ennio Aroldi, Georg Tietzsch.



Karel Sys, veteran Belgian heavyweight and one-time holder of the European championship, is back home after a successful jaunt to South America where, among other performances, he held ranking light-heavyweight Archie Moore to a draw in Buenos Aires. Since his return to Belgium, Sys has knocked out Gerry McDermott and outpointed Lloyd Barnett.

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By W. Garforth

THE latest news concerns World Bantam King Vic Towel who keeps bowling 'em over. His latest victim was Jim Kenny, former Scottish feather champion, whom he battered into submission in seven rounds.

Kenny threw his dangerous right hand often enough but could not land cleanly enough to perturb Towell who moved fast and was full of confidence. Kenny started with a rush and looked as if he would carry the fight to his opponent. Towel stood his ground and worked Kenny towards the ropes where he opened a vicious attack which ended with the Scotsman being knocked through the ropes. From then on it was all Towel. Throwing punches from all angles he had Kenny hanging on like a limpet on more than one occasion.

In the seventh Towel came out intent on a K.O. and soon had his man in trouble. Towards the end of the round Kenny was knocked right through the ropes after a concerted attack and was in obvious pain. During the interval Kenny indicated that he could not continue and a sodden towel and tartan ribbon landed in the center of the ring thus robbing the champion of a certain K.O. Towel scaled 121 pounds, Kenny 124½.

Danie van Graan, S.A. welter champion, halted Mannetjie Roux when the referee intervened in the fourth round to save Roux further punishment. Van Graan, 145¾, Roux 147½.

Jimmy Towel, 140½, was too strong and experienced for Paul Karam, 141, whom he outpointed over eight rounds. Eddie Theron, 194¾, K.O.'ed Jimmy Scott, 191¼, in one round. Johnny McCoy, 150½, outpointed Paul MacIntyre over four rounds.

A capacity house attended the T.N.S. C's tournament which was the most successful of the year so far.

News: Piet Strydom has relinquished his South African heavyweight crown in favor of religion. Strydom's crown was always a bad fit and he defended it only once.

Johnny Arthur, contender for the S.A. heavyweight title, was married recently. He has been out of the ring since fighting Reg Andrews as he is suffering a recurrence of Bilharzia.

Lou Strydom is now in line for the vacant South African heavyweight title relinquished by his brother Piet. We all expect to see Lou overcome all opposition.

Here are the results in the local fistic sphere:

Port Elizabeth: Johnny Risko of Johannesburg beat Jack Krynauw the Transvaal cruiserweight champion on points over six rounds.

P. Gerber beat K. O. Mulder on points over four rounds. Welterweights V. Morrick beat L. Henry on a T.K.O. in three rounds. Johnny McCoy beat D. van der Westhuizen on a K.O. in round two. Welterweights. G. Jacobs beat G. Fick on a T.K.O. in the third session. Middleweights. Angus McDonald beat L. Lawson on a K.O. in round three.

At Johannesburg—At the Olympic Ice Rink, the young Pretoria heavyweight, Lou Strydom, 213, put away Conrad Botha, 182, in the first round. It was the first time that Botha had been kayoed and it chalked up the eighth victory for Strydom in as many pro fights.

Reg Andrews, England, 193, beat Tony Kiversage, 177½, on points in eight.

Jerry Van Wyk, 162½, was too strong for Arthur Sheffield. 161¾. He had his opponent down four times before the referee called a halt in the second and awarded the fight to Jerry. Harry Marner, 137, beat Willie Coetzee, 134¾, by a T.K.O. in the first. George Fick, 167, beat Freddie Edwards, 169½, in four. George Bissett, 187, kayoed George Strydom, 188½, in the first.

That's all for now folks. Sorry I have not replied to all managers, boxers, fans and others who have written me owing to prolonged illness. Will endeavor to answer all letters soon. Same address to those who wish correspondence: P. O. Box 9599, Johannesburg, South Africa.

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IF IT'S BOXING
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TIMELY CHATTER *in* GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

DAI DAVIES, 129, Skewen, scored a tenth and last round kayo win over Steve Walsh, 127¼, Liverpool, at the Stadium, Liverpool. Davies pulled this one out of the blue as he was behind on points when Walsh took the big count. . . . Stan Skinkiss, 129, Manchester, who seems to improve with every outing, stopped Johnny Haywood, 125, Nottingham, in the sixth. Eddie Kay, 117, Liverpool, outpointed Jimmy Roche, 115, Chester, over six rounds.

Bert Sanders, 160¼, Kilburn, notched an eight-round points win over Ron Pudney, 160½, Croydon, at Great Yarmouth. . . . Don Desborough, 153½, Hammersmith, knocked out Mike Grogan, 154, Downham Market, in the second. . . . Moe Clarke, Southwell, won from George Parmiter, Battersea, when the latter was disqualified in the fifth. . . . Johnny Pike, Beccles, outpointed Johnny Burns, West Ham, over six rounds. . . . Bob Cleaver, 159½, Attleborough, defeated Eddie Webb, 163, Jamaica, over the six rounds route. . . . Clive Campling, 142, Norwich, won from Johnny Hunt, 143, Northampton, in six.

Terry Ratcliffe, 145¼, Bristol, suffered his second professional defeat, this time on points at the hands of Hollander Giel de Roode, 146, over eight rounds at Bristol. . . . Cliff Purnell, 177, Timsbury, knocked out Al Brock, 180, London, in the second. . . . Len Grainger, 133, Bristol, stopped Danny Hurley, 134½, Morden, in the fourth. . . . Ken Lawrence, 123, Southampton, outpointed Glyn Evans, 121, Askern, six rounds. . . . Freddie King, 126¼, Wandsworth, won on points from Danny Dawson, 127¾, Sheffield, after eight rounds. . . . Gordon Hazell, 161, Bristol, stopped Jackie Wilson, 165, Ireland, in the third. . . . Wally Beckett, Carshalton, stopped Ron Cooper, Wales, in the fifth. . . . Johnny Byrne, Bristol, outpointed Dudley Cox, Bournemouth, over six rounds.

Algar Smith, 147½, Stoke Newington, showed a return to form when he stopped Johnny Downes, 148, Manchester, in the first of a scheduled eight-rounder at the Mile End Arena. . . . Brian Anders, 169½, Brighton, outscored Joe Plant, 175, Hackney, over eight rounds. . . . Ken Ryan, 126½, Islington, stopped Les Turner, 133, Brighton, in the fourth. . . . Lew Lazar, 147½, Aldgate, stopped Ken Tiser, 143, Luton, in the fourth. . . . George Happe, 147, Bethnal Green, stopped Arthur Garratt, 145, Malta, in the third. . . . Johnny Burns, 141¾, West Ham, stopped George Neville, 145, Romford, in the sixth.

Piet Van Staden, 147, South Africa, narrowly outpointed Tommy Hinson, 141½, Dagenham, over eight rounds at the Town Hall, Wembley. . . . Maurice Mancini, 137½, Warwick, won a points victory over Roy Paine, 135½, Notting Hill, over eight rounds. . . . Bobby Fish, 160¾, Harlow, outpointed Ken Richardson, 164½, Retford, over six. . . . Bobby Brunton, 129, Glasgow, turned in a good win against Jackie Chappell, 131, Islington, over the six rounds route. . . . Andy Oliver, 158½, Fulham, knocked out Johnny Donn, 162¼, West Ham, in the first.

In a bloody battle, British Bantamweight Champion Peter Keenan, 117½, Scotland, successfully defended his title against Bobby Boland, 117½, Scotland, at Glasgow. The referee, Ben Green, called a timely halt in the twelfth round. Boland, who was warned several times for using his head, emerged from one of these clashes with a severe gash on his forehead from which the blood literally gushed. He gamely continued however, even though it was becoming increasingly obvious that Keenan, despite the fact that he too was taking heavy punishment, was forging ahead on points.

As the bout went on both lads were covered with gore, and the wound in Boland's forehead, although treated during the intervals, never ceased its bleeding. The referee examined the wound in the eleventh, but Boland and his handlers insisted upon continuing. They were allowed to do so, but at the end of the twelfth, the referee had no hesitation in ending the contest and declaring Keenan the winner.

Willy Armstrong, 162, Glasgow, stopped Sammy Sullivan, 160¼, Preston, in the third. . . . George Stewart, 126¼, Hamilton, outpointed George Mousse, 123¼, France, over eight rounds.

Vic Herman, 113½, Scottish Flyweight Champion, came from being behind on points to win over Henry Carpenter, 113, Peckham. A beautiful right uppercut floored the Peckham battler in the seventh round of their scheduled ten session bout at Wandsworth, and Herman quick to sense his advantage did not allow Carpenter to recover. The referee intervened when Carpenter was obviously out on his feet. Mel Brown, 168, U.S.A., won over Bos Murphy, 162½, New Zealand, in the second of a scheduled eight-rounder, when Murphy suffered a nasty cut over his eye. . . . Tommy Caswell, 173, Mitcham, outpointed Dave Williams, 172½, Barry, over eight rounds. . . . Dick Langley, 162, Peckham, stopped Jimmy Redgewell, 157, Woolwich, in the sixth. . . . Tommy Barnham, 135¾, Fulham, outpointed Cliff Anderson, 136¾, British Guiana, over ten rounds. . . . George Parmenter, Battersea, knocked out Johnny Hudson, Covent Garden, in the second.

Jackie Turpin, 129½, Leamington, outpointed Gus Foran, 126, Liverpool, over ten fast rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. . . . Ron Greb, 132, Liverpool, won over Terry Riley, 137, Liverpool, on a disqualification in the third. . . . Eric Billington, 143, Golbourne, stopped Cal Johnson, 149, Jamaica, in the third.

Billy Shaw, 138, Manchester, outpointed Terry Cullen, 144¾, Shotton, in eight rounds at Sunderland. . . . Jimmy Charlton, Newcastle, knocked out Mike Casey, Sunderland, in the third. . . . Harry Lewis, Bradford, outpointed Billy Kane, Newcastle, in six rounds. . . . Jeff Walters, Scarborough, won over Bob Hodgson, Seaham, in six. . . . Billy Timmins, Huddersfield, stopped Dave Sand, Sunderland, in the fourth.

Tony Llanelly, 131, Doncaster, knocked out Gene Caffrey, 130 Glsagow, in the seventh of a ten-rounder at Preston. . . . Bernard Fairbanks, 129½, Hanley, stopped Brian Jelley, 131, Bury, in the fourth. . . . Billy Swift, St. Helens, outpointed Cliff Spinks, Leigh, in six. . . . Peter Smith, 135, Huddersfield, knocked out Ronnie Bate, 130, Colebourne, in the second. . . . Brian Coxhead, Preston, outscored Dennis Fairbanks, Hanley, in four.

Ronnie Draper, 131½, Southampton, outpointed Billy Daniels, 124½, Bow, over eight rounds at Southampton. . . . Johnny French, 130½, Eastleigh, outpointed Arthur Wright, 134, Peterborough, over six rounds. . . . Jimmy McLachlin, 140, Hackney, won a points victory from Joe Griffths, 140, Southampton, over six rounds. . . . George Happe, 147½, Bethnal Green, outpointed Peter Glen, 147½, Tottenham, over six rounds. . . . Johnny Burns, 142½, West Ham, won from Ken Tisor, 142¼, Luton, over six rounds.

Fast becoming a local favorite, Sammy McCarthy, 126½, Stepney, gained experience and a points win at the expense of Jackie Horseman, 126½, West Hartlepool, in six rounds at Mile End Arena. . . . Freddie Bird, Poplar, outpointed Jack Guiatt, Nottingham, over six rounds. . . . Ken Taylor, Norwich, outscored Jack Williams, West Ham, over six. . . . Sammy Bonicci, Poplar, outpointed Johnny Nicholson, Hackney, over six. Jimmy Davis, 165, Bethnal Green, was judged to have lost on points to Ron Crogan, 154, Fulham, after eight rounds.

Nat Thomas, 152½, Closterworth, stopped Vince Wallace, 156, Islington, in the seventh at the Town Hall, Watford. . . Andy Oliver, 159, Fulham, outpointed Mike Gillan, 164, Ireland, over six. . . . Johnny Docherty, 138, Luton, and Alby Brown, 137, Islington, drew in six rounds. . . . Geoff Eagan, 144, Maidstone, outpointed Mick Angel, 148, Cricklewood, over six.

Sid Charles, Bolton, outpointed Mickie Roache, Chester, after eight rounds at Morecambe. . . . Les Basham, Wrexham, outpointed Tony Green, Warrington, in six rounds. . . Billy Billington, Golbourne, outscored Roy Hammersley, Mold, over four rounds. Benny Peters, Preston, outpointed Johnny Duckworth, St. Helens, in four.

Wally Thom, 146, the undefeated Birkenhead welterweight, won the battle of the southpaws, when he was declared the winner over Cliff Curvis, 144, Swansea, in the ninth round at The Stadium, Liverpool.

They were battling it out for the right to meet Eddie Thomas for the latter's British welterweight title, and there was plenty of excitement throughout. The referee had stopped to talk to the boxers and before the order to "BOX ON" was given, Curvis shot a left hook to Thom's head, and he was unhesitatingly disqualified.

Ron Pudney, 160½ Croydon, stopped Jim Allsop, 161¾, Birkenhead, in the fifth round, when the latter received a badly cut eye. Stan Skinkiss, 127¾, Manchester, outpointed Hugh Mackie, 126½, British Guiana, in eight rounds. Billy Ellaway, 161, Liverpool, knocked out Billy Taylor, 154, Preston, in the first round. Denis Sale, 112, Northwich, scored a points win over Eddie Kay, 114, Liverpool, after six rounds.

The first boxing show in four years was staged by Reg Holland of St. Heller, Jersey, in the open air at Springfield Grounds.

Jimmy Holland, 137¾, Jersey stopped Gordon Morrison, 136, Sheffield, in the second round. Maurice Mancini, 136½, Leamington, knocked out Johnny Hudson, 136½, Convent Garden, in the first round. Jimmy Cardew, 120½, Holloway, outpointed Jimmy Webster, 121¾, Canning Town, over eight rounds. Dick Langley, 161 Peckham, gained a points win over Michael Stack, 161¾, Leamington, in a slow eight-round contest. Vic Phayer, 175, Woolwich, won over Al Allotti, 173½, Gold Coast, in a hard-hitting eight-round affair.

Roy Baird, 142¼, Birmingham, gave a smart display to gain a points win over Joe Corcoran, 148¼, Huddersfield, in eight rounds at Ryhope. Joe Elliot, 160, Sunderland, outpointed Jimmy Storey, 157, Aycliff, in six. Jimmy Ford, 133½, New Brancepeth, gave Peter Smith, 137, Huddersfield, his first professional defeat, when he outpointed the latter over six rounds.

Tommy Farr, 200, Tonypandy, regained the Welsh heavyweight title after 15 years, when he defeated Dennis Powell, 180, Four Crosses, in the sixth round at Shrewsbury. The latter suffered a badly cut eye, and the referee stopped the contest. Now that Tommy Farr has regained the Welsh title. WHY oh WHY??? does he not retire?

Johnny Barton, Lancaster, knocked out George Dawson, Builth Wells, in the second round.

Roy Coote, Falmouth, knocked out Ronnie Latham, Hickleton-Main, in the sixth of a lightweight contest at Plymouth. Rees Moore, Luton, outpointed Piet Van Staden, South Africa, over eight rounds of a welterweight contest. Bob Johnson, Plymouth, outpointed Jimmy Miller, Falmouth, over six rounds. Peter Fay, Bournemouth, knocked out Jimmy Butler, Hickleton Main, in the fifth. Jack Mason, Bournemouth, knocked out Charlie Roberts, Plymouth, in the second.

Johnny Sullivan, 158¼, Preston, outpointed Bob Cleaver, 158½, Borough, in eight tough rounds at Preston. . . . Roy Sharples, 138, Burnley, stopped Harry Lewis, 135½, Bradford, in the fifth. . . . Dennis Fewkes, Nottingham, stopped Peter Day, Liverpool, in the third. . . . Bobby Graham, Salford, stopped Don Morris, Golbourne, in the fourth. . . . Wilf Glyn, St. Helens, stopped Ivan Hutton, Rossendale, in the second.

Bernard Pugh, 128¾, Liverpool, won a ten-round points decision from South African Tony Lombard, 131¾, at Bristol. . . . Len Grainger, 133¾, Bristol, outpointed Willie Croke, 135, Leamington, over eight rounds. . . . Bruce McAlpine, Southampton, knocked out Brian Smith, Gloucester, in the second. . . . Sammy Milsom, 161½, Radstock, outpointed Johnny Byrne, 159, Bristol, over eight. . . . Ken Wyatt, Minehead, outpointed Ron Rainer, London, over six rounds. Jackie Turpin, 126¾, Leamington, stopped Denny Dawson, 128½, Sheffield, in the seventh of an eight-rounder.

Tommy Bailey, 128, Liverpool, outpointed Tony Llanelly, 128, Doncaster, over ten rounds at Liverpool Stadium. . . Johnny Carrington, 136½, Nottingham, outpointed George Bailey, 137, Liverpool, over eight rounds. . . . Eric Billington, 142, Golbourne, outpointed Call Johnson, 150, Jamaica, over eight.

Jimmy Davis 162¼, Bethnal Green, outpointed Dick Langley, 159, Peckham, after eight rounds at the Mile End Arena. . . . Johnny Powell, 129¼, Bermondsey, and Stan Morson, 127, Willesden, drew over six. . . . Joe Plant, Hackney, had to fight hard all the way to draw with Pat Stribling, Croydon, over eight rounds. . . . Bert Middleton, Kettering, inflected a points defeat on George Happe, Bethnal Green, over six rounds.

Rocco Long, 141½, Gold Coast, stopped Johnny Hunt, 141½, Northampton, in the seventh. . . At Wembley Town Hall . . . Teddy Odus, 121½, Nigeria, won from Laurie McShane, 119, Glasgow, when the latter was disqualified in the sixth. . . . Bernie Newcombe, 143½, Dagenham, outpointed Santos Martins, 146½, West Africa, over six rounds. . Johnny Barclay, 120, Ickenham, stopped Cliff Giles, 120½, Cambridge, in the third. . . . Tommy Organ, 140, Bethnal Green, lost to Jimmy McLachlan, 140½, Hackney, over six.

Sid Charles, 113, Bolton, won a points decision from Sid Hiom, 114½, Nottingham, over eight rounds at Morecambe. . . . Jackie Socks, 146, Chester, beat Billy Mahoney, 145½, Nottingham, in the fourth. . . . Wally Barcus, Bolton, outscored Ron Hammersley, Mold, over four rounds. . . . Johnny Duckworth, St Helens, outpointed Benny Peters, Preston, over four rounds. . . . Eddie Wilton, Golbourne, won from Eric Metcalfe, Northwich, over four rounds.

Bob Cleaver, 156¾, Borough, knocked out Billy Ellaway 160, Liverpool, in the sixth round at the Stadium, Liverpool. . . . Yolande Pompey, 175¾, Trinidad, stopped Sammy Wilde, 179¾, Nigeria, in the fifth. . . . Dan Collie, 133, Nigeria, knocked out Alf Bentley, 130, Liverpool, in the third. . . . Colin Clitheroe, Preston, out-

pointed Jimmy Roe, Chester, over four rounds. . . . Peter Smith, 138, Huddersfield, notched a points win from Billy Billington, 135½, Golbourne, over six rounds.

Luis Romero, 121, Spain, gave quite a beating to Jackie Fairclough, 120¼, Preston, before knocking him out in the fourth round at Belle Vue, Manchester. . . . Billy Ashcroft, 125¼, Wigan, knocked out Cliff Spinks, 121, Golbourne, in the first. . . . Johnny Sullivan, 158, Preston, stopped Freddie Webb, 162, Belfast, in the fifth round. . . . Tommy Bailey, 128½, Liverpool, and Dai Davies, 128¼, Skewen, drew over ten rounds.

Tommy McGovern, Bermondsey, won an eight-round points win from Emmett Kenny, St. Helens, at Gravesend. . . . Charlie Tucker, Camberwell, outpointed Arthur Jarrett, Jamaica, over eight rounds. . . . Jack Allpress, Bexleyheath, made good use of his 11 lbs. weight advantage to stop Geoff Egan, Maidstone, in the second round. . . . hris harles, Covent Garden, outpointed Johnny Starr, Canterbury, over six rounds. . . . Jesse Williams, West Ham, outpointed Billy Silmey, Kings Cross, over six rounds.

Eddie Thomas, 151, British welterweight king, knocked out Eric McQuade, 153¼, Downham, in the fourth at Selhurst Park. There was very little between the two fighters before Thomas applied the coup de grace. . . . Algar Smith, 146½, Stoke Newington, was extremely lucky to win over Ernie Vickers, 143, Middlesborough, for he was behind on points when Vickers received a bad cut over his left eyebrow and retired in the seventh of an eight-round bout. . . . Stan Parkes, 136¼, Birmingham, stopped Johnny Lewis, Blackfriars, after seven very exciting rounds. . . . Laurie McShane, 121, Glasgow, outpointed Ron Johnson, 119¼, Bethnal Green, over eight rounds. . . . Alex Buxton, 159, Watford, made a welcome return to the ring after a long layoff and outpointed Bert Sanders, 159, Kilburn, over eight rounds. . . . Yolande Pompee, 172, Trinidad, stopped Dave Williams, 170, Barry, in one round.

Billy Thompson, Hickleton Main, British lightweight champion, stopped Tommy Hinson, Dagenham, in the sixth of a ten-rounder at the Mile End Arena. . . . Ernie Fossey, Islington, outpointed Tommy Organ, Bethnal Green, over six rounds. . . . Jack Curran, Ireland, and Dave Griffiths, Spitalfields, drew over six rounds. . . . Lew Lazar, Aldgate, knocked out Jack McCarthy, Hornchurch, in the fourth. . . . Alf Hines, West Ham, and Brian Anders, Brighton, drew over eight rounds.

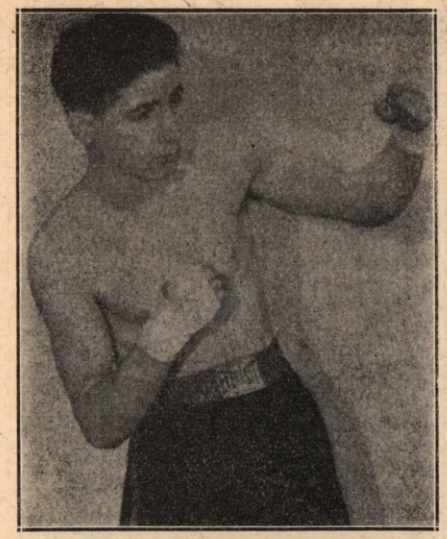
George Goodsell, Cambridge, knocked out Alec Betts, Weston, in the first of a ten-rounder at Weston Super Mare. . . . Hugh O'Donell, Herne Bay, knocked out Tommy Finlay, Boyden, in the second. . . . Billy Hall, Gloucester, outpointed Joe Singh, British Guiana, over six rounds. . . . Frank Walshall, Barnsley, outpointed Ken Wyatt, Minehead, over six rounds. . . . Jimmy James, Jamaica, outpointed Ron Crogan, Paddington, over eight. . . . Jackie Sutton, Cardiff, stopped Billy Daniels, Bow, in the seventh.

Roy Sharples, Burnley, won from Harry Lewis, Bradford, when the latter was disqualified in the seventh of a ten-rounder at Morecambe. . . . Peter Smith, Huddersfield, outpointed Jimmy Gregory, Atherton, over six rounds. . . . Peter Walmsley, Preston, outpointed Dennis Fairbanks, Hanley, over four rounds. . . . Billy Hill, Barnsley, stopped Les Dean, Hanley, in the second. . . . Roy Petersen, Barnsley, outpointed Ernie Brice, Conway, over four rounds.

Terry Ratcliffe, 144½, Bristol, reversed a previous kayo decision at the hands of Bob Frost, 148, West Ham, when he knocked out the West Ham lad in the second round at Bristol Football Ground. This now gives both lads a win apiece. Freddie King, 127, Wandsworth, outpointed Teddy Peckham, 126, Bournemouth, over eight rounds. . . . Laurie Henry, 134, Jamaica, outpointed Fred Evans, 135, Wales, in six rounds. . . . Eddie Phillips, 148, Leamington, was well outpointed by Rees Moore, 146½, Luton, in eight rounds. . . . Diney Powell, Elephant and Castle, knocked out Percy Iremonger, Leicester, in the fifth. . . . Cliff Purnell, Timsbury, knocked out Les Woodward, Worcester, in the second. . . . Roy Smith, Frome, outpointed George Goodsell, Cambridge, over six rounds. . . . Dennis Reed, Gloucester, was lucky to get the decision over Mickey Roach, Chester, in a closely contested six-rounder.

A Tour Around the Fistic Scene: The main topic of conversation around these parts is still Randy Turpin's sensational win against Sugar Ray Robinson. This victory has served as a real shot in the arm for British boxing, and most fans are of the opinion that it will be repeated when the two lads meet again at the Polo Grounds in New York in September. Many British Sportsmen are hoping to make the trip across the Atlantic to see the fight, and present commitments permitting, your correspondent will be among that number.

Everybody around town is a little dazed by Jersey Joe Walcott's victory in his world heavyweight title bout with Charles. . . . The month of July produced two fantastic upsets with Turpin licking Robinson and Walcott licking Charles.



Peter Keenan, of Scotland, British bantamweight champion, who successfully defended his title against Bobby Boland at Glasgow.

Don Cockell, Britain's light-heavyweight champion, champing at the bit for a tilt against Joey Maxim's world title.

Terry Allen, British flyweight king, getting a little sore at the way Dado Marino is stalling. Their return match for the world flyweight championship should have been decided many months ago, but so far nothing concrete has been heard from the Marino camp.

Eddie Thomas, Wales, will defend his British welterweight championship against Southpaw Wally Thom, Birkenhead . . . got a hunch that the title will change hands.

Billy Thompson, Hickleton Main, and Tommy McGovern, Bermondsey, will meet shortly in their second lightweight championship go. Thompson has won the previous bout and is defending.

The National Sporting Club has re-opened on a much smaller scale than before. The Club is under the direction of John Harding, and features bouts between up and coming youngsters. The first show was televised and starred Randolph Turpin in an exhibition bout.

NEWS FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA

By Ray Mitchell

TRAGEDY struck at Brisbane Stadium on June 29 when Laurie Peters succumbed after being knocked out by Wal Dugan in the twelfth round. Laurie, with a dozen bouts behind him, was one of our most promising young featherweights. His fight with Dugan was a fairly hard tussle and the boys were fairly even in points when Dugan brought over the kayo. Dugan had never before revealed a potent punch, which once again illustrates that most of the boxers who die in the ring, succumb not as a direct result of blows received in their last fight, but because there is something amiss in their physical make-up that cannot be located. Certainly, punches are a contributing factor, but, unless the unfortunate boxer is the receiver-general of hundreds of punches throughout many years of boxing, blame for his death cannot be laid solely at the door of boxing. And, remember, when a boxer has reached the stage where further blows may be fatal, his career is brought to a compulsory end, except when he is used by back-block, unscrupulous promoters, who do not care about a fighter's condition so long as he can draw a crowd.

Boxing in this country is well supervised—though, of course, there is still room for improvement—even though we have no boxing commission. However, we have a boxing association, which is non-political, and which was formed many years ago by a group of sports-minded citizens who work voluntarily to improve conditions in the sport of boxing. I am proud to state that I am a member of the committee of the Boxing Association. If I were asked to nominate the man who has done the most for boxing during the last few years in this country, I would nominate Pat Hynes, the secretary of the Boxing Association.

During the past month four national champions toed the scratch, one in defense of his title. Mickey Tollis took off over two pounds in weight on the day of his welter title fight with Ken Bailey, but it did not weaken him. He stopped his challenger in the 13th round.

An almost full house turned up to see a repetition of their two previous brilliant draws, but were disappointed, Bailey's boxing lacked its usual lustre and he displayed a distinct lack of interest.

Elley Bennett, who recently won the Australian featherweight title by a dramatic knock-out of Ray Coleman in the fifteenth round of a thrilling contest, met Coleman in a twelve-round non-title contest. It was another good bout, though not as thrilling as their title tilt. Coleman survived an early knockdown to beat the champion on points.

Our flyweight champion, Jimmy Laffin, stopped French-Italian, Bob Scrivans, in eight rounds. It was a non-title bout, listed for twelve rounds.

The fourth national title-holder to go to the post during the month was Dave Sands, who easily defeated Mel Brown over ten rounds in support of the Turpin-Robinson world title fight in London. Dave entered the ring with an infected nose and had to breathe through his mouth for days before and after the Brown contest. Naturally he did not show his true form, but Brown presented no trouble.

It seems that 1951 is a year of upsets throughout the world. In Australia there have been several upsets, but nothing to compare with the Carter-Williams, Turpin-Robinson and Walcott-Charles turn-ups.

Sensational K.O. King, Don Johnson, the ex-amateur champion, who began his professional career in a main event and in less than a year has become one of Australia's top draw-cards, registered his eighth and ninth successive K.O. victories in nine starts as a pro. He skittled Ron Giltinan in three rounds and Bill Gleeson withdrew with a sprained ankle in nine rounds.

Don is the wildest man in the ring that has been seen here for years. But we would like to see him opposed to Victoria's top middleweights, Al Bourke and Ron Toohey, before proclaiming him as a potential opponent for Dave Sands.

Bourke and Toohey met in a thrilling fifteen-round draw for the Victorian middleweight title a week or two ago. A return seems imminent.

Bobby Greville upset George Kapeen's K.O. streak when he knocked out George in five rounds. Kapeen had previously won his nine starts this year by the short-cut route. With Ken Bailey's retirement Greville now moves up to No. 2 contender post behind Bernie Hall in the welter division.

Ex welter king, Tommy Burns, will bring further color into the division when he makes a comeback soon. Burns, who was the most colorful fighter in Australia for years retired two years ago with film aspirations. He played in one Australian movie and his handsome face and body led him to Hollywood, but there was nothing for him there, so he returned home. Now, at 29 and still only weighing 150, he has announced comeback plans.

Alfie Sands continues to be our busiest boxer. He gave away a stone in weight to light-heavy Jim Woods and won comfortably.

Jackie Ryan fought his third Queensland title bout this year and knocked out Dave Landers in two heats. This lightweight has won his three title tilts by the short cut route.

Johnny Wheeler, featherweight, who was unexpectedly knocked out in the second round recently by Gordon Meredith, had his revenge—and went one better. He skittled Meredith in about one minute of the first heat.

Johnny Gleeson won the N.S.W. flyweight title by knocking out Jimmy Hogg in the eleventh round. Johnny is trained by the old master, Jack Dunleavy. Dunleavy recently closed down his gym and took a spell from the game, but is in harness again. Dunleavy was a brilliant lightweight and left Australia for U.S.A. where he fought with success in 1916, 1917 and 1918, to be exact. He has been training boxers for the past 31 years and is Australia's greatest instructor.

Other fight results during the month:

Sydney, 12 rds. Sigi Tennenbaum outpointed Gordon Meredith, Junior lightweights.

12 rds.: Trevor King K.O.'ed Norm Praine in four, lightweights.

Leichhardt, 12 rds.: Bluey Wilkins drew with Ted Sprouster, featherweights.

Newcastle, 12 rds.: Jim Woods outpointed Bill Roley, light-heavies.

Melbourne, 12 rds.: Reg Mack outpointed Jim Woods, light-heavies.

12 rds.: Pran Mikus outpointed Harry Jenkins, welters.

Many thanks to all who have sent me letters, fight cuttings, photos and magazines. I appreciate them. Keep up the good work and I will answer all letters and give advice and information to all of you who have asked it.

The writer can be reached at 24 Milburn Rd., Sutherland, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.

A CENTURY AGO

(Continued from page 53)

merry lawbreakers sailed triumphantly away.

"Thus, the gladiators escaped from the guardians of the law, and with their backers and followers they started up Chesapeake Bay to find a new location to set the stakes. The motley crowd, eager for the battle, gave word to the captain to halt at the first convenient spot, no matter in what state."

THE expedition finally put in at a Maryland meadow known as Still Pond Heights. It was snowing and cold mid-winter winds swept across the field.

A site was quickly agreed upon. The snow was swept off the ground, and a ring hastily constructed from sections of a rail fence picked up from a nearby farm. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Referee Steve Van Nostrand called the two men to scratch.

It was evident from the start that Sullivan was no match for the bigger, stronger, superbly conditioned Hyer. Yank attempted to make a rushing fight of it, but he was thrown several times with stunning force. Hyer, with his long reach, also staggered Sullivan repeatedly with vicious clouts to the chin, while Yank's leads, for the most part, swished harmlessly through the air.

As time was called for the start of the 16th round, Sullivan was slow to arise from his second's knee, and it was obvious that the end was near. Hyer staggered Sullivan with a left and a right, locked Yank's head under his left arm in a chancery hold, and proceeded to pound his lighter opponent's face with his right fist.

Struggling desperately to break away from Hyer's grip, Sullivan kneed Tom in the groin. The rivals fell to the ground, Hyer landing on top of his opponent. Tom quickly hopped to his feet, but Sullivan was too exhausted to move.

Despite the vicious battering, and with his face swollen and bleeding, Sullivan protested when his chief handler, Country McCluskey, dragged him out of the ring and conceded victory to Hyer.

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 17)

Beginning with the early childhood days of Ray in Detroit, the author relates the misfortunes and hardships of the Smith family (Ray was born Walker Smith, Jr.). It was the heroic and unconquerable courage of his young mother, Leila Smith, that held the family of Walker and two older sisters together. Separated from her husband, she worked as a seamstress during the depression days but today, through the fists and cleverness of Sugar Ray, she is in possession of a beautiful home and has all the comforts that money can buy.

Schoor traces Ray's career from his amateur days through the winning of the world crown from Jake LaMotta. Unfortunately the book went to press before the recent fight with Randolph Turpin in which Robinson lost his crown. Schoor tells Robinson's story in all its colorful detail. It is another of the ever-fascinating sagas of rags to riches, obscurity to fame stories that make a hit with boxing fans.

THE RING Book Shop will take care of all orders from our readers.

DANIE VAN GRAAN

Danie van Graan, a southpaw with a knockout wallop in his left hand, is making a bid to bring a world title to South Africa.

Soon after being rated by THE RING *Magazine as the welterweight prospect of the month, van Graan, who is undefeated as a professional, won the South African title by stopping Peter Galleymore.*

Having beaten most of the opposition down his way, van Graan is keen to meet overseas opponents and is anxious for a crack at the Empire title held by Eddie Thomas.

"WOULD *You* Call this *MURDER?*" is the title of still another book on boxing that was published a few weeks ago. It is edited by Colonel Harvey L. Miller, U.S.M.C., retired, executive secretary of the National Boxing Association, chairman of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission and head boxing coach at the University of Maryland.

The book, with 21 chapters, is a result of almost a year of research and compilation of statistics, refuting the accusations and charges hurled against the sport in various magazine articles.

"I do not like the title," said Miller of his own book, "but it is being used in self-defense hoping that it will help attract the same attention accorded such sensationally titled anti-boxing articles as "Is Boxing Legalized Murder?", "Boxing Is Still Legalized Murder," "Slaughter on Television," "Death in the Ring, "Prizefighters Die Young," "Boxing Is Bossed by Bums," "Let's Abolish Boxing," and such statements as "State mental institutions are cluttered up with prize ring derelicts," "The only sport in which knockouts occurred," "Boxing should be abolished because no one would suffer thereby," and "Self-defense against what?", etc., etc.

The book contains chapters on the value placed on boxing in the armed forces and at the Military and Naval Academies, performance of boxers in combat, the value of boxing as a basis for hand-to-hand fighting, boxing in colleges and boys' clubs, the challenges and objectives of boxing, recommendations for greater safety measures, the need for uniformity of administration in various states, the effect of distorted movies on boxing, the financial impact of television on boxing, dishonesty in sports, etc. It should be read by those interested in the sport. The publishers are the C. K. and H. L. Miller Co., Fernway and Lee Gate Roads, Washington, D. C.

FROM BUENOS AIRES

By Alfredo Porzio

BOXING at Luna Park here in Buenos Aires hit a new high for the year with the invasion of two excellent American fighters, Sandy Saddler, world featherweight champion, and Archie Moore, No. 1 ranking light-heavyweight, both handled by Charley Johnston, of New York.

The match between Saddler and local lightweight Olivieri was so'd out. Olivieri had been coming along nicely during the past two years and was looked upon as a good future opponent for Jose M. Gatica and Alfredo Prada but he was too young and unripe for a fight with a world's champ like Sandy Saddler.

In the fifth round Saddler got in his famous left jab to the liver and Olivieri went down and out for the count. There was not much to the fight until then—Olivieri evidently went in to stay the 12 rounds if possible, which was not so.

This was Saddler's last fight here on this trip. Alfredo Prada was put away in four rounds. Oscar Flores in one round. Olivieri in five. And, had Gatica been allowed to fight the general opinion is that Saddler would also have put him away, probably easier than the others because of Gatica's natural inclination to fight openly without defense of any sort.

Luna Park. Archie Moore, 175, knocked out Alberto Lovell, 199, in the first round. Of course this was expected as Lovell had been out of the ring for quite some years and very likely the only reason why he consented to fight was because of the need of money. Moore gave further proof of his great capacity and certainly there is no real opponent here for him.

In the semi-final Fernando Rodriguez, 149 after having been knocked down on several occasions, knocked out Hector Coria, 147.

Luna Park. Kid Cachetada, 162, and close to 40 years of age, gave E. Jover, 164, a sound thrashing. Jover tried his best to get in a good punch but was not able to. Cachetada, as usual, used proper and improper methods such as rubbing his glove in his rival's face, finger in his eyes, etc.

In the semi-final, Jose Cabrera, 146 pound Uruguayan, knocked out M. Antunez, 147, in the second round. The kind of a fight where one or the other must positively get knocked out.

Luna Park. Before a large crowd, the Italian middleweight, Aldo Minelli, 148, made his presentation against the Argentine middleweight, Mario Diaz, 152. Diaz beat the Italian on points because of his speed and experience. The Italian had plenty of vigor and vim but very little more.

Caseros. In this small stadium, Bull-Dog Salvarezza beat Ruben Davila on points in ten rounds. Salvarezza weighed 138 and Davila 145.

Tucuman. In a 10 round match Pedro Cuevas, 158, and Isaas Martinez, 152, fought a draw.

Luna Park. Rafael Merentino, 161, who looked like a champion some months back but who was beaten on points by Mario Diaz not very long ago for reasons most difficult to explain, met the Spaniard Jose Alamo, 163. The fight ended in the ninth by Merentino putting Alamo away.

In the semi-final match Francisco Negroni, 175, knocked out Victor Sanchez, 169, in the third round.

DURBAN, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA
By Leonard Neill

HOLLYWOOD talent scouts please note! We've a great actor here in the person of 24-year-old Angus MacDonald, the Port Elizabeth "southpaw" lightweight who retained his unbeaten record when he had veteran Ginger Jonker, 135, bewitched, bothered and bewildered with his antics before a sparse crowd in the Durban City Hall. MacDonald, 133¼, showed plenty of brains and his display was very clever but far too negative and unattractive to get him top-billing on more bills. He beat Jonker by a hair-line decision over eight rounds.

Marcus Temple, 112¼, gained revenge when he punched Tiny Corbett, 114¼, into submission in three rounds to wipe out the only defeat of his career and advance into the role of chief challenger for the S.A. title. Corbett retired with a cut eye. He had taken a count of "seven" from a powerful right late in round three.

Peter Galleymore, 143¼, had no trouble with Jackie Viljoen, 144, knocking him out in the first. Newcomer Howard Fraser, 168¼, looked a good prospect when he belted Barney van der Merwe, 173, to stop him in the fourth. Davie Fourie, 155½, scraped home against Herby Galleymore, 160¼. This was Fourie's first pro fight.

South Africa's newest heavyweight sensation, 209-pound Lou Strydom, scored a terrific victory when he blasted Reg Andrews, 192¼-pound English heavyweight out of the picture in the fifth round in the Pretoria City Hall on June sixth.

Strydon, 19 years old, is six feet, three inches tall and is unbeaten as a pro.

Midway through the fifth round, slipping forward in cool style, Strydom saw an opening, let his left bounce off the mark, and it was all over. Andrews was out as cold as an iceberg. Watch this Strydom. He has the make-up of a great heavyweight and is young enough and capable enough to set the heavyweight ranks ablaze. He's fast, he can box, and brother, can he sock!

Jerry van Wyk (163¾ lbs.) beat Arthur Sheffield, 159¼, in round five; Chris Jansen, 144 lbs., outpointed Paul McIntyre, 151¾ lbs., four; Arthur Lewis, 142½ lbs., outscored Colin Stranch, 155¾ lbs., four; and Harry Marner, 139½ lbs., stopped Blackie Williams, 137½ lbs., two.

All-action Promoter Benny Singh came in swinging with a great card in Durban's City Hall when he head-lined the non-European welter title go between Wally Thompson, the 147-pound holder and 144½-pound challenger Simon Greb.

Greb put Thompson down for "nine" early in the first, but the champion came back well to outbox the contender and rock him twice before the finish. An eye-cut, sustained by Thompson in an early rally caused the fight to be stopped in the interval. Thus Greb won the title.

Leslie MacKenzie, 146-pound youngster from Marityburg, far and away the best Negro welter in the land, enhanced his reputation and so did his opponent Speedy Bandes, 147 pounds, when they gave one of the best eight-rounders in years with Leslie a decisive winner on points.

Kelly Franks, 131, and the Brown Bomber, 133, gave a hectic display with the veteran Franks a close winner on points over six rounds. An excellent new welterweight prospect, self-styled the Cuban Hawk, 144½, who probably resembles a hawk in countenance and style more closely than does the world champion, gave an outstanding display to stop Young Chetly, 143, in the third, while Shaik Osman, a most promising bantamweight, disposed of Bardy Pillay in the first.

FROM RIO DE JANEIRO
By Tsayob

HERE are the boxing results for the month of June:

Minas—In a crowded arena, Antonio Carrico, 185, light and heavyweight champion of Brazil beat Alvaro Mercal, in a hard 12 rounds.

Ernani Angelino, 147, beat M. J. Chaves, in six rounds.

Juventino Lopes, 135, beat Jose Amaral, 134, in four.

Haroldo Guedes, 150, beat Armando Oliveira, 152, in six.

Pacaembu—Chico Pacheco, 158, beat Osvaldo Silva, 160, in ten rounds. Osmar Gonzaga, 165, Brazil, beat Baltazar Alfonso, Spain, 168, in eight. Antonio Mechillette, beat Bento Silva, in six. Fernando Valverde, beat Waldemiro Klaunder, in four.

Pacaembu-Guilherme Martins, 160, beat Chico Pacheco, 158, in ten. Nelson Oliveira, beat Fausto Fregone in four, and Sebastiao Silva, beat Gregorio Denneman, in six.

Antonio Silva, beat Erasmo Mendes, in six, and Jose Freitas, beat Ricardo Azambuja, in four.

Paulistas—Guilherme Martis, 158, champion of Portugal, and Luiz Penedo, 160, of Argentina, drew in ten.

Baltazar Alonso, beat by T.K.O. Armstrong, in eight of ten rounds.

Paulo Silva, beat Osmar Gomes, in six, and Guido Rolo, beat Gregorio Denneman, in six.

Jose Ferreira, beat Aluizio Paulo, in six, and Luiz Silva beat Nelson de Oliveira in four. Bento Silva, beat Estanislau Medrado in eight.

Cariocas—Paulo Sacoman, a newcomer fighter from Sao Paulo, T.K.O.'ed the hard one, Velacio Silva, in four of ten rounds for the middleweight class.

Sebastiao Oliveira beat Joaquim Rodrigues in eight, and Sebastiao Gomes beat Antonio Francisco by the same way in six. Walter Lopes beat Narcizo Marques in four. George Cuelho T.K.O.'ed George Ribeiro in the second. Also Emanuel Silva and Jezus Correia beat Samuel Ribeiro and Uri Cardoso respectfully in four each.

CURACAO BOXING NEWS
By L. Koeiman

INTEREST in boxing has died for the past months here in Curacao. Baseball and soccer have tanen the play away from boxing, but with the advent of the fall big things are expected.

Ciro Canister, who just returned from Haiti, was very pleased with the way the fans treated him over there. His fight with Absoluis Pierre Louis was stopped in the third round. Absoluis dropped Ciro twice before the fans stepped into the ring and forced the referee to stop the fight and declared no-contest.

Kid Walcott and Lightning Joe, two outstanding middleweights, are willing to meet any worthwhile fighters of their class.

GERMAN BOXING DIARY
By J. A. Tree

IN Hamburg the 39th light-heavyweight championship was staged in the open air at the HSV Platz Rotherbaum. It featured the local challenger, Willi Hoepner, and the champion, Heinz Sachs, and over 12,000 fight enthusiasts were in attendance.

The bout lasted only three rounds with Sachs being K.O.'ed from a beautiful left hook which appeared to work its way up the champion's body finally landing on his chin. Down went Sachs to the canvas and he made a game effort to rise at nine but fell forward as the third man reached the "out".

Sachs opened the affair with a terrific attack using both hands. It appeared as if he knew that this was the only way he could win—a quick knockout before the southpaw Hoepner could get settled and start to land his deadly left hook. These attacks, however, were taken coolly by Hoepner and at times the champion was forced to call off his engagement as the challenger turned on the heat.

Richard Vogt outpointed Heinz Seelisch in a tame contest over ten rounds. This was an eliminator, with the winner to fight champion Hein ten Hoff for the latter's crown.

Seelisch was a little taller than Vogt so the latter concentrated on the body of his opponent. In the first round I counted no fewer than 29 lefts to the body by Vogt, but they carried little weight behind them.

Dieter Hucks was surprisingly beaten by Hans Strelecki in a heavy affair over eight rounds. Strelecki was the better boxer of the two and Hucks was made to miss badly. More times than not his attacks resulted in blows landing in open space.

Albert Muller drew with Ernst Kohlsaat in a six-round lightweight contest.

The program closed with a welter contest over six rounds between Amandus Spitzkopf and Mathias Luyten which the former won on points.

Ice Stadium, Augsberg. Crowd 5,000.

Rader, Munich, outpointed Emil Acker, Augsberg, over four rounds. Schopp, Spey, drew with Grotzsch, Augsberg, over four heats.

Puhlmann, Halberstadt, beat the American, Charlie Anglee, the referee calling a halt in round two. Anglee took a count of seven in round one and visited the canvas for nine in the second heat.

Don Ellis, U.S.A., narrowly outpointed Otto Hentrich, Magdeburg, over six rounds of three minutes.

Jean Invernizzi, France, shared the points with his German opponent Herbert Tauber, Zeebst, over ten rounds.

Munich. Crowd 7,000.

Heinz Sander failed to win back his lightweight crown when he was knocked out in the final minute of the last round by the present holder Hans Hafner. In round three Sander took a count of eight from a straight right to the chin.

Hanz Szuzina, welter, outpointed Horst Garz over six rounds.

Frankfurt. Theo Imbsweiler was forced to retire in round six against Heinz Balzer. This was a hard-hitting affair while it lasted.

Ludwig Petri knocked out Rader in four rounds.

ARUBA, N.W.I., RING NEWS
By Jimmy Lambert

ARUBA has a new arena and a new promoter. F. J. Croes had his opening show at the National Arena on July 21 before a large and enthusiastic gathering. It was the largest crowd in attendance at a show here in a long time and if what was offered at the opening is a criterion of what can be expected in the future, then Arubua will hit the high spots in the Caribbean sector.

The main event brought together Aruba's undefeated middleweight champion, Battling Siki, 163, versus Venezuela's Rafael Garcia, 152, and though Siki had 11 pounds on Garcia, the Venezuelan made up for it with experience but he was not as good as Siki, who with punching power and aggressiveness, easily won the decision in ten rounds.

In another scheduled ten-rounder, Kid Chocolate, 158, Curacao, won an unexpected K.O. decision over popular Young Carpentier, 157, Aruba. Carpentier dislocated his shoulder in the second round causing the bout to be stopped. This was a rubber match, Carpentier having K.O.'ed Chocolate in their first bout and Chocolate decisioning Carpentier in the second.

In the semi-final eight-rounder, Sugar Boy Nando, 154, Aruba, received an unpopular decision over Slipping Tiger, 149, Curacao. In the writer's opinion, Slipping Tiger should have at least received a draw.

In a four-rounder, tough Kid Luciano, 125, Aruba, slammed his way to a decision over Smiling Joe, 124, Aruba.

The opening four-rounder, saw Saga Pinto, 156, Aruba, K.O. Young Gavilan, 168, Aruba, in 2:34 of the third round in a wild and wooly affair.

AT BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS
By P. T. C.

CLINTON DAVIS, 127, dropped a split decision to Dave Kelly, 128, followed by a four-round bombing sermon between L. Hepburn, 137, vs. Wilbur Pitts, 136, which Pitts took via the decision route.

The semi-final bout was fought between Kid Cooper, the Wynola Kid, 144, and Hilly Barrow, 149½. Scheduled for eight rounds but stopped in two mins. 57 seconds of the last round by Referee Simon Lucas.

Then came the big moment when the crowd started clamoring. It was Monolo Aguilar, 129, coming down the aisle and into the ring. Almost two minutes elapsed before the Champ came sweeping into the rope-squared arena, then rushed over to shake hands. I made the announcement: Ludwick Lightburn weighed 127½.

The gong sounded, and soon Lightburn was again showing much class over his Latin visitor from Merida. As the fight progressed, Aguilar displayed plenty of class and showed the applauding fans that he could dish it out as well as he could take a licking; there was only one knock-down in the ten gruelling rounds of fighting, when Lightburn dropped Aguilar in round seven for a no-count, then took the unanimous decision after losing two rounds for holding in the clinches. Lightburn showed signs of weakness as the fight neared the end. Referee Henry Yearwood did a very fine job in his first main bout.

NOTES FROM RIMOUSKI, QUE.

HERE are the results of the card at Rimouski, Quebec, Canada.

Fernando Gagnon of Quebec, scored a K.O. over Bobby Mitchel of Syracuse in the fifth round of a match scheduled for ten rounds.

Charlie Savard and Billy Mitchel fought a draw match, over eight rounds.

In a six-round match, Fernand Drouin of Quebec, scored a K.O. over George Bell in the third round.

At New Brunswick Charlie Savard drew with Rene Hebert of Edmunston.

At New Brunswick, Charlie Savard won a six-round decision over Young Muller of Quebec.

CONNECTICUT RING NEWS
By Don Hamill

BRIDGEPORT—Hedges Stadium—Chico Vejar, 139½, Stamford, scored his 31st straight victory by stopping Hermie Freeman, 134, Eagle Lake, Me., in the seventh round of a scheduled ten spot that headed the Bridgeport Police Benefit show. Vejar gave Freeman a going over during the start and hit him with every punch in the book. He was unable to drop the plucky Freeman whose face was a bloody smear from cuts around both eyes and nose when he announced to Referee Pinky Morris at the end of the seventh that he could not continue. About 12,000 spectators witnessed the annual show.

Sam Guiliani, 142, Stamford, belted out Gene LeBlanc, 144, Fall River, in the fourth round of the scheduled eight round semi-final. Jimmy Bond, 150, Bridgeport, and Sylvester Payne, 147, New Haven, battled to a six round draw. Bill Thompton, 180, Bangor, Me., KO'ed Fred Martini, 179, New York, in three heats. Al Maglieri, 135, Hartford, won on a TKO over Ed Sherrod, 133, Meriden. when Sherrod twisted his ankle.

Ansonia—Nolan Field—Irish Pat Mallane, 135, Union City, made short work of Jimmy Witherspoon, 135½, New York, in the first round of the slated six round main event. Mallane spilled Witherspoon midway in the first and had him in a helpless condition against the ropes when Referee Max Muravnick intervened. In the four round semi-final, Joe Plouffe, 167, Waterbury, won by a decision over Beach Jones, 167½, Naugatuck.

Stamford—Mitchell Field—Chico Vejar, 141, Stamford, turned in another winning hometown appearance when he flattened Billy Wyatt, 148, Trenton, N. J., in the seventh round. Vejar was knocked out of the ring in the first round but was crawling back when the bell rang ending the session. The pair waged a furious battle until the seventh round. Shortly after the seventh got underway, Vejar dropped Wyatt for a nine count with a left and right to the jaw. Another right to the head sent Wyatt down for the full count.

Thompsonville Arena—Freddie Lott, 161½, Newark, N. J., scored an upset decision win over Jimmy Beau, 166½, New Canaan, in their eight rounder. After two rounds of feeling each other out on fairly even terms, Lott moved in to score with a solid right hand smash to the face in the third round. From then on the battling was fierce and it was Lott who held the upper-hand. The exchanges were most intense in the fourth heat when Beau let loose with a resounding smack to Lott's body. Lott retaliated with a power-laden right to the whiskers later in the round. Lott copped four of the rounds, Beau three, and one was declared even.

The results of two cards were inadvertently left out of last month's column. They were Chico Vejar's win over Flora Hita in Stamford and its companion bout, Sam Guiliani vs. Roger Donoghue, in which Guiliani came off with a decision win. The show drew nearly $17,000.

The other show we neglected to mention was the technical draw fought in Thompsonville between Ossie Andrews and Moe Weiss. Weiss suffered a cut eye but due to a ruling set up by the now deposed Samuel H. Malkin, who was then State Athletic Commissioner, the bout had to be declared a draw and could not be awarded to the fighter who was still able to continue.

Gus Browne, former Hartford matchmaker, had his fighters in winning tilts during the month. Vic Cardell whipped Joey Carkiko at Fort Hamilton in New York and Johnny Cesario scored over Glen Handershot in Utica.

IN AND AROUND CHICAGO
By Lenny Myers

BOXING in the Chicago area slowed down to a walk. No shows were held in Chicago proper, so your writer traveled to Milwaukee to take in the fight between Kid Gavilan and Fitzie Pruden. The Gavilan-Pruden fight was witnessed by 9,068 fans who paid a net of $23,868 to see a great boxing show. Gavilan won by a large margin with his faster punching. Pruden was badly battered at the finish. His left eye was completely closed. Gavilan was unmarked.

The prelims were full of action. In the ten round semi-windup, Henry Hall, 178, New Orleans, made a punching bag out of Al Smith, 216, New York. The referee stopped the one-sided contest in the sixth heat. Bob Hansen, 149, Milwaukee, won a thrilling sixer from Rusty Cleek, 154, Indianapolis. Cleek was down three times. Ritchie Anderson, 150, New York, won an unpopular six round decision over Andy (Candy) Anderson, 154, Indianapolis. This one was booed lustily by the fans. Dick Kerber, 142, Milwaukee, boxed too good for Jerry Kelly, 140, Indianapolis, and won a four round decision over him in a lively bout. In the opener, Wilber Dilley, 178, Milwaukee, scored a TKO over Earl Sudduth, 190, Rockford, in the third.

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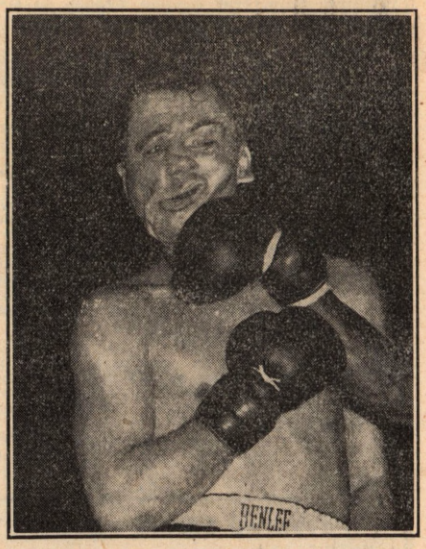

BLACKIE VANDERVEER

It's not your eyes—it's his face. Blackie Vanderveer, Northwest lightweight, takes a face-distorting right from Papa Brown during the fourth round of their bout at the Ice Arena, Seattle, Wash. Despite the grrr-uesome punch, Vanderveer managed to get a draw.

Over in West Frankfort, Illinois, the Frankfort Athletic Corp. put on a good card featuring Jesse Turner, 156, St. Louis, vs. Joey Reyes, in a ten rounder. Turner proved too tough for the boy from Rockford and put him away in the second round.

In a six round semi, Billy Davis, 154, went to a good draw with Jackie Wilson, 160. Pat Parks beat Bill Richards in six rounds. Jimmy Thomas, 130, St. Louis, won over Fred Rice in four fast rounds. Jack McCarthy KO'ed Clarence DeLand in the second heat.

"Lefty" Speed, veteran fight manager in Austin, Texas, has signed an agreement with yours truly, and will work together with Speeds' fighters, which includes Abel Soriano, Baby Valdez and Gil Stromquist.

"Irish" Al Casey, New York, 180, now making his home here, will see action under the management of Morrie Lew and Maxie Epstein. Casey, only twenty-one years old, is action plus and will attract a large local following in no time.

James J. Carter, Fort Sheridan lightweight who boxed here in Chicago, reports his eye all healed and will be seen in action shortly.

Ross Mullen, the likeable inspector of the Illinois Athletic Commission is doing a bang up job in helping to care for Nate Lewis, the old boxing promoter who was stricken with a stroke some years ago.

Attention Promoters—The stable of Lenny Myers and Al DeRose, is available on short notice. Consult the Managers' Directory if you are looking for top fighters for your shows.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By Billy Colbert

DULUTH, Glen Flanagan, 126, St. Paul, fought an uphill battle to gain a draw with Eddie Burgin, 127, Cincinnatti, in ten rounds. Referee Walter Beasey scored the fight even. There were no judges. It was a great fight that had the fans standing on their seats all through the ten rounds.

Carl Stafford, 138, Chicago, outpointed Len Thomas, 140, St. Paul, in six rounds

Gus Kempf 158, Aberdeen, and Bob Daniels, 163, Duluth, drew in six rounds.

Tom McGardle, 130, Duluth, outpointed Lou Brice, 126, Chicago, in four rounds.

The Flanagan-Burgin fight drew a gross of $4856.60 and 3000 fans.

Minneapolis—Del Flanagan, 137, St. Paul, ahead on points in a great fight with Jimmy Carter the lightweight champion, did not answer the bell for the seventh round and lost on a technical knockout. Flanagan suffered a shoulder injury. The referee had Flanagn ahead 56 to 54 points for six rounds. It was a very good fight with Flanagan making great use of his left to chalk up points.

Marcel Brebois, 146, Toronto, decisioned Bill Richards, 146, St. Louis, in six rounds.

Jackie Blair, 129, Dallas, decisioned Bobby Carew, 130, Des Moines, in six. This was the best fight on the card.

Roy Higa, 120, Honolulu, won by a TKO over Freddie Rice, 122, Indianapolis, in four.

George Price, 146, St. Paul, knocked out Emmerson Butcher, 138, Dubuque, in one round.

Gus Kempf, Aberdeen, S. D., decisioned Flynn Griffin, 155, Dubuque, in six.

The top trainers around the northwest are Leo Ryan and Gene Connolly of Minneapolis.

Minneapolis—Tommy Campbell, 137, Rock Island, and Del Flanagan, 138, St. Paul, met before 6000 fans who paid $18,500.50 to see a great ten round fight. The referee and judges called it a draw which did not meet with the approval of most of the fans. This was a re-match of another ten rounder in which Campbell won a close decision.

Little Bobby Carew, Desmoines featherweight, has been acting as sparring partner for Del Flanagan in his last three fights and appearing on the cards here and also in Minneapolis. He always gives the fans a good show. Bobby is the featherweight champion of Iowa. He won it last year from Del Cockayne who is now in the Marines.

Bob Smolik, former featherweight star here a few years ago, is now in the automobile business in St. Paul.

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King Tut, one of the greatest fighters around these parts a few years back, is in fine physical condition.

Pat Carver is the manager of Eddie Lacy, Minneapolis featherweight. He bought his contract from his former manager, Davis.

Billy Flahtery, St. Paul featherweight, is preparing for a busy season at Wellers gym in St. Paul.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. Jimmie Amann

OF course, the big news around here was Ezzard Charles' loss of the heavyweight title to Jersey Joe Walcott at Pittsburgh.

Eddie Burgin traveled to Duluth, Minn., and was held to a draw by Glen Flanagan in 10 rounds, and six days later at Denver, Burgin dropped a 10-round verdict to home town Corky Gonzalez.

Jay Watkins, Flint, Mich., battler, looked most impressive in his 10-round loss to Arthur King of Canada, at Flint. Watkins has been improving with each fight and Manager Joe Megdell may have pay dirt riding in Watkins. In the King fight, Watkins scored a no-count knockdown over the Canadian.

Around Fountain Square With the Punchers and Their Pilots—Lee Cox, former good lightweight of the middle 20's, is a cab driver in Cincinnati. . . . Freddie Miller, former featherweight champion, is a clerk in Elmwood. . . . Anyone interested in my monthly fight flashes, one dollar a year, weekly boxing letter, ten bucks per year, boxing promoters' and managers' guide, 1000 names listed, one dollar, can secure same from the writer at 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio. . . . This address also available to managers who want publicity and bookings for their fighters. . . . The Beckers, Sam and Benny, are still in the puddle fishing for a return meeting between Charles and Walcott at Crosley Field. . . . Chris Dundee is now part of the trio of managers handling Eddie Burgin. . . . The others are Jack Weiser and Johnny Joiner. . . . Joe Seta's amateur fighters from the Fenwick Club are perhaps the best of the simon pures in this neck of the woods. . . . Rumors persist that Cincinnati will have another promoter in the field this fall and winter, operating regularly at Music Hall, which has a seating capacity of 6000. . . . John Ox DaGrosa of the Pennsylvania Athletic Commission is the latest subscriber to my weekly boxing letter. . . . Add late newcomer Col. Charles Orchard of the Missouri Commission and Lew Tendler, former great lightweight from Philadelphia. . . . Until next month, adios.

CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

Finnish Boxing Gets A Leg-UP—Weidin Carries On—Van Dam Still In Picture—Loi And Zuddas Rate High In Italy—Gehring Gets Out Of Gear—Tunisian Middle Invades Paris—Off The Cuff.

HATS off to a new champion! The rejoicing in Finland was nation-wide when it was learned that their sole big name in boxing, Elis Ask, had succeeded in depriving the Frenchman, Pierre Montané, of the European lightweight title. Thus for the first time in boxing history, Finland possesses a European champion, although Gunnar Barlund came near to a shot at Joe Louis for the World title shortly before the war. The Gunnar concentrated most of his activities in American rings and did not go after a European bauble.

Ask, who is 25 years old, turned professional in 1946, since when he has disputed something just under half a hundred bouts, campaigning in Scandinavia, England, America and Germany. His first break into the big time was when he stopped Theo Medina in 1947, which led to lucrative offers from Britain, where the little Finn fired the crowds with his whirlwind style and correct sportmanship. It is generally agreed that most of the promising talent in Scandinavia goes to seed through lack of matches, and this was one pitfall which Ask avoided. He had become the top drawing-card in Sweden and Finland, but as these countries lay rather off the beaten track of big-time boxing, his manager, Eddie Ahlqvist, piloted the youngster to the fabulous Golden West. Jack Dempsey acquired a part-interest in Ask out there, and showed the northerner a few points in ringcraft. Returning home with four wins and one defeat under his belt, the lad from Helsinki resumed his barnstorming tour of Northern Europe, though by now he had grown into a lightweight. It was noticeable that some of Ask's punching power had gone missing, and last year he succeeded in knocking out only two opponents—both obscure fighters. After he lost to Johansen for the Scandinavian title, it was evident that a good rest was indicated, but Ask continued to fight busily right up to last December, when he was knocked out by Bob Sandberg, the Swedish-American.

Maybe it's good advice or a battle-song that Jack Dempsey is confiding to Elis Ask. Whatever the subject, Ask proved worthy of the old Mauler's faith in him by capturing the European lightweight title.

This year, the future European champion eased up, disputed only three bouts before taking on Montané. In March he reversed an old score by regaining the Scandinavian laurels from his Danish rival, Joergen Johansen, and also banged out Otto Domke and drew with Walter Demke, two Germans. The Finn, despite his somewhat erratic record for 1950, was the obvious challenger for the European champion since his win over Johansen, and this writer has not thought twice of rating Ask above Montane since that time. Montané has had a very sticky time since his return from Australia some two years ago, and it is solely due to his manager, wily Eugene Huat, that the boxing baritone from Toulouse has succeeded in clinging, in the first place, to the French diadem, and latterly to the European ditto. Huat, the old "Tiger Cat" of French rings, delayed the bout with Ask as long as possible, but was constrained to make the trip to Finland as the Finns were the sole people who seemed interested in staging it.

Interviewed by the press before the fight, Ask was very much at his ease regarding the outcome. Already a family man, Elis Ask also had the satisfaction of feeling the whole of Finland behind him when he entered the ring, as well as the wife and kids. The Finns are keyed up more than ever to sport in general right now in view of the forthcoming Olympics, and 7,000 packed the Stadium in Helsinki to watch Ask go right in and dominate the Frenchman in the early rounds. Montané regained some lost ground in sixth, seventh and eighth, but after that it was all Ask, and finally the Finn slung over a left hook to the champion's chin in the twelfth round, after which he was no longer champion.

One of Ask's first duties will be to clarify matters with his old foe, Johansen. The latter drew with Ask in their first encounter, since when they have scored one victory each. As the Dane has already beaten Joseph Preys, Auguste Caulet and Gustave Perrot, he is without question the outstanding challenger.

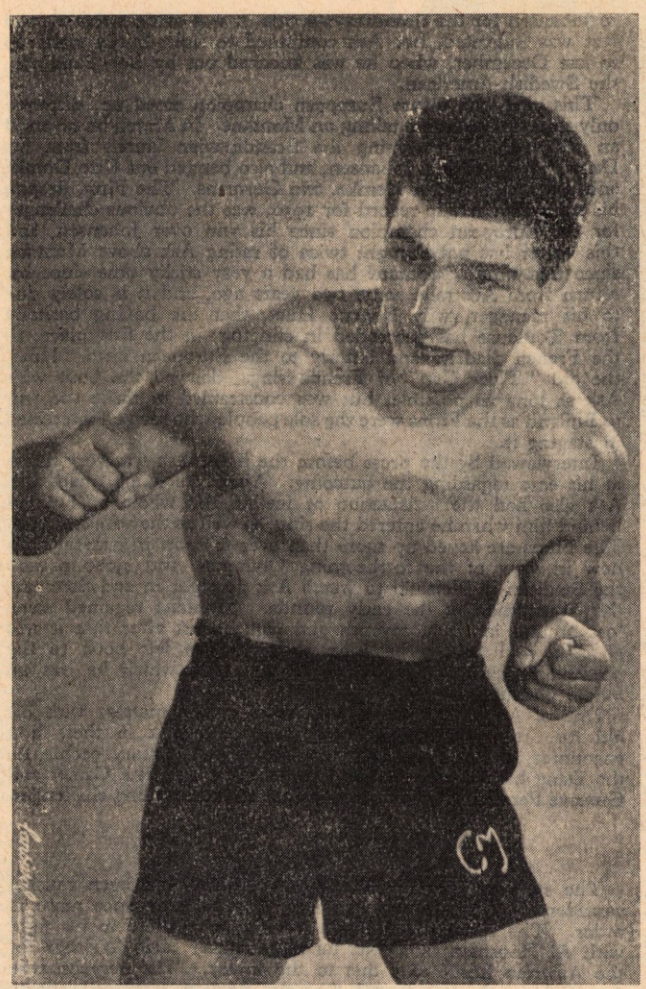
* * * * *

The state of Joe Weidin's left eye, which has been causing considerable worry to his handlers, is apparently once more in order. The Austrian sustained a nasty gash there in his fight with Al Hoosman, and was unable to meet Hein Wiesner for the Austrian heavy title due to the injury. The surgeon who operated on the cut feared that the damage was sufficient to put Weidin on the sidelines for two or three months, but it is now stated that he will probably be able to honour his contracts for fights with Johnny Arthur and Karel Sys. It is an ill-wind, they say, and the hombre to rake in the benefit from Weidin's misfortune was Kurt Schiegl, who subbed for Joe against Wiesner and succeeded in dethroning the veteran blond. This was Schiegl's second attempt at the title, he was previously out-pointed by Wiesner. On the same programme, another ancient retired gracefully from his throne when Karl Balcowitsch was shorn of the middles crown by Leopold (Poldi) Bauer, who has recovered from the stomach trouble which marred several of his recen performances.

* * * * *

If ever a fighter deserves another crack at the European middle-weight title, it is our old friend, Luc van Dam, the Rubber-man from Rotterdam. A few months ago, following his defeats by Randolph Turpin and Sugar Ray Robinson, it seemed that the Dutchman's light was finally extinguished, and that the time had come for him to hang up his gloves. But the man from Holland does not count his defeats by two World Champions as being his swan-song and has done his best to prove it. Tough luck has been Van Dam's share for a long time, and he refuses to give up the search for European honours while he can still bowl over some of the best on the Continent.

The first unlucky event in Van Dam's professional career was his début—in Copenhagen. There in the Danish capital he started his record with a defeat, at the hands of the then 36-year-old veteran, Hans Holdt, who was still a very capable ringster. The next misfortune for the Dutch fighter was the fact that his career had scarcely begun when the war broke out. Like most Dutch, Belgian and French fighters, he found fairly regular employment during the war, but the feeding was not always up to championship standard in the occupied countries and conditions were not always favourable for travel. In 1940 he won the Dutch middleweight title from Len Sanders, in his second attempt, and the next year halted the ageing Italian, Cleto Locatelli, and beat Gustav Eder on points. The year 1942 saw him engage in seven bouts, all but one of which were victorious; his sole defeat was handed him by Gustav Eder in Berlin. In the following year he was accorded a first shot at



The Tunisian middleweight, Claude Milazzo, remains unbeaten after four starts in Paris, and rates as a new attraction in the French capital.

the European title, then held by Jupp Besselmann, who whipped the challenger in the German capital. It has been declared, by the way, that the wartime European titles were synthetic affairs sponsored by the German government. Such was not the case. Few Germans participated in these matches, in fact, and as Spanish and Swedish boxers were represented in the engagements, as well as all occupied countries, the wartime European titles were every bit as valid as those which took place before the war. British fighters had not challenged for a European crown for donkey's years, anyway, so that their non-participation did not affect the status of war-time championships.

After the set-to with Besselmann, Van Dam returned to his native Netherlands and went out to pasture among some of the local crop, chewing up such oddments as Dorus Elten, Van Loon and old Nico Diessen. In 1944 he came through with a real good win, over the Belgian star, Felix Wouters, who was knocked clean out in Brussels. By now Holland had been liberated, which took some getting used to, and the next outing made by the Dutch champion was about fifteen months later, when he defended his title against our old pal, Willy Quentemeyer. A couple more victories, and Van Dam had become fairly famous among the Allied troops who were stationed in Holland, and his name began to appear in the foreign press, which was something in the upside-down period immediately after the liberation. So along came the next stroke of bad luck, in the shape of Leon Forquet, a second-rate Belgian with a glass chin and right like a steam-hammer. Van Dam missed the chin and caught the steam-hammer, which meant starting all over again.

Four knockout victories gained Luc a shot at Laurent Dauthuille in Paris. It was a short affair, and finished in the third with Van Dam reposing among the daisies. Back to Holland went the disconsolate Dutchie, and built himself up for a return with the young French star. When they clashed the next time, Van Dam took his man to a draw, but did not give an impressive performance. Then followed a period when Luc hit the low-grade and was even robbed of his national title by his best pal, Bep Van Klaveren, who was obliged to surrender the laurels in their return clash. Van Dam then scored a series of wins over leading Continentals and was chosen to meet Cyrille Delannoit for the vacant European title. Although he had beaten the Belgian some months previous, the Hollander was voted the loser after fifteen very even rounds, at Brussels, and thus lost his second attempt at the elusive crown.

In 1949 the Dutch champion took another count from Dame Fortune when he fell and broke his ankle during his bout with Robert Charron. After a short spell on the sidelines, Van Dam dropped a verdict to Claude Ritter and shortly afterwards was decisioned by the negro, Bill Jackson, in England. Far from being disheartened, the Dutch battler met Jackson in a return slam at Rotterdam and put matters right by stiffening the unbeaten coloured boy inside one round. What has happened since is recent history. After his victory over the French champion, Jean Stock, the thirty-one year old Dutchman can look back on 63 wins in 81 starts, having won before the limit on 25 occasions. Three fights ended in a split verdict. Not bad considering that he has fought the cream of European middleweights for a whole decade.

One fight which would appear to be a natural is a clash with Jan De Bruin, with the national title at stake. It seems odd that these two outstanding Dutchmen have yet to meet inside a squared circle, but it is nevertheless unlikely that e'er the twain shall meet. Van Dam used to be under the direction of Theo Huizenaar, who is at present guiding the affairs of De Bruin. Fighter and manager fell out, and have never since ceased to launch press attacks at each other; it is improbable that either would consider approaching the other civilly, although such a bout would prove a sure-fire attraction in Holland. Van Dam's German-born wife, Suzy, now runs his affairs, a job which she manages to combine with that of bringing up the two children. Svelte and green-eyed, she makes a great impression at the ringside.

Although he sometimes lacks fire, particularly when fighting away from Holland, Van Dam is still excellently preserved. He is not used-up, as are many fighters much his junior; although he has suffered several resounding defeats, these have mostly been one-punch affairs, and he has seldom been called upon to stand for a long, sustained, shellacking, as has Jean Stock, for example. Van Dam's methods differ greatly from Stock's, and he subtly combines aggression with stylish boxing. Whatever they may say, it does not always pay to get in dutch with Van Dam. Don't write him off as finished until he decides to close his career himself. Nobody has yet succeeded in finishing it off for him.

* * * * *

Glancing through some old copies of THE RING recently, the following comment caught the eye. "On Sept. 25 (1946), Ray Robinson went down on one knee and claimed a foul in his bout with Sidney Miller, whom he stopped in the third round. The referee gave Sugar Ray a five minutes rest. Had this happened in New York, Ray would either have gotten up within ten seconds or would have been counted out." That fight took place in Elizabeth, N.J., which makes one pause to wonder why Robinson was so sore that Gerhard Hecht was awarded a one-minute rest in Berlin, after the German ran into a kidney-punch. It couldn't have happened in America, opined Ray after the Berlin fiasco. . . .

* * * * *

Signor Umberto Branchini, the manager of Italy's largest stable of boxers, writes me to announce Diulio Loi's success in capturing the Italian lightweight crown. Thus the young (22) Italian has set the first seal of success on his hitherto unbeaten record. Since turning professional in 1948, Loi has contested no less than 28 fights, without a defeat; in a previous shot at the title he was held to a draw by Luigi Male, who has since moved up into the welter class. Most of Loi's victims have been moderate opponents, however, and it seems that the youngster has still some way to go before being hailed as a successor to that long line of Italian lighties, Carlo Orlandi, Vittorio Tamagnini, Cleto Locatelli, Aldo Spoldi and Roberto Proietti, all of whom became champions of Europe.

Gianni Zuddas will have had his crack at the Italian bantam title by the time this article is in print, and this bout can be reckoned as the Sardinian's first real acid test. Zuddas, who is a year older than Loi, kicked off in the paid ranks in 1949, and is likewise unbeaten, although he has overcome somewhat stiffer opposition than has Loi. He kicked off with a row of knockout victories, but these wins before the limit became scarcer as the standard of his opponents improved. This year he has yet to score a kayo. The match with Nuvoloni will be his twenty-eighth start, and is by far the most important bantamweight clash to be staged in Italy for some years. A record fee of 1.3 million lire will have been paid in purse money, with 60 per cent. going to Nuvoloni, the remainder to Zuddas.

If Gianni Zuddas has been brought along carefully by his manager, such is not the case with the champion. Alvaro Nuvoloni came up the hard way, turned professional whilst Allied and German troops were hammering the daylights out of each other. Most of his early fights took place near the Gothic Line, where

crowds of Tommies and Kiwis cheered him to victory. If the tide of battle turned, the soldiers among the audience wore field grey instead of khaki—who cared, as long as they paid at the door? Nuvoloni has always been a very rugged customer, who learnt his boxing and ringcraft in the ring, not in a gym. Never a powerful puncher, he can overwhelm his opponent with sudden flurries of vicious wallops, some of which often go astray. With the broad cheek-bones which usually indicate great reserves of strength, Nuvoloni resembles a chunky cat when in action, and will certainly prove no easy obstacle for Zuddas to overcome.

Returning to Loi, it seems that the newly-fledged champion already feels the urge to wander across the Atlantic. Branchini may make the trip, accompanied by Loi, Zuddas, and possibly Livio Minelli, whose brother Aldo is at present campaigning in the Argentine. Like Livio, Aldo Minelli has grown into a fully-fledged middleweight, and after losing a well-fought battle with the World Champion, Kid Gavilan, in America, he journeyed to Buenos Aires. His first bout in the South American metropolis was against the best of the current crop, Mario Diaz, who out-pointed the Italian on July 14th at the great Luna Park stadium. The elder of the Minelli brothers got an excellent press, however, and promises to become quite a favourite with the Argentinos.

* * * * *

Up among the Swiss mountains they haven't had a lightweight of international calibre since Maurice Dubois retired; Dubois was the gent who beat the national champion in his first amateur fight, later turned pro and became European title-holder. But in Max Gehring, the people of Zurich and manager Huerlimann, are convinced they have another battler who will bring honours to the Alpine Republic. Damaged eyes caused his retirement in two of his last fights, but Gehring's supporters remain firmly convinced that their boy will reverse these verdicts when the opportunity presents itself.

Born on Jan. 12th, 1925, Gehring left his parents' farm in Niederurnen at the age of eighteen and sought employment in Zurich. He was soon attracted to the fight game, which enjoys great popularity there, and by the end of 1944 had already engaged in twelve fights of which he won eight. The following year he was out-pointed by the present European champion, Charlie Humetz, who was the only man to defeat the Swiss during 1945.

He gave pro boxing a trial run early in 1949, flattening the North African, Boukoufin, in four at Zurich. Then followed his last bout as a simon-pure, a knockout win over an American in Munich. Gehring decided to fight under the banner of Emil (Milu) Huerlimann, who had trained the Swiss national team during their visit to England in '46. After three quick wins, the Swiss battler was edged by Gustave Perrot on points, but went on to halt Young Robert and Karl Machart, the Austrian champion. He lost again to the globe-trotting French mulatto, Jean Labalette, and then drew with Adalbert Simek in Vienna, which was Gehring's first fight abroad as a professional.

Cut eyes obliged the Swiss hitter to retire against Roland Mounier and Paul Dabrowski, whilst he was constrained to give Albert Mueller, the fast German star from Duesseldorf, best when they clashed in Zurich. The Guadaloupe champion, Robert Moka, was banged out in four rounds when he collided with Gehring.

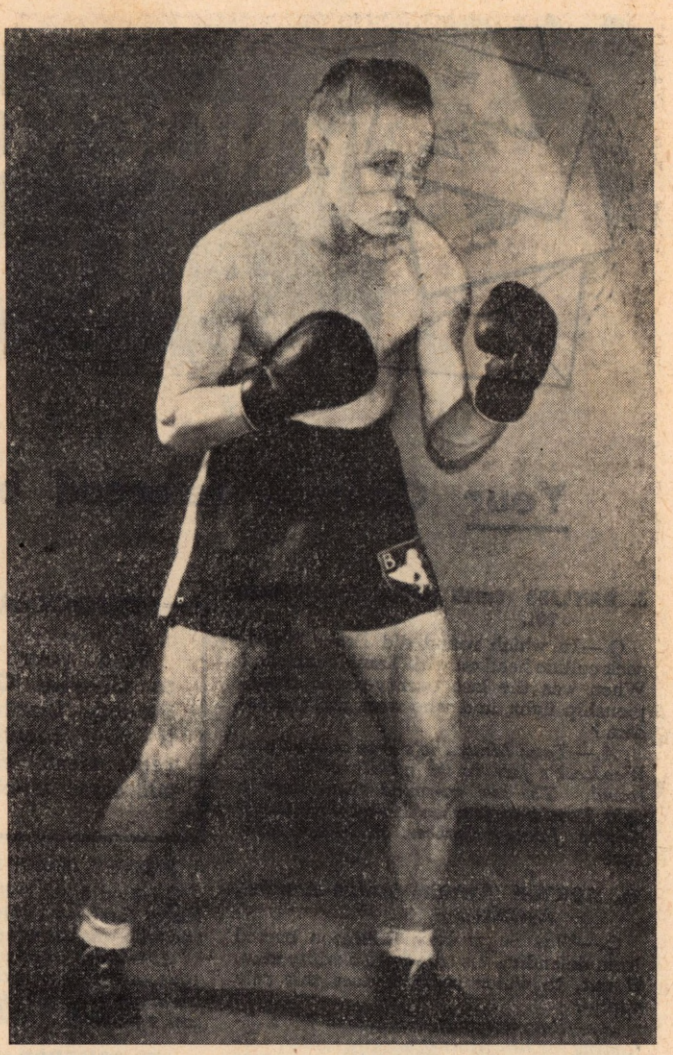
Despite his charge's somewhat erratic record, manager Huerlimann is convinced that Gehring has the necessary qualities to make the grade. His fighter knows how to profit from his defeats and continues to improve with every bout. He may shortly be fighting in Germany, Italy and perhaps in England.

* * * * *

Gaston Charles-Raymond, who runs the affairs of Jo Widin and Titi Clavel, claims to have discovered in Tunisia a middle-weight with all the makings of a real champion. Name, Claude Milazzo, who disputed four victorious battles in Paris last season.

Born twenty-one years ago in Tunis, Milazzo completed his military service last summer and is now able to devote more of his time to the business of keeping in fighting trim. He began boxing at the age of sixteen, and as a professional he won all but one of his fourteen fights in North Africa; his sole defeat was administered by Romano, who cut Milazzo's eye badly in the eleventh round of their clash for the North African title. With this record under his belt, the Tunisian steered a course for Paris and put himself under the direction of Gaston Charles. Described by the French press as handsome, dark and shy, Milazzo forgot to shed his reserve in the ring when he made his Parisian début against rugged Gino Menozzi, who dropped the newcomer in the first round and continued to put on pressure in the following rounds. In the fourth, Menozzi's eye was badly cut and he was thus constrained to retire. Milazzo took a licking from the critics and set out to do better next time.

Pierre Chalono was the next opponent, and in the sixth round the coloured fighter gave up the ghost; then Dan Debouclon came back against Milazzo to provide the best scrap on the Clavel-Ussin card at the Mutualité, but gave the Tunisian best in the fifth canto. Lastly, Hubert Oberon tired with his own efforts



A lightweight with a rather in-and-out record, Max Gehring never fails to pack in the fans when he performs in his native Switzerland.

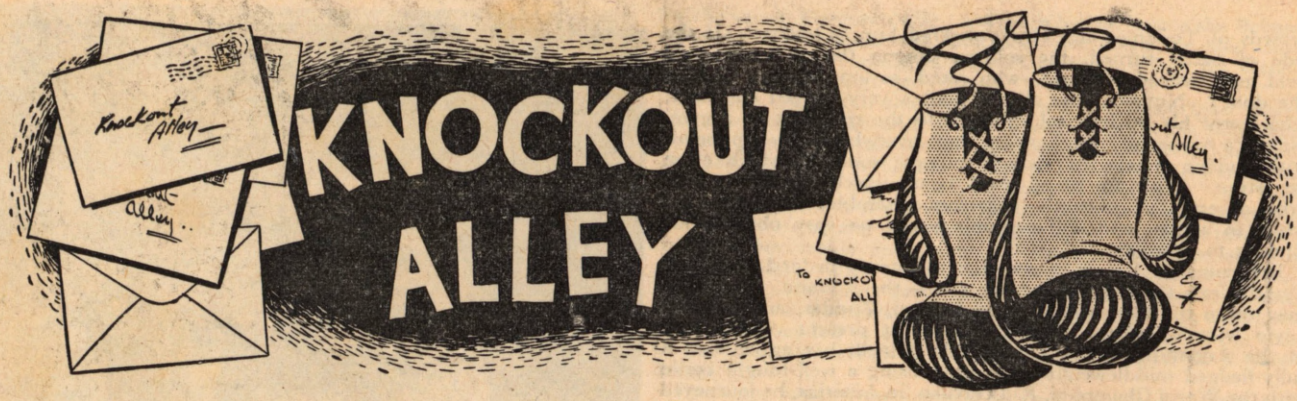
to drop Milazzo at the Central and lost on points to the visitor. Milazzo's manager is now satisfied that his charge is ready for the big time, and intends pitting the Tunisian champion against increasingly better opponents this season.

By trade an industrial draughtsman, Claude Milazzo continues to find employment in that sphere until his ring earnings justify a full-time application to the job of gladiator. His favourite recreation is rugger, and played for a star North African team until lately; baseball and soccer likewise attract this all-round athlete.

* * * * *

OFF THE CUFF . . .

The Argentinian heavy brought over to Austria by Peter Hana has not found a very enthusiastic reception there. Antonio Acita was formerly the amateur champion of the Peron meat state, but his two appearances in Vienna have shown him to be rather uninspired beef. . . . What a pity! The recent defeat inflicted on the German middleweight stylist, Karl Schmidt, by Ken Stribling of America, was the German's first reverse in 24 outings. . . . A couple of Spaniards who surely seem worth watching are the cruiser champion, Ramon Martinez, and the flyweight newcomer, Young Martin. Martinez has beaten Jean Wanes by a k.o., Jimmy Swann, Jean Dobiasch, Jo Vincenzi, and many other moderately good battlers. Young Martin is only 21, and lately flattened the German, Willibald Koch, inside the first round. . . . Schallehn, a fairly good German welter, has set sail for Australia. Many other small-time fighters from Iron Curtain countries have found security in the Dominion, such as Mike Keresztes (a Hungarian who fought as an amateur in Luxembourg), Stasys Severinas, a Lithuanian who campaigned in Germany after the war, Alex Stangiacu, a Roumanian lightweight once under the direction of Kid Johns in Paris, and many others. . . . The Italian promotor, Gianni Agnelli, may shortly commence building a Palace of Sports in Turin. . . . Armando Amanini, an Italian middle who twice fought Tiberio Mitri, has arrived in Buenos Aires, looking for contracts. In the States he campaigned for some two years, and occasionally won a fight. . .



Your Column refereed by CHARLES COURAGE

J. BAYLISS (Small Heath, Birmingham 10).

Q.—In which round did Bruce Woodcock collide head on with Tami Mauriello? When was the last twenty-round championship fight, and who were the contenders?

A.—Tami Mauriello's head collided with Woodcock's face in the middle of the fifth round. The last 20-round championship fight I can trace is when Harry Corbett outpointed Johnny Cuthbert on March 12th, 1928.

W. MORTON (Ayrshire Central Hospital, Ayrshire).

Q.—Was Sugar Ray Robinson barred from defending his title from a white man. If not, to which country does this rule apply?

A.—Robinson was not barred from defending his title against a white fighter. He won the world welterweight and middleweight titles from white fighters. South Africa does not allow black v. white fights.

G. BENSON (Harrop Street, Manchester 18).

Q.—How many points can a boxer score in one round, and what punches score the points?

A.—Usual scoring in professional boxing is to give both boxers a maximum of 5 points each round. Any punch that is delivered cleanly with the knuckle part of the glove scores.

WILLIAM LOWRY (Donnybrook Street, Belfast).

Q.—Who would you pick to win the following fights: Peter Jackson *v.* John L. Sullivan, Joe Wallcott (The Barbados Demon) *v.* Randolph Turpin, Henry Armstrong *v.* Ray Robinson, Sam Langford *v.* Jack Dempsey? Also, who do you consider to be the greatest all round fighter in history?

A.—John L. Sullivan, Turpin, Robinson, Dempsey. I consider Bob Fitzsimons to be the greatest all-rounder. He held the world's middle, light-heavy and heavyweight titles.

M. GODFREY (Fallowfield, Manchester 14)

Q.—How many times has Joe Louis been defeated in his professional career, and by whom? Also, is Jack Gardner a "southpaw"?

A.—Louis has lost two professional fights. Max Schmelling stopped him in 12 rounds in June, 1936. Ezzard Charles outpointed him in 15 rounds in September, 1950. Gardner is not a "southpaw."

KNOCKOUT ALLEY

Send your boxing query to **Charles Courage, East Street, Oadby, Leicester.** If you require a quicker reply please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

J. PENNEY (Beech Hill, Wigan, Lancs.)

Q.—Could you tell me how many times Harry Greb and Mickey Walker fought, and who was the winner on each occasion?

A.—They only met once on July 2, 1925, when Greb successfully defended his world middleweight title, outpointing Walker over 15 rounds.

W. CAMERON (London, N.W. 8).

Q.—I say Randolph Turpin's first fight this year was against Luc Van Dam on February 27, his previous fight before that being on December 12, 1950, against Tommy Yarosz. Is this correct, or did he have another fight (or fights) between these dates?

A.—You are wrong about Randolph Turpin. Between Tommy Yarosz and Luc Van Dam fights, he had a fight in Birmingham on January 22, of this year when he knocked out Eduardo Lopez in one round.

D. MOXHAM (Clevedon, Somerset).

Q.—Is Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight of the world, still alive?

A.—No. Jack Johnson was killed in a motor accident at Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1946.

M. J. WALSH (Union Road, Bradfield, Berks).

Q.—How many men beat Gene Tunney in his professional career? What were their names?

A.—Harry Greb was the only fighter to beat Tunney. He captured Tunney's light-heavyweight title, outpointing him over 15 rounds on May 24, 1922, in New York. Tunney twice outpointed Greb afterwards in title fights, and fought two "No Decision" fights with Greb.

P. McLAUGHLIN (Bellarena, Co. Derry).

Q.—Who would you pick to win the following fights: Gene Tunney v. Joe Louis, Tommy Farr v. Jack Gardner, Jake LaMotta v. Rocky Graziano, Lee Oma v. Charles Henry, Cockell v. Murphy, Baksi v. Joey Maxim, Bassett v. Pep, Louis v. Charles, Louis v. J. L. Sullivan? Was Carnera the tallest boxer at 6 ft. 7 ins.?

A.—At their best, I would pick: Tunney, Farr, LaMotta, Oma, Cockell, Baksi, Pep, Louis, Sullivan. Carnera was not the tallest boxer. He stood 6 ft. 5¾ ins. —not 6 ft. 7 ins. Ray Impellittiere was 6 ft. 7½ ins.

M. B. (Neath, South Wales).

Q.—Did Billy Fox knock out Jake LaMotta in four rounds when they met on November 14, 1947?

A.—LaMotta stopped Billy Fox in four rounds in New York on November 14, 1947.

C. MOLLOY (London Road, Glasgow, S.E.).

Q.—Was Pancho Villa a Mexican or a Polynesian?

A.—Pancho Villa was born at Iloilo Phillipine Islands, on August 1, 1901 His nationality was Filipino.

H. JACKSON (Worsbro' Bridge, Nr. Barnsley).

Q.—Which is the heavier—a light-heavyweight or a cruiserweight? Has Georges Carpentier won every European title from flyweight to light-heavyweight?

A.—Light-heavyweight and cruiser weight are the same—that is, over 11 st. 6 lb. and not more than 12 st. 7 lb. Carpentier was welterweight, middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of France and Europe. He also was light-heavyweight champion of the world.

T. J. STRONG (Stretton, Nr. Warrington, Lancs).

Q.—What are the ages of the three Turpin brothers?

A.—Dick was born on November 26, 1920, Jackie on June 6, 1925, and Randolph was born on June 7, 1928.

JOSEPH CAREY (Upper Abbey Street, Dublin).

Q.—Could you name a few title-holders who have been of Irish descent?

A.—John L. Sullivan was born at Roxbury, Mass (Nationality Irish-American). Jim Corbett was born at San Francisco, of Irish ancestors. Dempsey was born at Manassa, Colorado (Nationality Irish-Scotch-American). Tunney was born in New York, of Irish ancestors. Jim Braddock was born in New Jersey (Nationality Irish-American). Other fighters with Irish ancestors include: Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tommy Loughran, Mike McTigue, Billy Conn and Jimmy McLarnin.

One Mistake Cost Randolph Turpin His World Crown

★

By "THE RING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

★

AFTER holding the world middleweight championship for two months, Randolph Turpin, Britain's 23-year-old champion, surrendered the crown back to Sugar Ray Robinson when the referee, Ruby Goldstein, stopped the fight with only eight seconds remaining of the tenth round at the Polo Grounds, New York, on September 12.

★

Turpin, without ever showing the terrific form displayed when he gained the title from Robinson at Earl's Court, London, last July, was looking good enough to win when the sudden and dramatic end came about.

★

It really began when Turpin opened the old wound above Sugar Ray's left eye—the same cut Robinson sustained in their previous fight. This was in the tenth round, and at a time when the American was very definitely tiring and slowing up. Turpin, on the other hand, had not been hurt previously and was riding the best of Sugar's blows with an uncanny sway, and looked fresh and confident. Then it happened.

★

Turpin hooked Robinson and blood spurted from the scar above his left eye, and poured down his face. Robinson, extremely weary, felt the blood, and in a desperate and almost panicky move lurched back and threw a right which everybody present saw coming except Turpin. The blow landed on the point of the British champion's chin, and for the first time in the fight he was hurt. His legs went to rubber, and Robinson in a flash saw victory within his grasp. He overcame his weariness, and became a killer for sixty seconds. Every punch he knew, and every ounce of conserved energy was thrown into this effort. Hooks to the chin and swings to the stomach and kidneys were unloaded on the drunken Turpin as he swayed. Another hook to the chin put Randy on his back, and it looked as though he would take the full count.

BUT the courageous British champion rose at 8, and backed away as best he could, but the now inspired Robinson chased and hounded him across the ring on to the ropes, and then unleashed a vicious attack. Yet Robinson could not land another killing blow. Turpin swayed and rode most of the punches, although it was only by instinct, because he was unquestionably dazed. Robinson himself slowed up with his own efforts, and when he saw Turpin wouldn't drop from head blows, hesitated and then landed two vicious blows on the British boxer's kidneys, but Turpin still remained on his feet.

★

Only 8 seconds remained when Ruby Goldstein, the referee, stepped in and cried, "Enough!" Thus giving Robinson the title back. There have been criticisms of this decision, but I do not find fault with it. Turpin was unquestionably dazed, and not in a position to defend himself. That this was the true case is confirmed by the fact that at no time did Randy put up his hands to block the blows. Instead both arms hung loosely at his side.

★

Up to the end of the ninth round I made Robinson a fraction in front, but in spite of this, Turpin looked to be in a winning position because he was not even breathing heavily, and was never hurt. On the other hand, Robinson had lost his earlier spring. He was now flat-footed, and carried a most worried expression.

★

Credit must be given to Robinson, however, because only a great champion could pull out a punch at such a desperate stage of the fight—even though there was an element of luck that the blow landed on such a vulnerable target.

★

TURPIN'S tactics were not good for this battle, and, frankly, I was surprised he was advised so badly. In the London fight Turpin went forward all the time, and really won the world title with a left jab. In New York, the British champion seldom used this effective punch. Yet when he did, he jolted Robinson to his heels.

★

Turpin allowed Robinson to sneak several rounds by his own lack of initiative. Sugar Ray, although fitter than in the first contest, did not land any really dangerous blows until the tenth round, but Turpin allowed him to carry the fight even though Sugar Ray only scored with ligh lefts. Robinson did more good work in three rounds of this bout than he did in fifteen rounds in London.

★

I hope Turpin will learn a lesson from his defeat. Fights are won going forward because attack will always be a sound form of defence. And he must also learn when opposed to a great fighter of Robinson's class relaxation is not allowed for any second of the fifteen rounds. Turpin relaxed, and in that flash of carelessness his title was tossed into the melting pot, and Robinon was champion again.

★

Of course, the "home" ground is of tremendous value in a battle of this kind. In London, Robinson was afraid of landing a low blow or a kidney punch for fear of disqualification. In New York, Sugar Ray landed many kidney blows, and it was Turpin who was scared of hitting too often in the clinches. Time and time again, Ruby Goldstein made the boxers break whereas in London, Turpin scored many effective blows while in a clinch But it is all in the game.

★

There cannot be any real squawks, because Robinson regained his title in a manner which leaves no dispute. I am not convinced, however, that Robinson has the beating of Turpin in a third fight if Randy has learned the important lesson that fighter must defend himself every second and every fraction of a second.

LATEST EVENTS

★

By NAT FLEISCHER

★

THE defeat of Randolph Turpin in his return engagement with Sugar Ray Robinson for the world middleweight championship enabled Ray to gain the "Fighter of the Month" award. His triumph probably means a third encounter between the pair—a rubber contest. Ray's victory proved one thing at least, that the assertion that he was not in proper physical condition in their first fight, was a correct one.

Boxing's greatest upset period of the year was followed by a short lull and then the champions and top notchers again got into action bringing the sport back into the fistic spotlight. Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano were among the top men who aided in the quick come-back. Louis defeated Jimmy Bivins and Marciano stopped Freddie Beshore.

Harry Matthews continued his rise to the leading challenger's post among the cruiserweights. He knocked out Dutch Culbertson, Lloyd Marshall, Jose Basora and Dave Whitlock in his last four fights.

Joey Maxim retained his world cruiserweight championship by outclassing Irish Bob Murphy, but Joey's feat was not too impressive.

Don Cockell has jumped into third ranking spot in his division through Murphy's defeat.

Dave Sands' victory over Duggie Miller in ten rounds, enabled the British Empire title holder in the middleweight division to retain his high post among the contenders. At this writing the Turpin-Robinson bout is still in the preliminary stages, hence Sugar Ray continues as leading man under Randy Turpin.

The defeat of Eugene Hairston by Laurent Dauthuille in Canada, keeps the Frenchman's name high up among the rated ten middleweights.

Though Kid Gavilan won a split decision over Billy Graham in what was designated in New York as a world welterweight title bout, his victory was a questionable one. No matter what the contention of the New York Commission and the National Boxing Association, the Cuban Keed holds only the American championship. No world title can be at stake until Humez, European crown wearer, gets the chance to fight the U.S. champion.

James Carter, world lightweight king, was upset in a non-title bout in California, losing a split decision to Art Aragon in ten, and Terry McGovern became the British champion by flattening Billy Thompson in 45 seconds.

World champion featherweight Sandy Saddler, scaling over the weight, lost to Paddy De Marco, and Ellis Ask became the European champion when he stopped Pierre Montane in 12 rounds.

In that same division, Eddie Chavez defeated former bantam king, Manuel Ortiz, now fighting as a lightweight, and Joe Brown, who has been making great srtides, kayoed Tommy Campbell, a ranking lightweight from California, in one round. Still another rated boxer, Enrique Bolanos, took a shellacking from Henry Davis in Hawaii.

Saddler, who at the end of September fights Willie Pep for the featherweight title, stopped Hermie Freeman in five rounds, and Corky Gonzales, a rated feather, defeated the fourth ranking feather, Charley Riley, in ten. Willie Pep whipped Corky Gonzales in 10.

In Panama, one of the world's best feathers, continued to pile up victories by beating Eddie Burgen in ten.

Tne big shots of pugilism were also active among the bantams. World champoin Vic Toweel gained two fine victories. His best was the knockout of Bobby Boland in 2.46 of the opening round. Peter Keenan's victory over Luis Romero to win the European bantam crown was an outstanding feat.

Fernando Gagnon, Canadian champion, held flyweight champion Dado Marino to a ten-round draw, and Australian champion, Jimmy Carruthers, scored his eighth knockout in ten pro. fights by stopping Enrique Morales in seven.

Scottish champion, Eddie Carson, outpointed Jimmy Webster in eight.

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

ENDING SEPTEMBER 1951

Heavyweights (Above 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Joe Walcott	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Ray Robinson	World's Champion (Title vacant)
1—Ezzard Charles	Archie Moore	Randolph Turpin	American Champion Kid Gavilan
2—Joe Louis	Harry Matthews	Dave Sands	European Champion Charley Humez
3—Rocky Marciano	Don Cockell	Laurent Dauthuille	Billy Graham
4—Clarence Henry	Bob Satterfield	Robert ViMemain	Gil Turner
5—Roland La Starza	Bob Murphy	Walter Cartier	Johnny Bratton
6—Bob Baker	Don Bucceroni	Rocky Graziano	Eddie Thomas
7—Rex Layne	Harold Johnson	Ronnie Delaney	Charley Fusari
8—Cesar Brion	Wesbury Bascom	Rocky Castellani	Johnny Saxton
9—Lee Savold	Jake La Motta	Eugene Hairston	Mickey Tollis
10—Hein ten Hoff	Carl Olson	Terry Moore.	Fitzie Pruden

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion James Carter	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
Ike Williams	Willie Pep	Peter Keenan	Terry Allen
Freddie Dawson	Ray Famechon	Luis Romero	Vic Herman
Art Aragon	Roy Ankarah	Jimmy Carruthers	Terry Gardner
Joe Brown	Percy Bassett	Jean Snevers	Jimmy Laffin
Luther Rawlings	Charley Riley	Maurice Sandeyror	Louis Skena
Paddy De Marco	Ronnie Clayton	Tommy Proffitt	Honore Pratesi
Del Flanagan	Fabela Chavez	Elley Bennett	Nazzareno Gianelli
Tommy Campbell	Glen Flanagan	Emile Chemana	Norman Tennant
Johnny Gonsalves	Federico Plummer	Gianni Zuddas	Juan Diaz II
Henry Davis	Corky Gonzales	Hadi Tinanu	Black Pico

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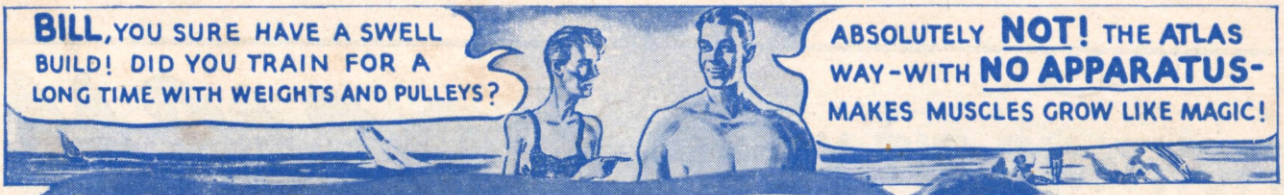

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